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HENRY TIMROD, POET OF THE LOST CAUSE

For the average Northern reader, the name of Timrod possesses the doubtful charm of obscurity; for the Southerner, it means the personification of the best spirit of the Confederacy. It is true that, owing to his short life, Timrod was the author of only ninety or a hundred poems, and many of these were evoked by occasions of but passing interest; nevertheless, he justly deserves recognition because of the truly poetic thought and expression which distinguish his work. Born in Charleston, S. C., in 1829, Henry Timrod won his greatest reputation during the Civil War, and died in 1867, before his fullest prime, yet Whittier has named him the sweetest of Southern singers, and Longfellow has praised him no less highly. Said the latter, upon meeting a prominent citizen of Charleston, "Sir, I am proud to meet the mayor of the city which gave birth to Timrod."

A character-sketch of this Poet of the Southland is unnec-

essary, for his whole work reveals his many sterling virtues and his few shortcomings. Imbued with intense patriotism, he threw his whole life and soul into that fatal struggle which, in the early sixties, spent the best blood of the South and North, and justly won, by his stirring interpretation of the feelings of a brave people, the title, "The Poet of the Lost Cause."

An ode to his native state, shortly after the opening of the war, made him the idol, not only of the commonwealth whose ancient fame he commemorated, but of the whole South as well. This poem possesses almost the majestic rhythm of a Byron, and by its inspiring ring reminds one of the martial poetry of the Greek masters.

> "*I hear a murmur, as of waves*
> *That grope their way through sunless caves,*
> *Like bodies struggling in their graves—*
> *Carolina!*
>
> "*And now it deepens; slowly grand*
> *It swells, as, rolling to the land,*
> *An ocean broke upon thy strand—*
> *Carolina!*
>
> "*Shout! let it reach the startled Huns,*
> *And roar with all thy festal guns,*
> *It is the answer of thy sons—*
> *Carolina!*"

When we realize that his own hearth and home were desecrated by the "invading Goths," we forgive Timrod the appellation of "Huns."

Ethnogenesis, "the birth of a new nation," is, perhaps, Timrod's greatest poem, but is too long as well as too partisan to be cited here. Another quotation, and we shall pass on from the poems of war to those which better show the man himself.

The Cotton Boll extols the power and spell which the

South exerts over the world because of her "King Cotton," the "snow of Southern summers." "Grass shall grow in the streets of New York," was a saying often heard in the South, and reëchoed by the poet in the last lines of this poem, which, of course, breathes of war:

> "*Oh, help us, Lord! to roll the crimson flood*
> *Back on its course, while our banners wing*
> *Northward; strike with us, till the Goth shall cling*
> *To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave*
> *Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate*
> *The lenient future of his fate*
> *There, where some rotting ships and crumbling quays*
> *Shall one day mark the Port which ruled the Western seas.*"

This inspiring and prophetic poem so aroused the whole South that in 1862 a project was formed to publish in London an illustrated and embellished edition of Timrod's poems. But, unfortunately for the needy poet, it fell through, as the South now awoke to the magnitude of the war, and forgot all else in maintaining the ever-weakening struggle.

Timrod was a well-versed student of classic literature, as well as of English letters. "Makes all the listening woods rejoice" has a pastoral reminiscence of Virgil's First Eclogue, while the lines

> "*And split the rock and pile the massive ore,*
> *Or carve a niche, or shape the arched roof,*"

bring vividly to mind the erection of Pandemonium in *Paradise Lost*. Timrod gracefully acknowledges his debt to the English poets in these apt lines:

> "*I—who, though born where not a vale*
> *Hath ever nursed a nightingale,*
> *Have fed my muse with English song*
> *Until her feeble wings grew strong.*"

A poem under the suggestive title *Retirement* gives an insight into the character of this quiet, sensitive man, who, as his biographer says, "shrunk from noisy debate and wordy clash of argument and blow."

> "*My gentle friend, I hold no creed so false*
> *As that which dares to teach that we are born*
> *For battle only, and that, in this life*
> *The soul, if it would burn with starlike power,*
> *Must needs, forsooth, be kindled by the sparks*
> *Struck from the shock of clashing human hearts.*"

But, despite his retiring nature, Timrod realized that "action is everything." Love of activity and a strenuous life prompted Carlyle to that famous utterance, "Let a man do something—anything rather than nothing. Evil is better than nothing." Timrod echoes this philosophy in his wonderfully strong poem, *Too Long, O Spirit of Storm!*

> "*Too long, O Spirit of Storm,*
> *Thy lightning sleeps in its sheath!*
> *I am sick to the soul of yon pallid sky,*
> *And the moveless sea beneath.*
>
> "*Come down in thy strength on the deep!*
> *Worse dangers there are in life,*
> *When the waves are still, and the skies look fair,*
> *Than in their wildest strife.*"

A Vision of Poesy, his longest poem, contains many exquisite passages. In it we see his love and sympathy for everything, however humble, that the creator made. To him was sacred

> "*All that exalts the grounds of happiness,*
> *All griefs that hallow, and all joys that bless.*"

Conscious of his heavenly gift, he sincerely believed that, "The Poet to the whole wide world belongs, even as the

teacher is the child's"—and reiterated his conviction that to it "the Poet owes a high and holy debt."

Unlike those of Poe or Byron, Timrod's despondent periods were not the reactions of a soul made morbid and embittered by profligacy, but the pure longings and regrets of a truly poetic temperament. In that fine poem, *The Past*, he styles melancholy "a shadowy land where Joy and Sorrow kiss."

His poems of sentiment are numerous, many being inspired by his wife, the "fair Saxon" of his *Dedication*, *A Year's Courtship*, *Love's Logic*, and others which exhibit the passionate depth of his Southern nature.

Timrod's works abound in quotable couplets containing great truths and thoughts aptly expressed: "The same law that moulds a planet forms a drop of dew;" "We may trace the mighty sun above, even by the shadow of a slender flower;" "The brightest stars are nearest the earth;" "In the soul are nooks that will not open to the keys of speech," all illustrate Timrod's remarkable power in placing rich food for thought in a few terse words.

Many of his best poems we can but mention: *Spring*, with its nameless pathos in the air; *Praeceptor Amat*, fragrant with the odors of a "land of flowers and perpetual summer;" *The Lily Confidant*, *A Cry to Arms*, *Youth and Manhood*, and numerous others reveal the poet's depth and power.

Timrod the man is Timrod the poet; the purity of his life is only equaled by the purity of his works. What he might have accomplished and to what heights he might have risen had he lived longer, we can only conjecture. All who know him and have learned to love him feel their hearts touched by his life, so brief, yet so full of misfortune, and saddened by the neglect that followed him even to the grave.

Willard Wall Wheeler

PROSERPINA ON EARTH

When twice three moons had waxed and waned on earth,
Since she had left her mother desolate,
Near Enna in a sweet Sicilian vale,
Proserpina from Hades rose to light,
And weary, weary were her violet eyes,
And marble-white her pallid comeliness
From that drear winter in the Underworld.

Proserpina arose, and, overcome
With faintness, sank among the hyacinths
In passing swoon for very happiness,
But, straight awaking, eagerly she clutched
The gleaming blossoms, crushed them to her breast,
And, sighing piteously, refreshed in dew
Her white, cold face, while frozen tears grew warm
And glistened in her eyes, and like a little child
She sobbed with rapture of recovered joy;
But, when the passion of her weeping passed,
With trembling fingers she began to bind
A wreath of dew-bright, droop-head violets,
And in a low and thrilling voice she spoke:

"How dearly, dearly I have bought this deep,
This piercing joy of life let me forget,—
Forget that grisly tyrant, whom I called
My lord; forget that flaming, sulphurous flight
When first he dragged me from the Upperworld,
Polluting my virginity with sight

Of noisome things, and clinging, clotting filth,
Through the murk atmosphere of that dread realm,
Where sin is ripened into penalty,
And the first link is forgèd to the last,
And where, with vision clear, ah, sadly clear,
I sat—oh, sunlit Earth, let me forget! —
I sat with Pluto on an iron throne,
And, in the dead, interminable dark
And starless essence of a thousand nights,
We judged the Shadows, ghastly from new death,
And doomed them to the unfathomable gulf,
Whereat they slunk away with sighing sound
Of whispers hissed through rustling forest leaves,
Till Pluto, like a following thunderbolt,
Bellowed brute-thunder after them, that caught
And swept them down ungorged, abysmal deeps,
And justice grew to me the most unjust
Of all the pangs in Hades.

"Strained and spent
With anguish of condemning, my weary brain
Ofttimes beguiled me with sweet fantasies,
That dulled the edge of pain, and stopped, for me,
The sting of hell's unstopping misery;
Before my dreaming eyes, adown the dark,
Would float loved landscapes out of Sicily,
Wherein I saw the walls of Enna rise
And gleam athwart the startled Stygian gloom,
Hazy with wind-blown banners of bright mist·
Or now, the little lake of Pergos, starred
With golden lilies, and white-breasted swans
That glided silently like silver sails
Of ships in dreams upon a crystal sea;

They sank into that mystical mirage,
And strange, new feelings rose within my heart.

"Ne'er knew I, when I walked upon this earth,
How dear its beauties are; with pulse unstirred,—
So seems it now,—above the dusk-fringed hills
I saw the mornings break; the golden suns
Arose and brought new days, new life, new hopes,
And left me cold to their significance.
Like some wild thing was I, without a soul;
A flower, light-rooted in the nutrient earth,
Whose fragrant chalice takes the gleam of stars,
Sunlight and moonlight, shadow, cloud, and storm,
As tribute due her perfect loveliness,
And questions not, nor feels, a subtler bond.

"But now I am so changed, that, at a touch
Of this loved earth, I shudder with delight;
I long to thread the briery river-path;
To listen to the lisp of lapping waves;
To drink of murmurous music 'mongst the pines;
To tremble through the shade of ancient woods,
And, bursting from their Stygian duskiness,
Again to swoon in ecstasy of light.

"Yet most I yearn to pass through Enna's gate
At gray of morn, before the people wake,
To see again the clustered huts I love
As never loved I them in days of old,
And there, safe-veiled within my little shrine,
With olive wreaths bedecked, and garlands fresh,
I'll watch the pious folk that fare afield,
Driving the great-eyed ox, with simple plow,

And sweet shall come, across the new-turned sod,
The shout of workers to my wakened soul.

"For now division hath united us,
And now I am akin to all the earth,
To all its labor, hunger, loss, and tears,
Its passion and its pain, and this I know
That erst was dark to me, or vaguely guessed
Until I crossed the dim Lethean stream
Into discordant night—that love alone
Can weave life's sundered threads to unity;
This I had missed, and this in Hades found,
I think in Hades I have found my soul."

She ceased, then, like a radiant dream come true,
Through pasture lands and newly-greening fields,
She passed toward Enna, bringing life and hope.

Stuart Pratt Sherman

EYES THAT SEE NOT

I

Round the corners of old North an angry wind was whistling on a cold evening in January. It swayed the leafless branches of the elms on the campus until they rattled and creaked. It slammed the entry doors and shook the loose old windows. It swept through the cracks under the doors of the rooms and lifted the rugs. It buffeted and blustered as though the old building were the particular object of its spite.

In a corner room on the second story two freshmen were working at Tacitus. The older, Sedgewick Matthews, a tall, lank fellow, was bending over a dictionary at the desk, while his room-mate, Harold Thurston, a youngster of seventeen, was curled up in a Morris chair with his feet on the grate. The walls of the room were without ornament save where a flaming bicycle advertisement or pictures from insurance calendars relieved the checkered yellow of the wall paper. Over the mantle hung an imitation parchment which "certified that Sedgewick Hutton Matthews had completed a full course in the classical department of the Mossland academy and had graduated with special honor for scholarly attainments and high moral character." On the desk was a photograph of a man past middle life whose deeply set eyes and firm chin proclaimed him the father of the freshman working the dictionary.

Throughout the evening had come from the room above noises more or less boisterous, and for the last half hour the disturbance to the young students in the corner room had

been considerable. Loud voices and uproarious laughter mingled with the noise of falling furniture and a general commotion.

"Merry gang upstairs," at last broke out Harold Thurston.

"So it seems," replied Matthews, too intent on his work to give full force to the sarcastic inflection intended.

"Dick Brimley asked me up to take a hand, but I told him I had to plug."

"Just as well, I guess."

"Don't know. I should have liked to go better than grinding, but I did not care for the refreshments."

"Liquid?"

"Yes, guess so. Bill Fisher came upstairs with a dress-suit case as I was going out this afternoon, and I heard something clink inside it."

"Wish those fools upstairs would quiet down," said Matthews at last as he closed his book. "I suppose they'll keep up this racket for two or three hours more. Somebody ought to take young Fisher and Brimley over his knee and spank them."

"Oh, well, they aren't so bad. Bill Fisher is a mighty good-hearted fellow."

"Ye-as," drawled Matthews dubiously, as he got up to go to bed. "I suppose so; but I have no use for that sort, you know."

II

"Oh, Bill Fisher."

"Hullo."

"What are you doing? Are you busy?"

"No; come on up."

It was Dick Brimley who had called up to his classmate on a warm day in early May. The branches of the elms, half clothed with the growing leaves, were scarcely stirring in the

warm air. Men were sauntering bareheaded to or from recitations, or lounging on the campus benches. There was little to disturb the stillness of the little town except the far-away whirr of the lawn-mower, or now and then the rattle of a farmer's buckboard through the main street.

Dick Brimley found his friend curled up on the divan by the window, blowing rings of smoke into the open air. The room was a chaos of golf clubs, tennis rackets, and displaced furniture. Over the confusion on Fisher's desk presided a dirty student lamp, the green shade of which was adorned with class numerals and pithy remarks about instructors and other public characters.

"You are more of a loafer than I am, I believe," remarked Brimley, as he sank into a chair.

"Umph, perhaps. Too good weather to work."

"Wish old Maltby thought so. He flunked me again cold this morning."

"How many is that since Easter?"

"About ten or a dozen times, I guess."

"You're easy. Why did n't you get the examples copied in chapel the way I did? I thought you had the first principles of loafing down better than that. Why, man, if you keep on you'll flunk the course and no foxy loafer does that."

"Oh, ring off your sermon. I came up to talk over toasts for class supper. Whom do we want?"

"That's so. Time we got about it. Who've you thought of?"

"Well, we want Joe Harms, of course, and Sammy Mead."

"How about Tommy Munson?"

"All right, I guess."

"We don't need many more, do we? If these talk on what they want to and the officers give their regular spiels, it'll be enough, won't it?"

"Oh, better have another. We want to have a better list than they did last year. How about Slope Canfield?"

"Fair. Thought of anyone else?"

"We might run in your friend downstairs."

"Who, Sedge Matthews?"

"Yes."

Fisher shrugged his shoulders in the sofa pillows. "Might, and then again, we might not."

"Oh, he is n't so bad, little stiff you know, tries to walk a chalk line too much, but still a pretty good fellow."

"Yes, but he's too solemn. Do n't believe he's cracked three smiles this year."

"Well, guess we'd better run in Slope Canfield. He 'll do all right. Coming down to practice?" and Dick Brimley got up to go.

III

Another warm afternoon a little over a year later found the junior class in geology returning from an excursion to the Notch. Ahead of the company, which straggled along by two's and three's, stalked Professor Longstreet, leading his flock at a pace which caused much good-natured grumbling. About half way home the vanguard came to a white farmhouse with a row of milk cans on the picket fence in front. When Brimley and Fisher came up they found the other stragglers lying on the grass under the cherry tree in front of the house, or standing about the side door, talking with the farmer's daughter, whose rosy cheeks had taken on an added tinge of crimson as she poured out for them the cold, rich milk. Inside, Sedgewick Matthews, through whose acquaintance with the family the refreshments had been obtained, was chatting with the old grandmother at her place by the sunny window.

After a brief rest the caravan was again in motion, plodding

on toward home. They had not been gone many minutes and were again fraying out into little groups, when Dick Brimley and Sedgewick Matthews were seen hurrying along to overtake them.

"Late again. That means half a cut," was Fisher's greeting as they came up. Brimley slowed down his unusual pace to walk with his chum, while Matthews after a few words passed on up the line.

"In a hurry, as usual. He 'll die in a hurry some day," yawned Fisher.

"You would n't have called him in a hurry if you had seen him back there with Jane, Eliza, Lucy, Dolly, or whatever the farmer's girl's name is."

"Yes, and what were you staying behind for?"

"Oh, I had to go up in the cherry tree to see how long before the cherries would be ripe."

"Well, and what was Matthews up to?"

"Jollying Dolly, I guess. Just as I started to come down I saw them talking by the door, and then in a minute I heard a noise, a little scuffle, a laugh, and the girl ran into the house and slammed the door. I dropped from the tree just as Sedge was coming down the walk. He gave a start and then seemed to think it necessary to explain that he had known the people a long time."

"And how do you explain this sudden and mysterious disappearance of Dolly?"

"I do n't know. He may have been chucking her under the chin, perhaps."

"Oh, possibly. Who'd ha' thought it? May be the man's human after all."

IV

It was half past four on the afternoon before his last senior examination that Sedgewick Matthews pedaled down the hill

for a spin toward Hanfield before dinner. His hat was off and the breeze pushing back his hair disclosed a serious face. He was thinking how it would seem the next morning to go up to the long examination hall for the last time. Suddenly as he wheeled around a closely wooded curve, he saw a little clump by the roadside. Coming to a halt and dismounting, the clump resolved itself into a man bending over the motionless form of a boy on the grass. A wheel leaned against the bushes near by.

"Hullo, Fisher."

"Why, hullo, Sedge; is that you? Mighty glad you happened along. This little chap has had a pretty bad shake-up."

"Who is it?"

"Johnny Hillson, you know the one who comes to all the football games?"

"How did he get hurt?"

"Guess he did n't get out of the way of that rig that came along a little while ago. They nearly ran me down before I heard them. They were driving like mad."

Just then the boy opened his eyes and looked about him, but quickly his white lips set and again he became unconscious. Fisher was examining the ankle, which was beginning to swell badly.

"This seems to be broken. Let 's get him home."

Together they carried the little fellow to a house down the road. Here he again became conscious. Tightly he clasped Fisher's hand in his straining fingers. When the young man started away the boy cried out, clinging to him still.

"Guess you 'll have to get the doctor, Sedge. I can't leave this little chap if he wants me to stay. Cheer up, my man, we 'll get you out of this all right."

The lad seemed to take courage with the words. All

through the long hour Matthews was gone for the doctor Fisher stayed with him, and later held his hand while the bone was being dressed. When all had been done the two seniors rode home in the gathering twilight. At the corner of the campus Fisher stopped and bought some fruit.

"I 'll have to wait a little before I can take this down. The kid won't sleep much, and I promised him I 'd ride down later in the evening."

In the entry of old North they stopped a moment at parting. Matthews had said little on the way up. He had been thinking whether or not he had n't some use for this sort of man after all.

"Wish we had known each other before, Bill," he blurted out.

"Wish to thunder we had," answered Fisher, who had also been thinking, "but someway until last year I thought you were a complete stiff, you know —— and"

"Yes I know, and I did n't give you credit for being anything more than a pretty sporty lad. If it were n't for the little chap I 'd be mighty glad we came across each other this way."

"Same here, Sedge. I 'll call in for you, sha' n't I, when I go down to-night ?"

Rowland Haynes

SCENE FROM BLUE-BEARD

Sister Anna, sister mine,
Say, and is there naught to see?
Scan the dim horizon line
For some sign of help for me.

Sister, I have climbed the tower,
Climbed it to the topmost stair,
But no news of help I bear.

The wilting wind is fainting o'er the rye
That crackles in the blight of scorching sun,
One living thing I saw, or far or nigh,
A slow-winged bird that passed with drouth fordone.

Sister Anna, strong of heart,
Climb once more the battled tower,
Search the land in every part,
For I die upon the hour.

Sister, I have climbed the tower,
Climbed it to the topmost stair,
But I found no rescue there.

The rye tops shudder in a growing breeze
That whirls the summer dust in eddying wheels,
A rumbling as of far, dim-surging seas
I heard; but still no help the storm reveals.

Sister Anna, sister true,
Tell me, tell me, is that all?
Look,—and is there nothing new?
Loud I hear my master call.

Sister, I have climbed the tower,
Climbed once more the topmost stair—
Courage still, and shrill-voiced prayer!

I heard a tumult as of trumpets' blare,
And flying steeds and clashing arms—and then
The storm-cloud broke, and in the lightning's glare
I saw your brother with a hundred men.

Harry James Smith

THE LIBERATORS.

Osr.—How is 't, Laertes?
Laer.—Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric.
—*Hamlet.*

When every member of the club had sworn under the most fearful oath to preserve secrecy and to support his fellow-conspirators to the last drop of his blood, the president stepped from his chair and grasping Alexis's hand, cried, "You are a happy man, Alexis! When shall it be?"

"To-night," replied the young man sententiously.

"You are the right stuff," ejaculated President Nevskoi. "To-night. Good! and where?"

"The ball at the Winter Palace," said Alexis. "Have you forgotten? The Czar leaves his apartments at nine precisely. I have it from a friend in the palace."

"Let us sit down," said the president, and he drew Alexis to a table in a secluded corner of the smoke-darkened room. President Ivan Nevskoi was a short, thick-set man, with an impenetrable countenance, and piercing, shag-browed, blue eyes. He had devoted his life to making potentates uncomfortable, planning new governments, organizing secret societies, and avoiding Siberia. The youth designated as Alexis appeared to be about twenty-two or three years of age, perhaps half that of Nevskoi. He was dressed in the uniform of the light cavalry, with braided surtout, and a cherry-colored cap set jauntily on his close-cut, dark hair. Although belonging to one of the best families in Russia, he had become infected while at the University with ideas of political liberty, and had easily fallen prey to Ivan Nevskoi's persua-

sive eloquence. "If the prince is bad, into the mud with him," runs the popular saying. Alexis had not long been a member of the club before his opportunity came; at the first drawing the lot had fallen to him to remove Czar Nicholas.

"What is your plan?" asked the president.

The young cavalryman coolly lighted a cigarette and replied in a low voice, "It is all arranged. I am to go to the ball disguised as Nicholas. I shall reach the palace shortly after the appointed time and boldly enter his apartments. When we have had our little tête-à-tête, I shall bid him an affectionate farewell and very likely take a little trip to America for my health."

"Shall you enter the palace alone?"

"Orloff, Michael Kryztloff, and Dmitri will accompany me as far as the corridor."

"What! They are of the Imperial Guard."

"Yes, but they are ours. I think all will go smoothly. Time presses, however,"—Alexis threw aside the stump of his cigarette, rose, and calmly grasped Nevskoi's hand,—"my Majesty must don his evening dress. Farewell."

"You are a happy man," repeated the president, fixing his searching eyes upon him. "Heaven speed your arm."

The happy man walked down the room among the clustered chairs, bidding good-by to his more intimate friends and receiving their congratulations and God-bless-you's upon his holy undertaking. The doorkeeper, an old revolutionist, noticing his pallor, undertook to rally him on it.

"What," he said, "a soldier, and afraid!"

"You lie!" thundered Alexis, for the first time allowing his agitation to get the better of him, and he felled the man with a blow.

Then he rushed out into the street. The change from the warm glare of the club-room to the bitterness and impenetra-

bility of a Northern winter's night dazed him. He had not stumbled on for more than a dozen yards when he felt a light touch on his arm. It was a woman, tall, and closely wrapped in a long cloak.

"Alexis, what is the matter?" she whispered.

The young man shuddered. It was his friend from the palace, the one he had mentioned to Nevskoi. "Natalia Miloslovski," he demanded hoarsely, "what are you doing here?"

"Alexis! Why do you speak in that horrible way?" pleaded the girl in a frightened voice. "What is the matter? What were you doing in that terrible place?"

"What terrible place?" growled Alexis. "I have been playing cards with some friends, that's all; and now I shall call a droschky and send you home."

"Alexis, I 'm afraid."

"Afraid! What of?"

"Of something dreadful. Tell me, please, dear, won't you, what you have been doing?"

"Yes, tending my business, Natalia,—something that you have n't done."

"Oh, Alexis, I thought you loved me. You do n't any more, do you?"

"No, not if you 're going to play the fool like this. Good night."

"Alexis, stop!" The girl clutched his arm in terror. The young man stiffened, as if frozen to the spot. Natalia's white, strained face pierced him like a knife-thrust as, clinging closer to him, she looked up into his eyes and whispered, "Alexis, I know."

"Know what?"

"All."

"Then go and blab, by all means!" snarled Alexis, and,

wrenching himself brutally from the hand of the girl he loved, he vanished into the night.

When Alexis reached the rendezvous it was half past seven. In an hour and a half the Czar would leave his private apartments at the winter palace and the opportunity would be gone. There was little time for deliberation over this new turn of affairs; furthermore, the young anarchist was a man accustomed not to reflect, but to act. Accordingly he began to put on his disguise. Suppose Natalia *did* know; how *much* did she know? This much Alexis knew, and he was proud of her as he said it to himself: "She would rather be cut up by inches than let a hair of my head be harmed." That she should betray him was out of the question; but of her warning the Czar there was little doubt. It looked as if there might be trouble. What mattered it? He had given his word; he was resolved to go ahead.

The three guardsmen were in the next room. As he entered all three rose and saluted, so perfect was his disguise and so strong the force of habit.

"That's pretty good, lads," said Alexis, with nonchalant satisfaction, "but pray don't dynamite me and don't come too near or you'll smell the damn glue on this beard, which doesn't seem inclined to adhere loyally to my Majesty. No matter, it'll go. And now look here, Orloff, and Dmitri, and Michael, somebody has let this business leak. I don't believe it's one of you; if it is, by God, I'll fix him; but we're going to fix somebody else first. No, we won't back out, and we won't postpone it; we're going to do it to-night and we've got to do it quickly. We must get there after the palace guard is changed at eight-thirty or there'll be some excitement at the unexpected appearance of Nicholas's double. There may be a fuss, we are liable to have the devil's own time anyway; but remember this: Czar Nicholas dies

to-night. If anything should happen and I don't get him, you've got to get him. If he should master me and break away, knock him down, gag him quickly, and throw him back into the room, and whatever happens, if I am hurt, don't worry about me till he's finished off. That's all. Remember we strike for the liberty of our native land, for Russia. Come now, it's late."

The four men, muffled in their great coats, descended to the sidewalk and entered the closed carriage in waiting. The ischovostchik, who was also a member of the club, laid on the whip right loyally, the horses started off at a gallop, in true Russian fashion, and just before the stroke of nine, drew up at the palace, in the big, brightly-lighted square where the Alexander column stands. The square was thronged with vehicles of all descriptions, from the droschkies of the humbler guests to the elegant landaus of the high and mighty; but not a soul was to be seen save a sleepy coachman here and there nodding on his box. A more favorable moment could hardly have been chosen, for all were now assembled in the ball-room to greet the Czar.

Alexis, followed by his three guardsmen, dismounted and walked boldly up the marble steps. The cossacks, who had just come on duty, drew up and saluted as they passed. "Quick now," whispered Alexis, when they were once within the main corridor, and the rapid footfalls rang ominously over the tiled pavement and echoed high up in the arched roof. As they turned down the long, stone passage to the left they caught strains of music from the ball-room, and the subdued murmur of many voices. Another turn to the left, and now they walked on tiptoe, and put out all but one of the lights in the passage. Alexis made a sign to halt.

"Now steady, men," he whispered. "Have the gag ready, loosen your daggers, and remember my orders."

The bell began to clang the first stroke of nine. Alexis advanced to the Czar's door and turned the knob. There was no resistance. He pushed open the door, entered quickly, and shut it after him. The conspirators outside could see in that moment that the room was totally dark. What could it mean? Had the Czar already left the room? Each mentally told off the slow doom-strokes of the bell. Four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—the last reverberations died away. There was a moment of silence and of breathless suspense.

Suddenly the thud of a body falling without a moan sounded within, and almost immediately the door burst open and the Czar rushed out, crying, "I am betrayed!" He uttered no more, for the three guardsmen were upon him, and instantly he was gagged and securely bound. "Back into the room with him," commanded Orloff. The prisoner struggled desperately; it was all the three men could do to drag him back, and in the doorway they stumbled over a prostrate body in the dark.

"Alexis!" groaned Michael, who loved the young cavalryman dearly, and he stooped over the body.

"Shut up!" said Orloff. "Close the door and come here. We'll tend to this first."

"Shall I strike a light?" asked Dmitri.

"No, we can see well enough for this business in the dark. Sit on his head, will you, Michael." The bound man had begun writhing violently.

Orloff knelt on the Czar's abdomen, pulled back the bandage from one ear, and whispered, his hot breath on the man's face, "Nicholas, you are going to die. If they want to know in hell why you came, say the Russian people sent you there for tyranny." The anarchist raised his right arm.

"Wait!" blurted Michael, brokenly. "He killed Alexis. Let me strike." The victim's muscles contracted as if in a

convulsion. There was a flash of white steel in the darkness; then, as the knife was drawn out, the swollen walls of the chest collapsed with a gurgling sob, the tense limbs relaxed; only the untenanted flesh remained.

Though the walls of the palace are very thick, the confusion in the Czar's apartments had penetrated them, and down at the far end of the long corridor the voices of the guard were heard, and the clatter of approaching feet. There was no time to be lost.

"Like lightning! now," cried Orloff, "if we 're going to get Alexis away. Tear down that curtain, Dmitri, and let the light in." The heavy curtain came down with a crash, and bright moonlight flooded the place, making more ghastly the faces of three men staring at one another with horror-stricken eyes. Before the door lay the body of a young woman in a glittering evening gown of white brocade, the bodice saturated with blood. With her white shoulders and white, upturned face, whiter still in the stream of moonlight, she seemed like some piece of fallen sculpture.

The footsteps of the guard were growing louder. Michael, crying "Great God, we 've killed Alexis!" rushed to the middle of the room and snatched the blindfold from the murdered man. The beard came with it, and in the revealing moonlight lay clear the handsome face of the young cavalryman. The guard was at the door, and from the distant ball-room floated the first bars of the Emperor's March.

Stuart Pratt Sherman

THE WEIRD MUSICIAN

The pent-up might of the waves that roll
  At sea, or their fury in the fray
Ashore, is music to the soul
  Whose joy of life has fled away.

And the weird musician of the sea,
  Who reigns unrivaled in his art,
Has another song in harmony
  With the wildest mood of a joyful heart.

And unto him who neither way
  Is deeply stirred within his breast,
The voices of the billows say:
  "Choose! Thou canst no longer rest

"In doubt, when brave sea waves are nigh.
  Either thou must feel the thrill
Of wild, free joy we carry high,
  And crashing cast up higher still;

"Or thou must find, far out from the reef,
  A deeper tone, beneath our crest,
Which will tell thee well the depth of grief
  In the ocean's heart that knows not rest."

Max Forrester Eastman

THE BACCARAT CASE

In the year 1891, Sir William Gordon-Cumming brought action against Mr. and Mrs. Lycett Green, Mrs. Arthur Wilson, Mr. Arthur Stanley Wilson, and Mr. Berkley Levett, for slander. As the interested parties all belonged to the aristocracy of England, the legal proceedings commanded world-wide attention. The plaintiff at this time was about forty years of age, and enjoyed the reputation of a gentleman and a soldier. For twenty-three years he had served his country in the field, and had done so with such great distinction that he had risen in rank to the position of lieutenant-colonel of the Scots Guards. He came of an old family; he was a man of ample means; he was a baronet with a place in Scotland and a residence in London. Highly honored in his chosen profession, intimate with the most illustrious persons in the land, Sir William Gordon-Cumming found himself in court to face an accusation that he had descended to cheating at cards and robbing some of his best and oldest friends.

In the St. Leger week in 1890, Sir William was invited by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson to stay for a few days for the Doncaster races at Tramby Croft, not far from Doncaster. He left London with his fast friend, the Prince of Wales, and reached Tramby Croft on the evening of the eighth of September, where they found among other guests, Lord Somerset, Lord and Lady Coventry, and General Owen Williams. After dinner there was music and conversation, and about eleven o'clock some one suggested playing at baccarat.

Mr. Wilson had forbidden that game in his house, and there was no proper table for playing it, so that three whist tables were made use of. On the two occasions on which it was alleged that Sir William Gordon-Cumming cheated at baccarat, the Prince of Wales was banker and General Owen Williams was croupier. The bank was limited to one hundred pounds, and counters were used for coins.

On the first occasion Mr. Wilson found himself playing with several gentlemen whom he knew but slightly, and very naturally looked around the table to see what cards were being played. He noticed in front of Sir William one red counter of the value of five pounds. He staked on that side, and to his surprise he saw in front of Sir William not one red counter, but three, each for five pounds. He was astonished, but it did not enter into his mind that it was cheating, even when he saw Sir William paid for three sums of five pounds, instead of one. After he had seen this repeated twice or thrice, he turned to Lieutenant Berkley Levett, called his attention to Sir William Gordon-Cumming, and told him that he was cheating. Lieut. Berkley Levett was shocked, and said: "Nonsense, you are mad," to which the young Mr. Wilson replied, "Then look for yourself." Lieutenant Levett then observed the cheating, and remarking to Mr. Wilson, "This is too hot," left the room. This conduct had also been noticed by Mrs. Arthur Wilson, who informed her husband, Mrs. Lycett Green, and Mr. Levett of what she had seen. It was agreed that they should all carefully watch the play on the following night, when again Sir William Cumming was observed most distinctly to repeat the same practices. The Prince himself asked Sir William to put his stakes in a more conspicuous place.

The matter having been placed in the hands of Lord Coventry and General Williams, they decided that it was imper-

ative upon them to inform the Prince of Wales of what had occurred, and after some deliberation they agreed to suggest to his Royal Highness that, for the sake of all concerned and for society at large, it was most desirable that the circumstances should be kept secret. But as a condition of silence, Sir William Gordon-Cumming must be made to sign a statement never again to play cards for the rest of his life. His Royal Highness having heard all the details of the case, agreed that such a solution was possible.

Lord Coventry and General Williams then went to Sir William and informed him that he was accused of cheating at baccarat. Sir William did not ask the names of his accusers, but he emphatically denied the charge and begged to be allowed to see the Prince of Wales. The interview took place; Sir William again denied the truth of the accusation, but was told that it was utterly useless to attempt a denial in the face of the distinct evidence of so many unprejudiced persons, whose interest it was that no scandal should have happened in the house. His accusers were willing to keep silence with regard to what had taken place, on condition that Sir William signed the document. At the same time they clearly pointed out to him that his signature to this would be a distinct admission of his guilt. Quite understanding, he signed the document, which was afterwards signed also by the gentlemen who were cognizant of the facts, and then left to the safe keeping of the Prince of Wales. Sir William Gordon-Cumming left Tramby Croft early the following morning.

These events occurred early in September. The months of October and November passed quietly. In December, however, strange whisperings were heard concerning Sir William. In January the affair was openly talked about, and Sir William Gordon-Cumming felt compelled to take

some steps in the matter, because he could not otherwise slip out of the army with his half pay. And it was then that there came the first notice of hostile proceedings against the defendants in an action for slander.

The trial began in June and lasted seven days. Sir Edward Clarke, counsel for Sir William, charged General Owen Williams with a breach of military etiquette. If General Williams believed Sir William guilty of cheating at cards, surely he would not have allowed the document to be signed as it was. It was a breach of discipline, a breach of military order, not to bring the matter before his commanding officer and demand an inquiry. Sir Edward Clarke believed the accusers to be mistaken; he cited the story of the humorist who stopped in the street and said that he saw the lion that used to stand on Northumberland house wag his tail; in two minutes a crowd had gathered, and half of them declared that they also saw the tail wag. The eye saw what it expected or sought to see. But one witness saw Sir William cheat without expecting it. The others were told that there had been cheating, and expected to see it. Finally the counsel claimed that had Sir William been guilty he never would have signed the document; a guilty man would have brazened it out and forced it to the end. Sir William signed the document in order to save his Prince from the terrible scandal of having played at baccarat. The question resolved itself into this: Was the man who once acted as if he had been guilty really innocent, having been cowed for a moment by some mysterious fear of scandal? or was he really one of the boldest of men who dared to defy irrefutable evidence? Would an innocent man have murdered his honor to save his Prince? The Lord Chief Justice summed the case for four hours; the jury deliberated for ten minutes and then found a verdict for the defendant. Sir William Gordon-Cumming

shortly after his disgrace married an American girl and proceeded to his place in Scotland.

However the baccarat case might have otherwise affected the spirit of England, it was raised to quite another degree of importance by the presence of the Prince of Wales, and the part which he played in the story. It was not the virtue of the British public that was exasperated, but its feeling of gravity, the feeling which is shocked when a Pope plays billiards, or an Archbishop attends a ball. The entire British press deplored the affair; an editorial in the *Times* concluded thus: "Sir William Gordon-Cumming was made to sign a declaration that he would never touch cards again. We almost wish for the sake of English society in general, that we could learn that the result of this most unhappy case had been that the Prince of Wales had signed a similar declaration." Not alone England, but indeed the civilized world, were annoyed by this tragi-comedy, a scene in a millionaire's drawing-room, in which the heir to the throne, great persons in society, little persons hungry for place in society, the popular lord, the old general, the bitter man, the correct man, the man under suspicion, and a host more, were all playing the parts which belong to their characters, and playing them as naturally as life.

Let Balzac or Sheridan beat it.

George Thurston Little

THE HEART-BREAKING OF KATY

Katy Flannigan was sixteen years old; but she considered herself a lady grown and fit to be ogled by any good looking *party* of the other gender. This conviction had of late been growing upon her until now it had quite taken possession of her ambitious soul. And why not? Some—envious ones, perhaps—might have termed her scrawny, a very type of the awkward age; but in her own eyes she was sylph-like in figure and in manner queenly. A few weeks since she had begun wearing the E. & S. corset, the adoption of which, according to the advertisement in the street car, gave "that swagger, military carriage so much coveted by ladies of fashion." Whenever Katy Flannigan took a car to or from the store—which was rather seldom —she used to gaze upon the corset lady delineated above her. "My hair *may* be a little redder than hers," she would say to herself, "and I suppose I *have* got a few freckles, but she does n't look much as if she knew what's what," and she nodded complaisantly at the world sliding by outside.

The place which Katy occupied in work-a-day life was behind the book counter at Brown's, the large department store on George street. She could scarcely have been more satisfactorily located for she doted on literature, and some days, especially if it rained outside and shoppers were few, she found leisure for reading. The only trouble was that more than once just as she had been deepest in a soul-stirring book some one had loitered stupidly along and bought it, which

was heart-wracking for there might be no more copies. Katy, however, reserved an obscure corner of the counter for her favorite novels. You would hardly have discovered *Evelyn's Revenge* and *A Sweet Crime*, so huddled out of sight they were amongst crowds of larger and gaudier covers.

Katy Flannigan's home was in Henbane Court; but she was not very proud of that. Neither was she proud of the fact that Joe Flynn, who sold papers and smelling salts on the train, was a long-time admirer of hers. All that had begun in the old days before she had found out what's what. Now she usually walked home *via* Inverness Avenue and took a short cut through a vacant lot and some back yards, and as for Joe, she rarely ever saw him. He was really rather common, and besides, he had horrible taste in neckties. It did not pay to bother much with him; she knew that Joe was hers whenever she would have him, for had he not often told her so and in addition given her little packages of chewing gum which she used to enjoy in the store?

There was one man, however, for whom Katy had unbounded regard, Mr. Reginald Lorenzo Lacey, the floorwalker. Tall he was and graceful; a dark, silken mustache tapered gently away from his mouth; his hair lay upon his forehead in well matched ripples; his face had a langourous beauty much relished by all the lady clerks. Katy admired him from afar, reverently, mutely, as a cat might look at a king. He had spoken to her only once, that was to bid her arrange her books more systematically. She had been embarrassed at the time and had blushed foolishly as if convicted of guilt.

It happened one morning that Katy had taken off her wraps and was on her way to the book counter. She was in high spirits for she was wearing her new choker-collar—a green stem of ribbon upon which her head sprouted like a

tuber—and furthermore she had succeeded in tightening the lacings of her E. & S. a whole inch and was conscious of looking even smarter than usual.

"Good morning, Katy dear."

Katy turned. It was Mr. Lacey who spoke and he was addressing her. A strange terror griped her tongue.

"Good . . . G-o-o-d morning," she stammered out and with the least bit of a scream ran away in confusion. She heard some one say, "Don't be in such a rush," but she could not stop until she reached the book counter. Her heart was going like a telegraph ticker; but she cared little for that now that she was safe. In fact she rather enjoyed it. It was a novel experience. She told herself that she had been a goose to run so stupidly, yet she knew she should do the same thing again. She longed nervously to glimpse Mr. Lacey; but whenever he passed through her part of the store that day she was studiously setting her books to rights or picking up papers behind the counter. When the noon half-hour came she hurried down to the lunch room by a back way so as not to meet him. During the afternoon she was in the most genial of humors, even making up again with Mamie Ryan who tended the notion counter at her left, and who was rumored to be "hangin' out" for Joe. Of course she cared nothing for Joe herself; it made her indignant, though, that anyone else should want him. But to-day things looked different. "Let her try for him," she said. "I suppose she wants a man herself, poor thing. And anyway I know he won't take her." So she charitably made the first advances. Mame was all smiles, and before the gong struck six they had exchanged confidences.

"How's Joe nowadays? It's an age since I've set eyes on him."

"Oh, he's bloomin' "—a short pause—" not that I've seen

him very lately myself, of course, but I sometimes hear him talked of. He thinks a heap o' you, they say."

Katy sniffed. "He does, does he? Well, I guess the thinkin's mostly on his side. Still, Joe's a nice fellow enough, even if he don't know what's what."

The next morning as Katy was registering at the time box she saw Mr. Lacey again. He was evidently on the watch for her.

"Good morning, sweetheart. How's Mavourneen to-day? Oh, I say, don't be a goose; what d'ye think I am anyway?" She hardly heard the last of it for she had again taken to flight. It was still early. Mame Ryan had not come yet; in fact all the counters were empty. Katy reached hers and sat down to catch her breath. Then she found that she had dropped her handkerchief. Horrors! What could she do? She would never dare to hunt for it. What if he should find it and bring it to her? "I shall die if he does," she thought and looked up to see Mr. Lacey coming towards her, the handkerchief in his hand. Katy felt her cheeks flush hot; but death did not relieve her and she made as if busy with her books.

"Well, sweetheart, won't you say how-de-do to an old friend this time? See, here's a handkerchief which I think you dropped on the floor in your hurry to get to your work. I took the pleasure of bringing it to you myself."

Katy looked at him and blurted a few foolish words of thanks as she reached for the handkerchief.

"No, you don't," he said with a laugh. "I'm not so easy as all that. You've got to kiss me first," and almost before she knew it he had taken his pay. "I want to know you better, my dear," he added softly, for somebody was coming; "you're the prettiest girl in the store. I'll see you again. Ta! Ta!"

Katy Flannigan's foolish little head was in a whirl and continued so throughout the day. It was a hard day, besides, for shoppers were numerous and exacting. One of them was impudent enough to ask for *A Sweet Crime* and Katy was forced to part with her favorite novel. Then, at the end of the morning, during a lull Mame ran over for a minute.

"See, dearest, isn't it lovely!" she said and showed her a new ring she was wearing—a gold thing with a luxurious setting of moonstones and chip diamonds. "And who do you suppose gave it to me?" she added, slipping her arm round Katy's waist. "I would n't tell for the world if I thought you'd mind; but after what you said yesterday I knew you'd be just as glad as me. Yes, it's Joe! and oh, you don't know how much we love each other and we'll be *so* happy. Only, of course, we've got to wait a long time until he gets to be a brakeman, or conductor, or something."

Then Katy told her how awfully, awfully glad she was. "I knew you would be, you dear thing," whispered the other, lovingly, "and I knew you would n't care a mite if I told him what you said to me yesterday, and he was so pleased to find that it would n't make the least bit of difference to you. He said that was the only reason he'd waited so long; but now it was all right."

Katy did not care—no indeed; but Mame's words left a sting for all that. "Anyway, Katy Flannigan," she said to herself, "you've got a better man than him now. Would n't she just bust with jealousy if she knew what happened this morning! M-m-m!"

Mr. Reginald Lacey passed through the store but once during the afternoon,—Katy was busy doing up a bundle,—and afterwards she found a little folded paper lying on the counter. Half frightened, half glad, she opened it.

MY DARLING KATY:

Can't you meet me on Main street near the depot this evening at 8 o'clock? I want to see more of you.

Devotedly,
R. L. L.

It seemed as if the afternoon would never be done. Shoppers trooped through the store without intermission. Little cash girls scuttled in and out with large bundles, or yelled out their numbers in response to high-pitched summons from the counters. The metal change boxes whizzed by overhead, snapping as they turned the corners and banging noisily into their chutes. Katy was kept busy continuously waiting upon people, but she did it automatically. Something else filled her thoughts. A sort of wild exultation possessed her. She would have been glad to run, to fling her arms about childishly, to sing something. She kept repeating to herself like a formula, "Katy Flannigan's got a man. Katy Flannigan's got a man." She wondered what they should talk about, she and Mr. Lacey, that evening. She must be thinking up some witty remarks. There was that joke of Ellen Tooley's—perhaps she could bring that into the conversation somehow or other.

"Have you *Eben Holden* in a cheap edition?"

Two well-dressed young ladies were standing before the counter. They wore glasses and black dotted veils and thus succeeded in looking somewhat intellectual. Katy handed them a book and they looked it over casually, talking the while.

"See that picture," said one. "Does n't it remind you of Sue Mirtle's sister—the one that's engaged to Reg Lacey, you know?"

"Who, Flo? Is she engaged to him? I did n't know that. And he only a floor-walker in the store here! Quite a match for him, is n't it?"

"Well, that's what every one thinks. I should suppose you'd have heard about it. Of course his people are n't anybody; but he's a pretty presentable sort of man, I guess, and the girls are all wild about him. I should n't wonder at all if he were ready to fool with them, too, when Flo's out of the way. Thank you, I guess I won't take the book this afternoon. It's not quite what I wanted."

"Did you notice that girl at the counter?" she said, when they had turned away. "How unhappy she looked! Just as if she were going to cry. Poor thing; I suppose that sort of people really have just as much true sadness in their lives as we others."

"Yes, I suppose so, though of course they do n't mind things quite in the same way. It takes education to arouse one's susceptibilities even to suffering. I did notice her, though. She seemed to be listening to our conversation in a rather rude fashion. Well, for aught I know she may have left her father drunk under the table this morning. But by the bye, were we going to look at that organdie you were telling me about? Had n't we better take the elevator?"

Harry James Smith

SUGGESTIONS

A WOODLAND HALF-TONE

Dim, dreamy outlines of snow-spotted hills
Pencil the hazy sky; and murmuring rills
From shadowy, leaf-strewn pools and sodden earth,
Are trickling mazelike o'er a dreary dearth—
O'er stones and stubble, fallows bleak and bare,
And dank decay of spray and blossom fair—
The blight which winter flung o'er life and birth.

E. C. P.

"FROM THE SUBLIME"

The grand stand fairly groaned beneath its fair burden. Class after class of graduates gave their old yells, which mingled strangely with the sharp staccatos of the students. It was the ninth inning. Two out and two on bases, as Charley Colt stepped to the bat. He was outwardly cool, abnormally cool; inwardly his heart was beating like a trip-hammer. He wondered if the catcher could hear it. The eyes of the college were on him. He knew that he was regarded as the poorest batter on the team, but he would show them! "One ball,"—"two balls,"—"Good waiting, Colt! Good waiting!" "One strike,"—he smiled at the pitcher. "Two strikes,"—and then "A hit! a hit!" and what a hit it was! It certainly was the feature of the game; far out by the left field the fielder was running back, and still the ball drove on and on; he had touched second, now third was almost—

"Mr. Colt!" and Colt came back with a thud to a realization that there were still forty minutes of Philosophy 2 left, and that he did n't know the question.

J. C. J.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION

Mrs. Todd was going to visit her daughter, Mary Lucinda—"her as was married to John Miles, up Ashford way." Mrs. Todd was small and by way of contrast the carpet bag and large willow basket which she carried made her seem even smaller. Her eyes were deep sunken in gray shadows and her thin lips with their frame of little wrinkles betrayed the timid, wistful spirit which hardly ventured to express itself through them. Mrs. Todd had traveled little during her workaday life, in fact, though she disliked to confess it, this was her first journey all alone, and as she stood on the station platform she was filled with a vague dread of what lay before her.

"Now what time was it that Mary wrote the train came?" she questioned. "I could n't of lost the letter, could I? No, here 't is. 'You will take the train at six minutes of five and be sure and do n't forget about changing cars at East Wick Junction.' Deary me! I wonder if the train will be *sure* to stop here. Sometimes I *think* they only slow down. Leastways, I do n't know; but I'm sure if that's all I never can get on board with both hands cluttered up so. I do wish Silas had n't drove off so soon because he 'd of knowed all about it."

Fortunate it was for Mrs. Todd's peace of mind that in a few moments the mighty train thundered into view with great clanging of bells and screaming of brakes. Yes, it was slowing down; now it had fully stopped. With the assistance of the conductor Mrs. Todd was hoisted up the steps

and soon found herself in a luxurious seat upholstered in red plush—"jest like Mis' Ralston's parlor sofy," she thought, nervously, "only lots more springy."

There was the conductor coming towards her. He must be after her ticket; well, she had it close at hand somewhere—that is, if she ever could find it. Ah, there it was. "Good-day," she said, handing it to him with a timid smile.

"Change cars at East Wick Junction," said the man in blue.

"All right, sir; that's what my daughter told me," answered Mrs. Todd familiarly and as if all her life accustomed to travel at will on the railroad. "Let me see, sir, which one is it I change to?"

"You'll find it without trouble, ma'am. It's just behind this one there at the Junction."

"Oh, yes, to be sure. I did n't quite remember," said Mrs. Todd nonchalantly, and when East Wick Junction was reached she carried her carpet-bag and willow basket into a rear car and found another seat. "Seems like it was a dreadful foolish thing to do," she thought; "but I s'pose it's all right. Anyway it'll only be a few more minutes now before I can talk it all over with Mary." Then the tired little woman settled down wearily against the red plush back.

H. J. S.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST

The morning exercises had closed in the fifth grade of the Halford-street grammar school, and with no more than the usual clatter the first division had taken their places to do examples at the blackboard. The second division were supposed to be studying geography.

Tommy Boyce was in the second division, but he was not

studying geography. He had looked at the pictures in the big thin book so many times that they were no longer interesting. Already that morning he had noted the changes on the front board where yellow, red, and green stars graphically displayed the deportment of each pupil at the rate of a yellow star for every good day, a red star for five yellow ones, and a green star and a deportment card for five red ones. Tommy had been nearly a month in getting two yellow stars and a red one against his name and had given up calculating how long it would be before he received a card. By this time in the morning, too, he had drunken all the water in the bottle he kept for washing his slate, and had chewed all the taste out of the cinnamon tooth-pick Jimmy Young had given him. Now he began to wonder what Flossie Leland was doing. Flossie sat just behind him and in his heart of hearts he was very sure that she was the nicest girl in school. No eyes to him were so pretty as her dark brown ones; no smile could make his heart beat quickly as could hers. Yes, he guessed he would look around and ask her how far she had gone on the lesson.

Flossie was not studying either. In her chubby little hands was a generous piece of molasses candy which she was vainly trying to break.

"Say, Flossie, want it smashed?"

"Yes. Do you s'pose you can do it? I'll give you a piece if you do."

Here was a double inducement. Cautiously Tommy slid from his seat and kneeled on the floor in the aisle. Placing the piece of candy on the edge of the chair he took a heavy ruler from his desk and waited. When he thought the arithmetic class was noisy enough, *thwack*, went the ruler. The candy was smashed without doubt, but it made more noise than he expected.

Tommy glanced up to see the whole school craning their necks to look at him.

"Thomas Boyce, what are you doing down there on the floor?"

"Nothin' much," and Tommy, crestfallen, got back into his seat amid the tittering of the class.

"You may stay after school this noon and lose two yellow stars for misbehavior," was Miss Campbell's sentence.

But this was not the worst. As he had risen from his knees he caught sight of Flossie Leland. She was giggling, too. Tommy buried himself in his geography. He wondered if it really paid to make such sacrifices for women.

R. H.

SANCTUM

Enter the LIT. board for 1902.

Our rôles are new, and we are not as yet well versed in them; in fact we feel considerable trepidation in this our first public appearance, and must utter with the Labadies those memorable lines:

> "For us and for our comedy
> We supplicate your clemency,"

sincerely hoping, the while, that our comedy may not turn out a tragedy. We are sure that it need not if the support of the college is behind us.

We are glad of this opportunity to express our appreciation of the work of the retiring editors. In some respects the year has been a hard one. Contributions have rarely flooded Sanctum, and most of the writing has of necessity been done by the members of the board themselves. In view of which we emphatically accord them all honor for their consistent work, and feel that we are expressing the general sentiment of the college in pronouncing it most creditable.

The matter of qualification for election to the LIT. board has been again overhauled and with these results:

Five accepted articles make a man eligible. Of these five one must be in prose, and not more than two may be Suggestions. Articles accepted Freshman year count towards the

Sophomore elections. If a man has failed of election Sophomore year, his past work will be counted over towards the Junior elections at one half of its numerical value. Thus a man, credited with four articles for the first two years, will have two counted for him towards the Junior elections.

The editors wish it distinctly understood, however, that eligibility does not necessarily involve election. The quality of the accepted will be a prime consideration, and in selecting the new members from a number of candidates, quality and consistency must be the deciding features.

Just a word in regard to Suggestions. We realize that certain adverse criticisms upon this department are not without reason. To our mind, however, the fault lies less with the department than with the mediocre support which it has received for the past year or two. We believe that there is a place for short articles, sketch-like, descriptive, suggestive—if you wish for articles not long enough to appear in the body of the magazine, but which, for all that, need be none the less worthy of consideration. We should prefer to enlarge rather than to abandon the department, and we hope that a new interest may be taken in it. Bits of description, "storiettes," little incidents from college life or elsewhere, even fables and parables, if your genius must thus vent itself, will be gladly received by the board, and we trust that the department may be made really attractive.

CHAT

Chat sat alone, dumpish, melancholy. Very suitably for this mood the lamp had exhaled its last breath in a cloud of ill-smelling grayness, and now only a pale shaft of moonlight streaked in at the window, giving—and why not?—that ghostly unreality to things so essential for any extraordinary or supernatural event. On the wall opposite hung an oval-framed picture from which the sweet face of the Girl was smiling wanly in the semi-darkness. She seemed, some way or other, apprehensive, half-sad. Poor Girl, she had seen so many maudlin Chats come and go, and still she must hang there, always inspiring their verbal meanderings, always alluring them from the severer side of life, from studies, and flunks, and Dean's notices and many another weighty thing.

The Gym. clock had rung out the third quarter of the hour. In a few moments it would be midnight. The time was big with forboding. Everything was silent, save for a friendly little mouse hustling about the waste-basket in the corner. Chat sat motionless, absorbed in his own sombre ruminations. He was reviewing the year just past; he bemoaned his irresponsible, unregenerate nature as he told off mentally his characteristic faults. "But after all, perhaps I could not be otherwise," he mused, "for if I were, I might turn out to be Sanctum instead of Chat, and how could one bear with two Sanctums?"

"That's right," said the Girl. "You have more or less made a fool of yourself, but then that's what you're for.

And I am here to help you. Do you remember that dance. . . ."

The chimes were ringing off the hour. Chat's head sank on his breast like a dead weight, and a cloud driving across the moon shut out the light. A slight sigh, a rustle, a shimmer, perhaps, and the great change had come. Who was it seated so malapertly in the Morris chair? Who was it fumbling about in the darkness for pipe and Old Gold, and peering across the room for the oval picture frame?

"Oh, you there, old Girl?" he asked nonchalantly, as the moon shone in again. "Well, I did n't suppose you looked like that. But no matter. I think I like your style even better than I fancied."

"And so you're the new Chat," said the Girl. "I hope we 'll get along together all right. Only you must n't get impertinent, because I do n't like that kind, you know. I've always been treated with a good deal of deference before. Sometimes I've filled up half the department even to the exclusion of Old Gold and smoke rings."

"Depend on me to look after that," quoth Chat sagaciously. "I certainly won't neglect you, for what should I have to write about then?" and lighting his pipe he settled himself indolently against the velvet back.

"Not very much, I fear," replied the Girl, as she smiled with compassion on the creature before her.

THE SIGN OF THE SHEARS

The exchanges for April contain a little work that is praiseworthy, and a great deal that is mediocre. Of fiction, "The Daughter of Herodias," in the *Morningside*, seems to Scribe the best. The author has given a modern setting to the Biblical story, and his descriptions are unusually good. "Billy Aborn" in the *Brunonian* also deserves especial mention.

Notable among the essays are "The Decadent Poetry of the Present Day," in the *Smith College Monthly*, "Foreign Influence on German Letters," in the *Columbia Lit.*, and "Edward Rowland Sill" and "The Holy Grail," in the *Yale Lit.* "One Year of Wordsworth's Cambridge Life," in the *Vassar Miscellany*, is a sketch of exceptional merit because of its sympathetic and charming treatment.

Scribe makes these clippings from the April poetry:

EDWIN BOOTH

From his deep eyes unto the world looked out
The pain and woe of all the tragedy
That lives in Shakespeare's many peopled realm;
He bore their sorrows on his tender soul,—
The sorrows of them all, but not the sins.
He wrote in flames again upon the age
The genius that in bygone years had lived;
And yet through years that gave to Art his life
He lived and loved, not Actor, but a Man;
Nay, more: unselfish, courteous, true, and kind,
He lived—a Gentleman.

Smith College Monthly

SONG OF THE OLD VIOLIN

Of that far-off time, in a northern clime,
I croon in my quivering shell,
When the salt sea breeze to the stern old trees
Sang the song that I love so well;
Of my sire, the spruce, whence my body came,
Of the cliff where the hemlocks cling,
Of the glorious night in the northern light,
And the plaint that the Pixies sing—
In my quivering shell I croon of these
As the north wind croons to the stern old trees.

When a master brings to my pulsing strings
The kiss of a graceful bow,
I sob and sing till the echoes fling
Their tale of my joy or woe;
But whether the liquid tones of love
Or a tremulous grief be mine,
One pure, clear note from my ebon throat
Rings out like a truth divine;
I sing the song that he gave to me
Who carved my voice from the northern tree.

He surpassed all art, for he placed his heart
In the ply of his cunning hand;
Like my parent tree grew his love for me
As each resonant part he planned;
And all that I whisper of joy is his,
And all that I weep of ill;
And I'll sing his life with its toil and strife
While my strings have a power to thrill;
For the work of the worker who toils for love
Will live with the years of the stars above.

Georgetown College Journal

TO A KEITH PICTURE

A cloud-kissed hill,
And a bent old tree,
And green grass staining the mold;
The breath of the wind
That is felt,—blown free;
All wrought in a way that is mystery to me,
And a story of Nature is told.

The Occident

THE EASTER LILY

A golden ray from the sun's full glow
chanced on a zephyr asleep,
In a far-off isle of the Southern sea,
Where spicy odor and drone of bee
And the lap, lap, lap of the waves' lullaby
slumberous measures keep.

The zephyr waked and stretched his wings
at the touch of the glowing Ray,
Then springing up in mischievous chase
He 'prisoned the Ray in a close embrace,
And danced from the East of spice and balm
to an island westward away.

There he still plays at hide-and-seek
in many a fairy bower,
While the Ray let loose in a lily vale,
Blushed with delight; 't was love's old tale,
As aslant Bermuda'a white-starred fields
he kissed the Easter flower.

Georgetown College Journal

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TO GERTRUDE

Thou art not like the roses,
However fair they be;
Their beauty sweet is all too fleet
But thine can never flee.

No lang'rous violet's eye so clear—
No daisy's smile so free—
Nor lily fair can e'er compare
To what thou art to me!

For the gentle grace of thy sweet face
Proves Truth and Love in thee,
And thy blue eyes show the tender glow
Of a soul of purity.

Cornell Era

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SANS EVERYTHING

Last when the chaplet fadeth on my head,
The rose-wreathed garland withers in my hand,
When pleasure turns to gall and joy is dead,
Youth past, when time commits me to the band
Of those who sit and tasteless live again
With garrulous boast of fame, shall I remain
When pleasure's done?

Not so! my flower is budded, paled, forlorn.
I drink no fragrance past, no lees of wine.
The victory of age I laugh to scorn.
I weep not for the life no longer mine.
One last sweet revel, garlands twined anew,
Then Lethe, Death with all her darksome crew.
My fate is spun.

Yale Lit.

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When all this war and tumult sinks to rest;
When all the storms and deeds of sin are done;
When fall our faded garlands one by one,
The roses dust that once our brows have prest:
I will not set my face unto the west
And say—"All dies as this, the waning sun."
Nay, rather—"One sweet token left me, one,
Outlasts these ruins, first beloved and best."

Ah, child, it will be those glad lights that shine
In thy soft, southern eyes to raise me there,
When all is dying, from the dread despair
Into a holier haven more divine:
So as all things decay, all things decline,
The one dear thought of thee will still be fair.

Trinity Tablet

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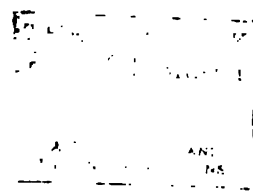

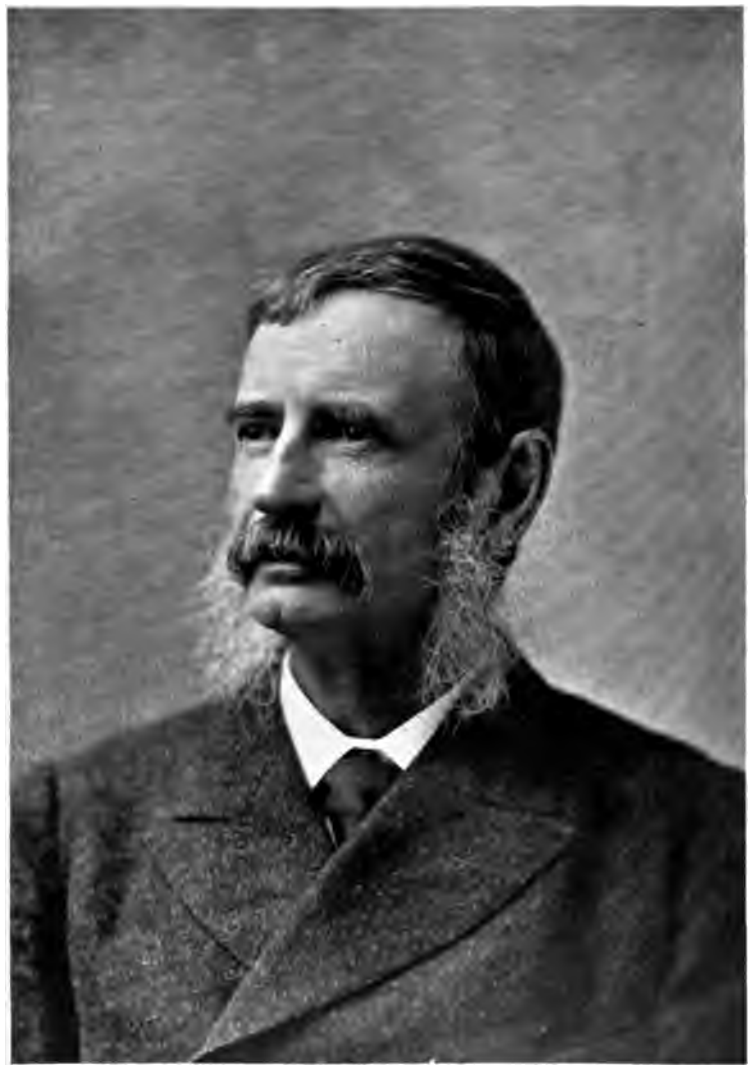

FRANKLIN CARTER, PH. D., LL. D., '62,
President of Williams College.

WILLIAMS LITERARY MONTHLY

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Vol. XVII — JUNE, 1901 — No. 2

THE WORLD WITHIN

Far from the tumult of the world
apart,
Long have I lived, and I have been
By my thoughts whirled,
Till I have formed a world within
my heart.

It is a realm of fancy born
and bred,
Made like a palace which a few
Amply adorn,—
Where all the characters I knew
are dead.

Only a few are there, until
I mould
A larger world, perchance, some day,
And yet they fill
My heart with rapture more than they
of old.

They are my own creations, I
control
Their every act, their hate, their love,
By me they die;
And I alone am vicar of
each soul.

When I am gay, they laugh in glee;
they throng
My heart's dim chambers, when I grieve,
To comfort me;
And for the hour of pain, they leave
a song.

So I am satisfied to live
apart,
With no companions, save the kin
Mine own thoughts give,—
This world that I have formed within
my heart.

Dwight Willison Marvin

FRANCIS, DUKE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

During the reign of Louis XIII and Louis XIV, France had reached the pinnacle of her power. The king was supreme, the court brilliant, its refinement being evident in all things external, though under its surface was rottenness. About himself the king had gathered beautiful, but immoral, women, brilliant but unscrupulous courtiers and adventurers, poets and artists; in short all were welcomed whom beauty, literary genius, or military talent recommended.

In this splendid court, Francis, Duke de la Rochefoucauld, shone the equal to all, the superior of many. He came of an ancient and noble family which had basked in the light of royal favor for many years past. In Paris, in the year 1613, this great man was born, and from his birth was known by the title of Prince de Marcillac. At a very early age, fifteen some authorities put it, he married and the next year entered the army, seeing service at the siege of Casal.

From his eighteenth year until his death, Rochefoucauld's life may be divided into three periods, each of which a woman dominates. His marked susceptibility to the influence of women first rendered him the slave of the beautiful Madame de Chevreuse, and through his infatuation for her, he espoused in opposition to Richelieu the cause of Queen Anne, the neglected wife of Louis XIII. As a result of his intrigues he was forced to live in exile from 1639 until 1642. Now came the famous War of the Fronde in which he became an ardent *Frondeur*. In the battle of Faubourg St. Antoine he was seriously wounded, and retired to the country to restore his

health, shattered by battle and adventure. It was during this retirement that he published the *Maxims* and the *Memoirs*. At Mazarin's death he returned to the court of Louis XIV, now king, and soon became charmed with Madame de Sable. Many love intrigues followed, literary pursuits also took his time; the salons of Madame de Sévigné and others of her type he frequented to their delight. His last years were brightened by a pure friendship, truly unlike his other amours,—that for Madame de Lafayette. At Paris, in 1680, in the midst of the gay court in which he had delighted, he died.

Rochefoucauld reflected in himself the age in which he lived, an age brilliant, voluptuous, immoral. He had his faults, the faults of the time; but he had much with which to offset them. He shone in the court of King Louis as a man of uncommon talents,—talents cultivated and educated; he was honored by his sovereign, signalized in the army by a zeal and courage worthy his noble family; at once, generous, brave, and true soldier.

Not only in his personal qualities are reflected the times in which he lived; his writings show most markedly their influence. The period was ripe for engendering a most skeptical view of life. The melancholy tone which distinguishes him is in great measure the result of observations among a libertine society, nor can this fact be too strongly emphasized. A vein of despondency pervades his works; the keynote of his philosophy, as he himself says, is that "Everything is reducible to the motive of self-interest." Thus he sets forth in terse phrase the belief common to his time, that selfishness is the universal motive of conduct, and that virtue is nothing more nor less than a form of disguised calculation.

Rochefoucauld's style is distinguished for its brevity, clearness, and finish, and nowhere are these characteristics of his

writings more evident than in the "Moral Maxims and Reflections." This work, though its literary merit were laid aside, would yet stand preëminent among its kind for the great truths of human motive it so well expresses. Courage and cowardice, love and hatred, charity, justice, and honor,—all of the characteristic qualities of man are each treated of in a masterly fashion.

When the "Maxims" are quoted, the truths they express and the elegance of their diction are at once apparent. With what conciseness and correctness does Rochefoucauld state his idea of valor:

"Perfect valour is to do without witnesses what one would do before all the world."

Again see how well he expresses the saying that "many a rose doth blush unseen":

"Most people judge men only by success or by fortune."

The thought of the great Greek teacher, Socrates, "Know thyself," the moralist writes thus:

"The harm that others do us is often less than that we do ourselves."

In words that have often proved only too true he speaks of justice:

"The love of justice in the majority of men is simply the fear of suffering injustice."

To illustrate his skeptical tendencies the following maxims are most apt:

"If we never flattered ourselves we should have but scant pleasure,"

"When not prompted by vanity we say little,"

And "We find very few people of good sense except those who are of our own opinion."

Rochefoucauld's name has lived and will live. He has penetrated the actions and motives of mankind with an accu-

racy and a correctness often proved, perhaps, by the fact that they make us indignant. He may be accused of imputing to humanity motives which are too sordid; but when the question is frankly considered, it must be conceded that he has often judged us fairly.

Stockbridge Bacchus

DESIDERIUM

"Dear Sister! soon the fast-returning day
Our sunny summer hours again shall bring,
I 'll not forget the tasseled shoes or ring
I promised thee when last I came away."
She died: in dreams long after death's decay
He saw a halo springing from the ring;
In tasseled shoes no more—on angel's wing
She hovered near and lisped her heavenly lay.

In later life the boyhood's memories slept;
The souls that rose like slow-ascending dew
Gave place to other forms within his view.
But once he found among some souvenirs
A portrait of the child of other years,
And o 'er the dead face bowed his head and wept.

George Thurston Little

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST"

McKane sat at his desk thinking. His desk chair was tilted far back, and his hands were clasped behind his head. From the corner of his mouth a pencil protruded, which he chewed meditatively now and then, as if it gave invaluable impetus to his thoughts. It was an unornamented desk which confronted him,—a desk sternly bare of the usual knick-knacks and photographs of a college room. There were no pictures at which McKane could blow rings of smoke while he fell into a gentle reverie about them. Even if there had been he would not have done so, for he disapproved of smoking. Moreover such things occur only in highly colored stories of college life. But McKane was puzzled. He stared with a wrinkled brow at the few books which lay before him. On top of the books was placed a baseball glove worn black and soft with age. A short newspaper clipping lay near the glove which had evidently been sent to him from home, for the words "retired by a pretty catch by Freshman McKane" were heavily underscored and bracketed in black ink. After a time he rose suddenly and picked out a huge volume from his well-filled bookshelf. He finally remembered that the Greek lesson began on page thirty-two instead of thirty-one, as he had imagined. It was a balmy spring afternoon, and inviting breezes blew in the open window, but McKane settled himself down at his desk again with a determined air, and began to look up the first word.

Presently the entry door slammed below and the rush of feet sounded on the stairs. A thump sounded on the door,

but before McKane could get his yell of "Come in" out of his mouth, a breathless young fellow entered.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Is that you? I thought Rocks would be in. Where is he? Out?"

"Yes," replied McKane formally. "Recitation, I think. Anything I can do?" he added as an afterthought, with his finger between the pages of his dictionary.

"Well, 'er," began the other, carelessly seating himself on the edge of the desk, "tell him to come around to my birthday feed to-night. Just a few of the fellows in the class, who know each other best, and"—he broke off uneasily with a slight tinge of red in his face as he realized that his invitation did not include McKane. "Anyhow, tell him to be around at Nichols's room at nine o'clock, and be sure to come on time for he's got to make the rarebit. And ask him to stop in and borrow Newman's forks on the way, will you? Much obliged."

The door slammed and Nichols was gone. McKane could hear him go down the stairs two at a time and his cheery whistle die across the campus. For some time McKane sat without making a move to reopen his book. Before Nichols came in he had been highly pleased with himself. He had just detected himself in the almost criminal error of mistaking the form of a verb for the first aorist when it really was the second. But the fact that an invitation had not been extended to him as well as his room-mate, hurt him, however much he denied admitting it. Why was it that Rocks Berington was always in such demand, while he was allowed to go his own way? The words of two seniors whom he had once heard discussing him recurred to his mind: "Oh, McKane, he's a strong character and going to be prominent. Yes, he rooms with that young corker, Berington. I suppose Fate and Ebie threw them together," and then

they went on discussing the football prospects. McKane remembered the words; indeed, they were seldom out of his mind. "Prominent," sang in his ears; but why not "corker," too? What was the distinction? Surely, he tried hard. At all class meetings McKane was invariably present, he scrupulously spoke to all his classmates on the street, and occasionally dropped in at their rooms. Nevertheless, he felt that it did not give him many friends. To be sure, his classmates admired and respected him as a freshman who had made the 'varsity and who was sure of Phi Beta Kappa. That was all. Their hearts did not kindle to him the way he knew they did to Rocks Berington. Anyway, Berington had not a 'varsity sweater—why, he had not an office in college, thought he, as he slowly turned to his book.

For a few moments he worked steadily when a turmoil arose again in the entry, and he laid down his book in despair as Berington entered.

"Hello, Jim, greasing still?" was his salutation, with a merry smile on his lips.

"Yes. Where've you been? Nichols was looking for you."

"Oh, I met him; he makes me sore. If he wants Newman's forks, why in thunder does n't he borrow them himself, instead of making me chase after them?"

McKane could think of no reply to this sensible query, so Berington went on.

"I'll get even with him all right," he chuckled. "They had to cut my last rarebit with scissors, and eat it like a sandwich. It had a pretty good flavor though. I guess I'll make Nichols one like that to-night. It will be a good crowd. Nichols is a good fellow, I think."

McKane looked dreamily out of the window. From below came the noise of a swish, a splash, a yell, and a chorus of guffaws which told of an innocent passer-by who had been

soaked by somebody's water pitcher. Both laughed and when the racket had subsided, McKane said slowly, "I do n't like Nichols."

"Now, Jim, why not? He looks up to you a lot. He 's a little off on some things according to my ideas, but you can 't help liking him. He 's not a shark in his studies, nor a strong character, and he does n't amount to much, but he 's all right. It would n't be the same class here without Chet Nichols. Yes, I'm here," he ended abruptly in response to a yell of, "Berington, oh, Rocks Berington," which came in at the windows.

"What do you fellows want? I 've got to grind," as he stepped to the window.

"Oh, cut it out!" sounded a derisive howl from a little group on the grass below. "Come on down to Wo's and cut for the creams. It 's too hot for plugging. Hurry up."

"Well, all right," answered Berington. "Wait a second. I 'm a fool to go though," and he reached for his hat.

"I'll be back in a little while when I shake this gang and have filled up on Wo's ice cream and peanuts. As I said, I think you're wrong about Nichols. There's something awfully attractive and likeable about that fellow."

A negative nod of McKane's head was the only answer. Berington paused with his hand on the door-knob while a shout of "Shake it up! We don 't want to wait all day!" came up from the waiting group.

"Well," he began reflectively, "I do n't suppose you can see it. You, see, Jim, I do n't believe you really understand."

"No," murmured McKane, as Berington clattered hastily down the entry. He could hear his footsteps scraping on the slab of stone outside the door, and running after the rest who had already started off towards Consumption Hill, and his

fresh young voice as he called to them. McKane was left looking fixedly and perplexedly at the wall before him.

"No," he muttered again, slowly, "I don't believe I do understand."

* * * * * *

Two years passed by. Meanwhile Berington and McKane had slowly but surely drifted apart. Now they did not room together, and saw each other but seldom. Their relations consisted of a curt "Hello!" by McKane, in response to Berington's hearty "Hello, Jim!" The mystery of Berington's popularity was still unsolved by McKane. He himself had gone on in his usual way, studying hard and standing well up on the first ten of his class. His steady work on the team had impressed his class with his reliability, and he had gained office after office, but there was still something he hungered for. He knew he had the respect, he knew he had the admiration, of every man in college. He felt that he was as far off from being genuinely liked as ever. Strange to say, he attributed this in a way to Berington and his influence. Ever since the day when Rocks had made his remark about not knowing the likeable qualities in a man, McKane's attitude had changed towards him. A wild, unreasonable jealousy had sprung up in his mind. He told himself that he hated Berington, for he jumped to the conclusion that Berington despised and hated him.

One morning in early June, McKane came along the street on his way to the post. Under trees and on benches in the shade were small groups of fellows, discussing a thousand and one different subjects. The sun shone out of a clear sky overhead, and added to the discomfiture of a few tardy ones sprinting to recitation in Hopkins. On the stone steps of Morgan Hall sat a bunch of men trying to sing, and laughing at their own efforts. As McKane went by, he nodded

to them. Most of them looked up, and nodded briefly in answer. Some muttered "Hello, McKane!" beneath their breath. Not one sang out the genial salutation which he most desired to hear. It annoyed him slightly, and his face darkened. He passed on, and soon overtook seven or eight of his classmates. They stretched clear across the sidewalk, with their arms around one another's shoulders. Their merry laughter and badinage sounded unpleasant to McKane as it floated back. In the middle of the group was Berington. McKane could hear him gaily telling how his professor's wife had come for the professor with a blanket, after he had finished that exam., as he had rushed parts of his apparel right off the professor. Berington called out cordially to him as he went by, though the rest merely nodded. McKane continued his way, with his swinging athletic stride and a hard face. His heart was consumed with jealousy. Every thing about Rocks and his companions he envied—their good looks, perfect-fitting clothes—but, above all, the hearty affection which they bore one another. A chuckle sounded to his ears, and he imagined in anger that they were laughing at him. He swore savagely to himself, and vowed that he did n't care. Was n't he a 'Varsity man, Phi Beta Kappa, and the most prominent man in his class? But, deep down, he knew he did care. And, as he looked back at the laughing crowd, all scuffling in the effort to sit on the one bench outside of Allie's at once, to the woeful demolishment of the bench's supporting column of bricks underneath, he thought, sadly, that he would give his "W" to be in that.

After much disturbance, Berington and his companions settled the usual wrangle of who should pay for the crowd, and drank their steins of cool root-beer in silence and content. Up the street the Gym. glistened white in the sun; the grass was green as Berkshire grass can be, and here and

there the figure of an undergraduate without hat or coat, and sleeves rolled up, could be seen. Berington leaned comfortably back with his head on his neighbor's shoulder, and sat in a state of idle happiness. For a few minutes the silence remained unbroken, while they listened to a song which came distantly from up by Morgan,—

> "We will rally on Pratt Field,
> We will make our rivals yield."

They chimed noisily in, and ended up with a loud whoop of

> "Victory shall crown the shield of Williams."

"That's all very well," remarked Stodman, after a pause, "but what I want is to take those Amhersts into camp on our Weston Field as well. I wonder what the odds will be on that next game?"

"I dun'no," answered Rocks, on his face a smile which showed his white teeth, "but I'll bet on Jim McKane and his crowd every time."

"Oh, we'll do them all right," added Nichols, "but I do get cold feet when I hear that 'Glory, glory' song of theirs. By the way, Rocks, McKane isn't as great a friend of yours as he used to be, is he? He nearly cut you just now."

"I know it," was the sober answer. "He doesn't seem to have much use for me now. I think just as much of him."

"Guess he thinks we are all butterflies of existence without a serious thought. He's too superior for us flunkers, you know," said another of the group.

"Not a bit of it," retorted Berington quickly, with fire in his eye. "He has n't a sign of a swelled head, I know. I roomed with him, you forget. He and I used to remind me eternally of what that fellow said about 'islands shouting to each other across seas of misunderstanding.' At the same

time we used to be awfully good friends. Why, he's worth more and has more to him than any three of us."

"That may be, but he's sore on you. I bet two to one he won't lift a finger to help you get that this afternoon. His vote will throw you down."

"Take you," calmly came from Berington, "any amount you please. You fellows can't conceive of two fellows diametrically opposed being loyal to each other as friends, can you? Now he's my friend, and though I can't have exactly the same feeling for him that I have for you infernal idiots here, why, I'll bank on him."

"Anyhow, let's give McKane a rest," remarked one on the edge of the bench. "It's striking time for recitation. Come on. I don't know the difference between theistic monism and a baseball bat, but hurry up," and the whole group rose and sauntered leisurely up towards Hopkins.

That evening four fellows lay sprawled on a divan in a room in Morgan, the air of which was thick with smoke which went curling out through the open windows. One of them was strumming idly on a banjo, in the annoying way that only those who do not know a note, but want to, can do.

"For Heaven's sake, shut that thing up," growled Nichols, irritably, "when we're all wondering whether Rocks will get it or not, it grates on my nerves."

"Why, Rocks has it, sure, if McKane is for him, you know, and they used to be such pals," was the answer, sifted out from behind some pillows, "he swears by McKane; remember how he would n't go on that drag-ride freshman year because McKane was n't invited? It'll be a big disappointment to him if he does n't get this thing, though."

"He does n't care so much, but he wants to show his governor that he's good for something, any way. His governor thinks Rocks is wasting his time."

The door opened slowly almost before Hewitt had the words out of his mouth. A chorus of voices eagerly assailed Berington. "Did you get it?" "How was it?" A glance at his face answered them. He tried to keep his features steadily under control and not show his disappointment.

"No," he smiled in a queer sort of way in a peculiar voice, "they threw me down. Jim McKane did it." A silence fell upon the room as he went on. The four occupants of the divan sat bolt upright now with their eyes on the carpet. "I do n't mind not making it, but it 's Jim that bothers me." He walked slowly to his bedroom.

"I'll be damned!" ejaculated Stodman, in an angry tone. "So the blamed goat went back on you!"

"He is n 't a goat, so shut up, Stoddie," came in Berington's voice from his bedroom. "There isn't a fellow in college I admire more, or used to. It 's blamed hard to have your faith in a fellow knocked out, though. He was my best friend once, but I do n't suppose we 'll be awfully chummy after this."

He spoke in a loud tone, unconsciously. To Jim McKane, who happened to be passing beneath the open window, his tones seemed clear and unnecessarily distinct.

* * * * * *

Another year passed. Berington and McKane were now wearing caps and gowns to chapel on Sunday. For a long while their relations had been of the merest courtesy,—a nod on the street was all that remained of their freshman friendship. As time went on, McKane realized how meanly he had acted to Berington, but did not desire to tell Rocks so and apologize, he was so sure that he was disliked by Berington. On the other hand, Berington was equally sure of McKane's dislike, and sadly thought of his lost friend. So the chasm between them widened.

McKane had succeeded, as success in college goes. He was one of those men who are pointed out to visitors in respectful whispers, as they pass along the street. But he had not yet succeeded in securing the liking of his class-mates. No fellows ever invited him home over Sunday, or asked him to look out for their girls at Prom. time while they were in recitation. On Berington and his crowd McKane tried to look with scorn, but he knew in his heart that he would give anything to be loved as Berington was loved. Why was it, came the old question incessantly in his mind, that Rocks was thought so much of, while he, with all his offices, had not yet made one of the college friendships which he had heard so much about? Why, Berington was n't a student; he always had some condition which he was eternally working off; he was n't an athlete, although he had gone out for a while on the scrub when the 'Varsity most needed practice; he had n't a prominent office in college. To McKane, the puzzle was unsolvable.

To Berington, McKane's attitude was inexplicable. That its cause could be jealousy and a hungering to be loved, he never dreamed. After all, he probably had never understood Jim. But he remained faithful, unconsciously, to his lost ideal. Than this, it has been said, there is no higher thing, that a man be faithful to a faithless friend. Berington was not aware of any high moral code. He did it because it was his nature. He now looked on the breach between them as irreparable. He told himself he would like to have a good talk with Jim on their old footing before they left the place for good, but that was now out of the question.

One Saturday afternoon just before Commencement McKane played his last game of baseball as an undergraduate. The game was close and exciting but the tide set at last, and it was sure that another purple banner would be added to

those which dangle from the flagpole on Decoration days. Hot, tired, and glowing, but supremely happy, McKane walked up from the field. Dozens of men had wrung his hand almost off and murmured, "Good work, old man," with voices hoarse from cheering. Already the chapel bell was mingling its joyous brazen peals of victory with that of the "Congo" church, while some enthusiasts were taking an impromptu collection for a bonfire, and impressing upon the freshmen the fact that their services would be required that evening. Streams of happy undergraduates poured up the street, dotted here and there by some pretty girl with a purple flag, or some white-whiskered, rollicking alumnus.

Into the Gym. McKane quickly went to dress. Indistinctly through the walls, he could hear the cheers of the college out by Morgan. In his mind he saw it all,—the densely-packed terrace, with the cheer-leader on the sidewalk in front excitedly waving his arms, the road packed with drags and carriages, and the crowds of interested spectators on the sidewalk opposite. Fragments of "streets all paved with purple—royal purple" and "marched 'em down again" came to him, muffled by the walls. He knew they were cheering the team out there. Yet he felt that they were not cheering for him,—only his abilities. He imagined the roars which would have gone up for Berington on a similar occasion, and it vaguely annoyed him.

He opened the Gym. door and stepped out. Instantly a shout of applause and recognition went up. He walked on slowly across the open space in front of "Neffie's," conscious that the eyes of all the college and visitors were on him. A familiar voice struck his ear:

"Now, fellows, all along the line, a long cheer for Jim McKane, one of the best fellows that ever wore a W. Are you ready! One! Two! Three!"

As a man in a trance, he saw the arms of the man leading the cheer move frantically. The words remained in his ears but at first he did not grasp their meaning. Now the methodical, regular roars of "Williams! Williams! Williams!" swept towards him, in response to the motions of the leader. "One of the best fellows that ever wore a W," went through his brain. Could that mean him? They were finishing. Now the leader was jerking out the syllables of "McKane! McKane! McKane!" uttered in a mighty volume of sound by four hundred strong voices. The leader turned and smiled that old loveable smile of his at McKane who stood alone in the open space, while he mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. Yes, it was Berington!

Soon afterward the crowd dispersed to dinner. The campus became alive with little knots of three and four who discussed excitedly as they went the game, McKane's long hit, and the championship, while the bells still kept up their victorious clang.

McKane sought out Berington with a deep purpose in his mind. He would tell him the whole thing from beginning, all about his cursed jealousy and folly. He saw in a flash how misguided he had been. Why, Berington liked him! And now he admitted to himself how much he had loved old Rocks after all.

He overtook Berington, who was walking slowly, slowly, up the street alone. At his step Berington turned and faced him.

"Rocks," began McKane huskily, "I've been a cad to you. I was so blamed jealous of your popularity, and I thought you despised me. I've never had the nerve to tell you, and—"

"Shut up, you old ass," replied Berington with a glad light in his dark eyes and a quiver in his voice. "We have n't got

time for explanations. I knew our friendship would last. Come on to dinner with me, Jim. Anyhow, thank the Lord, Commencement's a week off still."

He grasped Jim by the arm and they walked on together. Somehow or other McKane's arm was slung affectionately across Berington's shoulder now, and they walked on silently, with peace in their hearts, through the soft-glancing sunshine.

Royal E. T. Riggs

ON LOMOND'S SIDE

Wi' many a tree an' bush an' berry,
  Lofty old Ben Lomand stan's,
An' on its side m' hielan' dearie
  Gied me her heart an' baith her han's.

The fou stream rin's wi' roaring glee
  Adown the rocks, an' twixt them high
We sat upon a fallen tree
  An' let the fleetin' hours gae by.

Her cheek is o' the sunset hue,
  Like evenin' heavens, soft her ee,
An' frae their gentle depths of blue
  The love-light rose an' greeted me.

The birdies sang their sweetest tune,
  The May-bells nodded on the hill
An' oh! had not the sun gaen doon,
  Then we maun baith ha' been there still

A PHANTASY OF DEATH

A crimson glow as of heart's blood curtains the room. The grate of coals is of a deep ripeness of color like that of dark red wine, held before the light. The night is still, save for the awesome voice of the old clock, faithful slave of his maker, warning him of the ceaseless coming of eternity. Without, there is no breath of wind, and the cold, motionless atmosphere slowly carries the far-off rumbling of a belated cab. Though they are invisible, I feel the myriad eyes of night calmly watching, as they have watched since the birth of Time and will watch till his death.

A deep, smooth drowsiness slowly glides over my senses. I am very old and my thoughts have leaden wings. Now they scarcely stir—less and still less. The voice of the clock sounds farther and farther away—

* * * *

A puff of cool air suddenly caresses my brow. I slowly lift the heavy curtains of my eyes and a strange picture is reflected in their mirror. And yet I feel at home, as though my native atmosphere were that of Florence and every evening I were accustomed to watch the tattered fringes of the sun's red cloak swirl slowly down beyond the tryst of earth and heaven, while I sat in a vine-clad oriel far above the green carpet of Italy and the pearl-roofed dwellings of the city.

The oaken door at my side opens with a joyful creak, a dainty little foot leaves the upper step of the winding turret stair, and a soft voice touches my ear: "Signor, my father, the sweet spirit of the twilight rest with thee. The Princess

Borgia asks that thy little hand-maid attend on her at the palace this evening. What sayest thou?"

I glance at the slight, delicate figure in the rich, dark velvet robe and the little band of pearls clasping the silken, raven tresses to the ivory forehead, a fit frame for that lovely face, the envy of the Florentine dames and demoiselles. A flood of recollections, dark suspicions, suddenly covers the tablets of my memory, and I am about to speak—

But what is that? The dainty rose-leaf skin grows gradually gray. The clear sparkle of the eyes darkens and turns to dull glass. The slender limbs and frame tremble and are convulsed as with pain. The stiff robe cracks and rustles, striving to hold up the slight form of its mistress, but in vain. With a last shudder, before the feeble limbs of her father can obey the eager will, she sinks lifeless to the floor. Tell me! why is that delicate finger so darkly purple above the heavy jeweled ring—the ring—yes, my God!—a gift from the Borgia.

A wall of blackness rushes over my senses. Alas! I must sleep—sleep and forget there is no justice in fair Florence now.

A peculiar odor steals insistingly within my nostrils. Through the lashes of my half-lifted eyelids I behold an intricate twisting of black iron crowned with a brazier of glowing charcoal, from which there slowly ascends a thin, gray ribbon of smoke, curling, wavering, dancing before the draughts that eddy capriciously through the room as though to ask: "What right has a Hidalgo to deny us our wonted freedom, even though the bright air that bathes sunny Sevilla may be unusually nipping for a Spanish winter?"

A musical voice precedes its owner through the heavy lace curtains of a tall, Moorish window, and introduces to me a

slim, compact, graceful figure, dressed in the pink of fashion. The long, lean rapier is tilted at precisely the right angle, and there are, I feel sure, just the correct number of folds in the freshly-starched ruff that forms a setting for a pair of fierce, black mustachios. These are belied by two laughing eyes that put to shame the cordiality of the voice: "A happy morning to Señor your Excellency, my honored uncle! How goes the world?"

I quickly make room for my favorite nephew, and as he sits toasting his slim fingers over the brazier, we discuss the news of the day, always welcome to an old don like myself who must keep for the most part to his chair.

"Ah! my beloved nephew," say I, "what has come of the grave Don Alonzo? I have not seen his once familiar countenance for a moon or two."

The expression of my visitor's face quickly changes. "Hush! uncle, be careful!—you understand—the Holy Inquisition!" This in a voice which, fearful of itself, barely reaches my eagerly waiting ear. Even as he speaks, his eyes dilate with horror and stare fixedly at something behind my back. I turn quickly to see—nothing but the rich tapestry slightly agitated as by a draught of air. As I gaze, I hear a heavy fall, a stifled groan, and turn to behold the form of my visitor stretched on the floor, writhing in agony, while from his bloodless lips a hoarse gasp escapes—"Ah! have mercy! I will confess! I will confess!"

While I stand, petrified with amazement, a bright flame leaps upward from the overturned brazier. The thick smoke swirls heavily around my head—I suffocate—I cannot breathe—I seem to sink slowly into insensibility without the power of motion.

"For shame, monsieur! Fie! fie! to sleep so early in the night as this! Mon Dieu! It lacks a whole hour of mid-

night. Come! A little game of cards to while the time away till the ball begins. What shall it be? Whist, euchre, rouge et noir? Ah! sleepy head, now you wake."

Such are the words that startle me from a sound slumber. I gaze a moment around the room before answering the pert inquiries of the saucy mademoiselle who holds on one side her piquant head, crowned with its tower of bejeweled hair, and watches me with animation expressed in every line of her figure, costumed in the style of Louis XVI.

But what is this? The whole rich room speaks of that age in every line of heavy ornament. Bright paintings cover the walls, and the thousand prisms of a heavy chandelier catch and toss back the dancing flame of the open fire with a myriad sparkling flashes. All is strange, yet somehow I seem to accept naturally the new sensations, even answering fluently in the French of Voltaire and Beaumarchais the pretty visitant who stands tapping the rich rug with her little, high-heeled dancing slipper.

"Ah! certainly, mademoiselle! Who could sleep for an instant in your presence? Permit me, my beautiful one, to suffer the pleasure of defeat by you in a game of euchre."

So we sit opposite one another on each side of a little, frail, enameled tabouret, dealing and shuffling the quaint little pasteboards, while the dancing firelight throws high lights and bold shadows on the aristocratic features of La Marquise. But do not think us so absorbed in the game of chance as to be silent. Ah, no! Two could not be together amid such surroundings without the sparkles of witty conversation of which the grand mesdames of the Court give us noble examples. Yet try to evade it as we can, we must touch on the fear in the heart of every noble of France—the fear of the people—La Commune—La Republique.

"Ah, monsieur! so vulgar! so repulsive! yet I must pity,

even though they say we of the Grand Court shall be exiles. To think! Mon Dieu! We should all die of starvation or turn seamstresses and laborers. Ridiculous!"

A ripple of musical laughter follows, but a queer change in its tone causes me to look up quickly. An expression of dreadful fear is pinching and drawing the beautiful features till the skin grows dead white on the prominent bones, and the wan eyes sink into deep, bluish hollows. Suddenly the frame stiffens—totters—and falls lifeless to the floor. A last hoarse whisper rattles in the throat—"Bread!—bread!—give me! Ah, Mon Dieu Seigneur!"

I am an old man with feeble nerves. It is too much.

A grateful sense of warmth steals gradually through my system. I become dimly conscious of a huge semi-circle of an orange tint before me, with a brilliant center of vermilion. As I cast off more thoroughly my garment of sleep, I see before me a huge, old-fashioned fireplace with a glowing, sputtering, irridescent driftwood fire cheerily sending forth its genial waves of heat to every portion of the small, roughly-plastered room, furnished scantily, but sufficiently for comfort, with home-made articles. The walls and ceiling are festooned with dried fruit, and generous portions of venison and ham depend from the rough log rafters. A rude but bright colored sampler occupies a place on the narrow mantel between two ungainly, home-made candles, and, together with a panther-skin rug beneath my feet, indicates an irrepressible desire for ornament and luxury ill consorting with the general appearance of the room.

As my eyes rest on the rug, I notice with a peculiar sense of bewilderment that my feet are shod in broad, heavy shoes, topped with large, square steel buckles, and as my gaze travels upward from the dark gray woolen stockings to the

rough homespun suit of like severe color, and the wide starched collar surmounting my shoulders, I see in myself a veritable counterpart in costume of old Miles Standish.

While I am cogitating over my unusual surroundings, the heavy pine door bangs inward, a breath of frosty air and an eddy of snowflakes chase each other vainly about the entrance, and, standing outlined against the gleaming, moonlit snow without, yet illumined by the generous hearth-fire within, there appears a burly, stalwart figure, ruddy and genial of countenance, wearing a habit which might have been cut from the same cloth as my own, save for a steeple-crowned gray hat. This, I note with surprise, my visitor does not remove as he closes and fastens the door behind him, unslinging his awkward blunderbuss from his shoulders. He strides heartily across the oaken floor and holds out a brawny, nut-brown hand with a salute of "Good day to thee, neighbor, and may God's blessing rest on thee and thine." I rise, and grasping the hand with a cordial answer, invite my fellow-pioneer to a bench on the other side of the huge fireplace, while I re-seat myself in the rude arm-chair, as will seem fitting when my hoary locks are compared with his dark, chestnut curls.

We fall to talking of the crop of Indian maize; the arrival of the next ship from England; the birth of a little son to our respected governor; and at last my visitor remarks:

"Thou seest I did not feel myself out of jeopardy from the lawless and ungodly savage without my trusty flint-lock yonder, especially in traversing the unfrequented wood-path to thy roof."

I assent and request him to bring his fire-arm to me that I may see it, being of a new pattern and comely. He rises from the bench in compliance, but his coat catches in a rough splinter. He stoops to unfasten it. With the motion,

the tall steeple-crowned hat totters and tumbles to the floor. Convulsively he grasps at his head with a sharp cry, and brings away in his clutch a mass of mingled clotted blood and hair, revealing a ghastly, bleeding scalp from which the crimson streams ooze sluggishly. I spring to catch him as he staggers and reels, but trip in the panther's skin, and, falling, strike my head violently on the projecting angle of a log.

* * * *

As I waken from my nap, I find the grate of coals black and dead before me, there is an indescribable chill in the room, and the clock seems to tick-tock with an unusual sound. I rise from my arm-chair to prepare for bed, but bethink me before doing so to bid good-night to my son who is studying, doubtless, in the library adjoining. I seem to feel an abnormal sense of lightness and buoyancy, and the stiffness of my aged limbs appears to have left me as I pass on toward the entrance. I open the door and look in upon the student, but he does not notice the intrusion. I call, "Walter!" With a startled motion he glances toward me, and as he gazes, his eyes dilate with fear, and with a cry of terror he rushes out headlong. Filled with unspeakable amazement, I quickly turn to a mirror on the wall to find the cause of such alarm.

Through a shadowy image of myself, I plainly see the reflection of the room, and on the table, my son's hat, bound with a deep crape band.

George Mather Richards

BLUE EYES

Blue eyes in witchery of lights appearing,
  That flash and hint at depths of rich surprise,—
Naught know I save the sea in mystery nearing
        Blue eyes.

Wave-cast on surge-ringed isle how oft descries
  The shipwrecked man a welcome sail that, veering,
With fickle breeze far, far to seaward flies!

I, lonely mariner, hoping, fearing,
  To see my fate in these dear depths arise,
Catch gleams that flit and leave me mere endearing
        Blue eyes.

Stuart Pratt Sherman

HAEC FABULA DOCET

About the middle of the nineteenth century the three men who were most instrumental in introducing the use of anæsthetics engaged in a strife which did not end until three unhappy lives were done. Each believed himself to be the true successor of Sir Humphrey Davy, and spared neither time nor health nor money in striving for due recognition.

In the year 1844 Mr. Horace Wells chanced to find that nitrous oxide was capable of destroying pain. Encouraged by the success of his experiments he went to Boston to enlarge the reputation of his discovery, and to have an opportunity of giving the gas to some one undergoing a surgical operation. Wells undertook to do this in the theatre of the medical college before a large class of students. Unluckily the bag of gas from which the patient was inhaling was taken away too soon; he cried out when the tooth was drawn; the students hissed and hooted and denounced the discovery as an imposture. Disappointed and disheartened Wells left Boston; he fell ill, and was for many months unable to practise his profession. Then he saw nitrous oxide supplanted by sulphuric ether, and found himself unnoticed. In despair he went to New York city, but while he was advancing his claims there he lost his mind, and by his own hand soon brought his life to a close.

Dr. Jackson was the second claimant, and in relation to this great discovery he is usually called the head. He was a quiet, scientific gentleman, unselfish and courteous. Believing that pure ether might be used for the prevention of pain

in surgical operation, Jackson advised a dentist named Morton to try it, but he did not urge it or take any active steps to promote the trial. And later when the claims of both him and of Morton were submitted to the Academy of Arts and Sciences of France, Dr. Jackson took as little part as possible in the controversy, and courteously endured the coarse abuse and the imputation of trickery and low motives. Yet this most honorable and gentle man in daring to maintain his right found the strain too great. One day when he saw his honors receding in his sight, his enemies taking advantage of his weaknesses, and his friends deserting him —one day in short when the world was moving in its usual harmony and order, his mind went wrong, and he passed his last days without either wealth or honors, but happy in the peaceful enjoyment of genial and benevolent delusions. "He saved others, himself he could not save."

Dr. Morton was a practical man; in relation to the great discovery he may be called the head. That his claim was well founded cannot be denied, for he supplied those qualities which are indispensable, perseverence and self-confidence. He gave ether successfully in severe surgical operations, nor was he the last to proclaim to all mankind his deeds. Yet his fate seemed proportioned to his motives; for after one of his many failures to obtain money from Congress, he was driven by poverty and disappointment to an act which brought about his death.

George Thurston Little

SONNET

The pale moon hangs above the ocean's rim.
Beyond the western hills the dull red dies,
While far away a mournful bittern cries
To dusky Night, advancing, weirdly dim
Among the fearful trees, whose every limb,
Convulsive, whispers that some secret lies
Beneath its branches. In the wind's faint sighs
There wails the dirge of fallen seraphim.
The shrinking stars their brilliance dimly show,
And on the surface of the stagnant mere
The marsh-lights flit, uncertain, to and fro,
As though the dead were seeking in the sere,
Decaying leaves of autumn for the glow
Of some lone flowers left by the dying year.

George Mather Richards

In the little English village of Retford Green morning service was just over and the townsfolk were beginning to leave the church. There was no unseemly scramble as to who should first reach the street; the small crowd moved slowly, placidly towards the gate, and, splitting up lingeringly into small groups, straggled off in different directions. Prominent amongst her neighbors you would surely have noticed Mistress Maltby who set off up the street in company with the rector's wife. Prominent she was, not only on account of her comfortable dimensions, but as well for a certain pompousness of manner, as who should say "I have not missed a Sabbath from church for five years, and equally felicitous is my whole household."

These two people were chatting discreetly on I know not what topic of parish interest when a young girl passed them, pausing only to drop a courtesy to her mistress before she turned off down a grassy lane which led in a roundabout way to Maltbycroft. She was accompanied by a tall, muscular man, whose swinging gait unmistakably indicated his calling.

"That 's our Hester," said dame Maltby. "A comely girl, is she not, and not only that, but she is so faithful about her domestic duties, and I think truly concerned for her spiritual welfare."

"Indeed, I am glad to hear it. I have oftentimes noticed Glym in church, and have seen that she is considerably sought after by some of the youths of the parish. Sometimes a half dozen wait for her after service; but she always

seems to choose John Willstrup—a thing which surprises me, for though he is a worthy fellow, he surely must be ten years her elder."

"Yes, so he is, nor are his manners of the most genteel; but John is honest, and now that he is mate on the *Maretta*, and—well, he truly could do worse than marry a girl like Hester Glym."

Said John Willstrup must have agreed with Mrs. Maltby, for now that he was alone with Hester he seemed bent on pressing his advantage. In another two weeks the transport *Maretta* was to sail for Sidney, and it might be many a long day before he would have another chance. Everything seemed favorable, the whole world looked glad, and as they walked home together along the box-bordered lane John finally summoned the courage to ask Hester if she would be his.

"My lass, I ain't got nuthin' to give ye except the love of a poor sailor; but if ye 'll take that—Hester, won't ye take it? Ye 'll be makin' me gladder than King George."

The girl looked up with a happy smile and said something which was so satisfying that the walk to Maltbycroft seemed far too short.

"I have to go to Earlton to-morrow on some business with a man there, so I can't see ye again till Tuesday," he said, when they reached the gate, "but I 'll be thinkin' o' ye every minute, my lass. Ye 're goin' to make a new life for me, Hessie. Ye 're better to me than I desarve; but I'll do a sailor's best to make ye happy," and with that he swung off towards the town whistling in a very unsabbatarian fashion an old sea-catch she had often heard before.

"I'm off and away
To Botany Bay
With a cargo o' godless villains;
But nought I care—"

So much of it kept ringing through Hester's head all the afternoon, the rest she had never caught well enough to remember. Had it not been Sunday she would have liked to sing the thing aloud, for she felt foolishly happy. The solemn atmosphere which characterized the function of Sunday dinner at the Maltbys' seemed ludicrous to her, and as she went back and forth between kitchen and dining-room she took occasion for many a shamefaced giggle in the passage-way.

"I believe there is truth in this gossip about Glym and John Willstrup," remarked Mistress Maltby to her spouse. "She is acting a bit queerly of late. She pays an undue regard to her personal appearance, and tricks herself out with more ribbons than quite becomes her place."

It was almost sunset before Hester found a moment to think over at leisure the great event of the day. She stepped out upon the back porch and seated herself on a stair, her hands clasped over her knees. The world seemed very glad to her, and the little linnet over in the thorn-tree seemed with his jolly ripple of music to sound similar chords in her own heart. She had not sat long, however, when she heard the gate click, and shortly after an old woman, gnarly and bent, glided noiselessly round the corner of the house and drew near the porch. Hester was inclined to run away, for the thing approaching her seemed like one of the witches she had heard about. It wore a brilliant red shawl decorated with gold tinsel, its head was wrapped in a black turban from under which small, beadlike eyes glittered and flashed maliciously. Hester at once recognized one of the troupe of gypsies that were spending a few days in the neighborhood of Retford Green. Before she had decided, however, whether to stay or to flee the gypsy raised a crooked finger and addressed her in a wheedling voice,—

"Hey, mistress blue-eyes, wilt have me tell thy fortune? Is there nothing my pretty lady would like to know about—no lover somewhere—hey?" She peered into the girl's face with a look that was half a grin and half a leer, and Hester shuddered to think that her secret could have been divined so soon. "Only a three pence, a rub of silver in this poor old hand to make the seeing come and all my lady wants she shall hear."

Hester was afraid. She longed to be rid of the creature whose eyes seemed evil charms; but she dared not refuse her demand. She wished that John were somewhere near, he would never be frightened by an old woman. But the gypsy came closer to her; she felt her scanty courage disappear. "Wait, wait," she said, and hurrying nervously to her room soon returned with the coin.

After a deal of murmuring and gesticulating the woman crossed herself on the forehead, the breast, and the left hand, then fastening the glitter of her eyes on the girl before her, she began in a raucous voice a weird, unintelligible garble about the approach of the vision. Hester cringed under its mysterious unreality; but her eyes were fascinated by the gypsy's gaze, and she could feel them protruding further and further as the recital continued.

"Pretty lady, the future is opened to me and I now can see all you would know. Tell me, is it of love? Mio Dios, niñita, a fine, handsome man is already at your feet. Ah! How he loves the little muchachita. His heart is all to her" —Hester's cheeks flushed pink—"and, yes, she loves him already herself. Ah! Old gypsy, she knows all the secrets. She can even tell la chiquita what is her bello amigo's business. I see it . . . nay, is it right? could it be a carpenter? Ah, surely no, not that. Something nobler than that, pretty lady. Yes, perhaps a tradesman or a sai—

Ah! Mio Dios, I see it now. 'T is a sailor brave and bold. Ay, and right well doth he love the little muchachita. And some day. . . . Ah, no, the seeing fades . . . It is going. . . . The charm has ceased. More fire! more fire! . . . Hast no money, mistress?"

"Oh, yes, almost a shilling!" whispered Hester, breathlessly. "Wait; I will fetch more."

Again the palm was crossed and the oracle reinspired.

"Alas! niñita, what see I now? Ah, 't is all dark, dark and black. Demonio! my pretty lady, 't is alas that an enemy! An enemy is on his heels. . . . The bello amigo is being tracked. . . . They are laying a trap for him. Ah! had you never guessed it? Has he never whispered it to you? His life is but on a thread. Did you not know it?"

Hester trembled from head to foot. Had she ever dreamed of such a thing for her John, he who was so big and so strong? Yet the prophetess declared it. Yes, it must be so. She remembered like a flash in the obscurity of her mind something he had said to her that noon. Her tongue refused to move, her mouth was dry, she could only stare in terror at the horrible thing before her. It reached out a skinny claw and gripped one of Hester's white, bloodless hands. The voice dropped to a hoarse whisper. "Money, girl! I can help you to free him. He shall never be hurt—not a finger, not a hair of his fair head. Nothing shall harm him. I will save. . . . Only money first."

Once more Hester fled away and returned with the rest of her scant wages. The woman's eyes glittered like the lidless eyes of a snake when it charms a bright-winged songbird.

"Hist! An enemy seeks his life. . . . Another day may be too late. A trap is even now laid for him. If you

do not as I bid you, never shall you see the bello amigo again. Heaven's blackest curse will blast you for your cowardice. Listen!"—She tightened her grip—"At dead of night, when the white moon has set and when the toads hop in the garden, you must possess yourself of Mistress Maltby's silver beaker—you know where she keeps her plate. Take it in your hands, fill it with water from the well. Slow and silent you must tread the garden path to the thorn-tree in the farthest corner. Sprinkle its branches with the water, saying all low as you do so the creed from beginning to Amen. Art harkening? When you have so done, place the beaker on the bench that stands close by, face the church, kneel, and closing your eyes recite the Our Father four times. So shall you save the dear lover and only so. Rise, take the cup, and return to bed. I see, yea, I see. The vision burns. Believe it. Demonio, la verdad non es. Dare disobey and Heaven blights you and him."

Where had the thing gone? Hester felt as if she had been in a trance. Her limbs shook and her heart was leaping painfully. She was almost in a spasm of fear. It was just at sunset, and the linnet in the thorn-tree suddenly gave vent to a little burst of full-throated music. The girl sprang up. What did that bird song mean? Then she recollected that she had heard it every evening for weeks. It seemed reminiscent of the happiness she had lost. Lost? What was she thinking about? She rushed into the house, up to her small attic room and slammed the door after her.

The Maltbys were godly and pious folk, and every morning when breakfast was over it was their wont to meet for the office of Family Prayer. Wiggins, the cook, and Glym, the maid, sat upon an oak settle against the wall. Opposite them on a similar settle sat the menservants. Midway between, bolt upright and facing her husband, was Mistress

Maltby, who kept a severe propriety during the reading of the Scriptures and joined right devoutly in the Amens of the prayers.

It was Monday morning, and outside everything was in the full glory of an English springtime; but in the high-ceiled hall of Maltbycroft the night had been only half chased away and a decorous solemnity seemed immanent in all the surroundings. During the reading of the lesson the servants sat with folded hands and vacant faces. If one heart was fluttering with fear and one face was whiter than usual, nothing of the sort was noticed by the mistress. Hester managed to control herself, and in a few moments the prayers began. Mr. Maltby's voice had something grandiose, sepulchral in it. It seemed a doom-call to Hester Glym, and when he came to the Prayer for Grace she buried her face in her hands.

" . . . And above all keep in our minds a lively remembrance of that great day in which we must give a strict account of our thoughts, words, and actions; and according to the works done in the body be eternally rewarded or punished by him whom . . . " What was that disturbance over on the bench? Mrs. Maltby cautiously peered round the back of her chair. Hester was sobbing convulsively. What could it mean? She extended her cold hand towards the girl in hopes of warning her of her impropriety; but before she could attract her attention the poor thing had risen and rushed out of the hall. To Mrs. Maltby the final prayers seemed endless. But at last they were done, and her husband, rising, said to her: "My dear, pray what disturbance interrupted our devotions?"

"Indeed, I cannot say," exclaimed Mrs. Maltby nervously. "Something ails Glym. Had we not better inquire it of her?" and together they went in search of the fugitive.

Hester was seated in a low chair by the kitchen table, her arms flung out upon it and her head resting on them.

"Hester," said Mr. Maltby in an austere voice. "Hester Glym, what have you done? Come, tell us no falsehoods. Remember that the Lord knows your heart. You can hide naught from Him."

The poor girl turned her wild face upon them, and without raising herself broke out amongst her sobs, "Oh, I have been so wicked! God will punish me. Oh! I deserve it all and more too."

Mr. and Mrs. Maltby looked at each other with shocked faces. Had they been nurturing a viper in their midst?

"Oh, my dear mistress. The silver beaker, the silver cup so large and so heavy that you loved so much. It 's gone. I stole it. And I am the only one to blame. But I only meant to take it for a little while. She told me I must take it. To save him. He was going to be— Oh, and when I looked it was gone, and I 'll never see it again."

A wave of indignation mingled with bitter regret swept over Mrs. Maltby; but her husband put out a restraining hand as he said to her,—

"My dear, calm yourself. This is no time for emotion. Where are your reason, your fortitude?" Then solemnly addressing Hester once more, "Girl," he said, "cease this futile blubbering. You have declared yourself guilty of a crime—a crime not only against your indulgent master and mistress, but against your Maker. Do not for an instant imagine in that evil heart of yours that your mistress bemoans the loss of the beaker, valuable as it may have been. But that you, cared for and trained in a Christian family, you baptized and confirmed, a child of the Church, should have sold your birthright—ah! in that lie the pain and the sting. Girl, we cannot help you; nor must we even

if we would. The case is beyond our hands. Justice must have its course. James,"—he called one of the men—"pray summon the sheriff without delay. We must not linger, or our compassion may master our sense of duty."

The trial of Hester Glym, domestic, in the employ of Mr. Elnathan Maltby, accused of grand larceny, in that she did unlawfully take, acquire, and carry away on the night of May 10, 1802, a silver beaker belonging to her mistress, Lucinda Maltby, excited little interest outside of Retford Green. The girl was guilty; there could be no doubt on that score, for had she not blatantly confessed it? To be sure she had tried to offer some fantastic excuse—a gypsy had scared her into it; she did it to help somebody—but everyone knew that such talk was the fabrication of a guilty mind. "A theft 's a theft," said one garrulous dame, "and ye can't deny it try as ye may, and a girl who has stole something from good Mrs. Maltby *deserves* to be hanged."

By all odds the greatest feature of the trial was when John Willstrup stood up and begged that the sentence of death might be mitigated on account of the previous good character of the defendant. Of course all knew that John had been keeping company with the Glym girl, and when the tears came to his eyes and his voice broke, "Poor man!" quoth Mistress Lamb to the rector. "It 's hard for him. I suppose he really loved her."

"Yes, truly," answered the rector. "But what a providence that her character should have been exposed before rather than after a marriage!"

Thanks to Willstrup's earnestness, Hester was sentenced to transportation, and on account of exemplary conduct in gaol was allowed greater freedom than the other convicts on board the *Maretta*.

It was the first night out of Southampton. The moonlight

glittered in a white metallic path over the black waves which burst into driving spray upon the ship's bow. Hester was seated alone on a coil of cable, just where an occasional splash of fine drops fell upon her. Down the deck a little group of sailors was sprawling over the cabin hatch, smoking and singing, and she recognized with a start the song she had often heard from John in those days so long, so very long ago,—

> "I 'm off and away
> To Botany Bay
> With a cargo o' godless villains,
> But naught I care
> Though they curse and swear
> While I 've grape enough to fill 'em."

Just then she heard someone come up behind her; the steps slowed, stopped. She did not turn, not even when she heard her own name spoken softly and knew that it was John's voice.

"Hester, lass." It was repeated. "Hester, won 't ye look at me? Do n't ye love me no more?"

She could not speak but motioned him to a seat beside her on the coil of rope.

"Hester," he said in a pleading voice, "do n't ye know I done my best for ye? I knowed ye had n't stole the cup spite anythink they could say. I knowed ye 'd never steal nothink, my lass. But them other folks ain't that way. I believe they 'd as soon see a body hung as alive. Won't ye tell me, dear, jest how it was, if you do n't mind? I won't ask ye if ye 'd rather not. But could n't ye trust me with it all?" Then noticing that Hester still was silent, "Do n't ye know I loves ye, jest the same 's ever? I ain't that kind. It would n't make no difference to me."

He put his arm round her and drew her to him and slowly

the glad consciousness came to Hester that she could trust him and love him just as in the old days, and as the ship bounded forward over the sea she repeated the whole story.

When it was over he whispered huskily, "I knowed it was n't your fault, my lass, but to think ye did it for me! And all the time I never guessed it. It 'll only be a few years afore your term 's over and then—why, there 's the whole world ahead of us." And in the solitude of the moonlight he bent over and kissed her silently.

Harry James Smith

SUGGESTIONS

AT THE GATES

Whatever you might say about Miss Grey, she was a most affable and interesting little person, and when we learned that she was to visit us at the cottage we spent fully three days in discussing what we could do to celebrate her advent. As you have surely guessed, Miss Grey was a spinster, quiet and reserved and a bit old-fashioned; consequently a golf match, tennis, dancing, and sailing were impracticable festivities. But at last, thanks to the originality of the girls, we lighted on a happy idea: we would have a picnic. It would be loads of fun, urged this faction of our party, and they were sure Miss Grey fairly doted on scenery and that sort of thing.

This, however, was only the beginning of our quandary. The next problem was where we should go. Someone proposed that we drive up the valley and enjoy our feast on the river-bank. But mother objected because, as she said, the Salvation Army had gone out there and completely ruined the original wild aspect of the scenery by painting their exhortations in a most inartistic way upon every effective-looking rock. Alas, it was true that this overzealous organization had selected the most beautiful spots and undertaken to decorate them with such inscriptions as: SINNER REPENT, or PRAISE YE THE LORD.

At last we concluded to go to "Devil's Gate cañon," as the place was significantly called; not, I trust, because we lacked a wholesome desire for salvation; but because we understood that the Army had not as yet been able to progress so far as the cañon.

Up to a certain point the picnic was a great success. Miss

Grey remarked to father that she thought the country was charming, and mother was much elated to think that there was none of those annoying signs in evidence. After finishing our luncheon it was decided that we all walk up to the bend of the cañon.

We went by a path which led along the steep hillside above the cliff. At the foot of this perpendicular wall of stone ran a noisy mountain stream. The hillside was covered with gnarled trees and such underbrush as could find a foothold in the rocky slope. By peering over the edge we could just catch a glimpse of the top of the cliff and the rushing torrent of water beneath it.

Miss Grey was much impressed and, taking hold of a low limb of a tree for support, leaned over to get a better view.

Suddenly the limb broke, we heard a scream and saw her tumbling head over heels down toward the edge of the cliff. I shut my eyes in horror for I thought she would certainly be killed, and waited to hear her splash into the stream below.

But as no splash came I opened them again. There was Miss Grey quietly seated on a rock only a few feet from the edge of the cliff, apparently unhurt. Her dress had caught on a jagged stump and saved her life. And yet, what was very peculiar, she made no attempt to move from her position, but sat staring straight ahead with a look of the greatest surprise on her face. She made such a ridiculous figure as she sat there with her little black bonnet on one side and still holding in both hands bunches of weeds and bushes which she had torn up on the way down, that I almost laughed aloud. She was looking so steadily and fixedly at something that I turned and gazed in the same direction. There painted on a huge boulder directly opposite us beside the stream were the words: HEAVEN OR HELL, CHOOSE YE.

H. P. E.

CHARACTER

A stalwart oak on the plain
  Sinks deep in the living earth
And rears itself heavenward high,
  By the fortune of its birth.

'Gainst the face of the naked cliff
  Where a step could scarce be won,
A crooked birch has lived,
  And scant leaves greet the sun.

M. F. E.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FOURTH

It was the night before the Fourth of July, and Tommy, the eight-year-old hopeful of the Milton family, was slumbering peacefully in the large corner room of the old white house. He was nearly lost in the broad expanse of the high plateau on which he slept. The small-paned windows were wide open, and outside one of them the crab-apple tree spread its scrawny branches upon the roof of the piazza. Over the lawn between house and barn the fireflies glinted fitfully. All was still save for the throbbing rhythm of the crickets.

Clang-clang went the bell in old white church, not twenty rods from Tommy's room. He was awake in an instant. Clang-r, clang-clang, clang-r rang the bell, until it fairly reeled in the rickety belfry. Paul Revere had ridden by not ten minutes before, Tommy was sure. Clang-clang, clang-r. That was the summons for all the men to gather on the common. Even now he heard their hoarse shouts as they called to one another. They were running hither and

thither, he knew, beneath the twinkle of the stars and the gleam of the lanterns. Clang-clang, clang-r. In a little while they would be quietly waiting on the common, shivering in the dusk of the summer morning, shivering, but not with cold nor yet with fear. Clang-clang, clang-r. The little band of skirmishers must be returning soon, driven in by the encroaching red-coats, and then—boom! There, that was the old cannon limbering up, and that crackling sound, that must be the first round of musketry. Tommy shivered and cuddled up close to the pillow. He heard the handle of the pump in the front yard creak and then the gush of water. They must be getting drink for the wounded.

"Who 's there?"

It was his father's voice which rang out into the night.

"Oh, it 's only me, Mr. Milton. Can we get a pail of water? The old anvil will get pretty hot before we get done firing s'lutes."

R. H.

THE HOUSE OF FAITH

For days I rest on pinnacles of faith,
Glad in the freedom of the blest;
But doubts malign
They undermine
All the firm hopes on which I rest.

Then from the bottom I must build anew
My structure, framed with hopes and tears;
And fondly trust
'T will not be thrust
To earth again by doubt-born fears.

R. C. E.

A SKETCH

The July sun cast its warm rays down on the white ribbon of road running through a little Kentucky hamlet. On both sides of the dusty highway were plain, weatherbeaten cabins, each in its setting of cleared forest. It was Sunday, and the modest log church was nearly filled. The minister, a white-haired man loved by all, mounted the platform.

"Brothers and sisters," he began, "you know that there are a number of illicit distilleries in the neighborhood. You also know that I have done my uttermost to bring the owners of them to justice, for many of you have aided me in my work. Realizing that my efforts have been fruitless, I sent to Lexington for revenue officers, and this morning I found this note under my door:

"'TO THE PARSON:—

'Yer hev made yerself a nuisance. Yer hev no rit to brek up a honest bisness. Yer must leve the country or we 'll make it hot for yer. If yer preche Sunday we 'll know that yer do n't intend to quit hunting us and if yer do preche yer 'll never leave the church alive.

'THEM AS MEANS BISNESS.'

"I do not intend to give up the hunt, for I am only following what I consider the path of duty. My text is as follows: 'Hereby know we love because He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.' "

Eloquently the old man preached, simply and straight from the heart. The audience sat in silence, hushed by the dignity of his quiet courage. As he bowed his head for the last prayer there was a stir near the door. Someone had risen and left the church. The congregation rushed to the porch, but it was too late. Far down the road, disappearing in a cloud of dust, could be seen the form of a galloping horse and its rider. *W. H. S.*

SANCTUM

We are glad to take this opportunity to express our sincere appreciation of the devoted and successful service which for twenty years President Carter has given to Williams. As few others he has understood the proper sphere of the small college, and to this understanding he has never made concessions which might have brought a larger reward of personal honor. His work has been quiet and unostentatious; his policy has been far-sighted and conservative. Twenty years ago Williams was desperately in need of endowment and of equipment. These Dr. Carter has succeeded in obtaining and were this his sole accomplishment he would still deserve a high admiration from us who profit directly by his labors. But in addition he is an earnest and helpful teacher, a man of great culture and broad sympathies, a man of whom we shall always be proud and whose work Williams must always remember with gratitude.

The college year is drawing to a close. A trite remark, you say; yet certainly and unhappily a true one, and it is impressed upon us more and more forcefully every day. The imminence of the finals may be one unromantic cause of this observation; but it is far from being the only one. Starting back with the appearance of the Senior débutants in cap and gown we think half-sadly over the successive landmarks of the term's advance; the ill-fated trip to Amherst—and Hamp, the glories of the N. E. I. T. A. (may they never be

dim !), the festivities and heartbreakings of Prom. week, and now—well, it is nearly done.

This is a chance to give a brief but heartfelt apostrophe to 1901. We are sorry to bid good-by to you, Seniors, not only because many of our personal friends are among you, but also many of the truest friends of the college. It will be hard to find the men to fill your places and we shall probably realize this still more fully when you are gone—you and the Rough Riders.

But after all if college life means anything, it means that other and greater things are ahead. We wish you the very best of good fortune.

May your steins run over !

CHAT

Chat gives warning in the first line, a sad, sad occurrence is to be recorded. If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now, but at least take care not to be on Weston Field while you are doing it.

It was a dull, sodden afternoon in the latter part of May. The heartless wind blew steadily from the east, bringing a chill and dampness which numbed the life out of everything. A pall of gray mist hung on the hills from the jutting shoulder of Prospect to the rolling ridge of Berlin. Occasionally when this clinging cerement lifted, a glimpse was caught of the hard, pitiless clouds beyond. As if deadened by the drab of the sky the dark green of the hills seemed darker than ever, almost to the blackness of mourning. Even the iron-colored soup in the middle of Main street had caught the sombre aspect and glinted with the glazed stare of death. The day's mood suited the dismal task to be performed.

On the hill behind South College was gathered a group of twenty or thirty men. Not a sound was heard except their agitated breathing and the drip, drip from the leaves. In the midst of the group was a tiny casket of plain and humble pine.

"Comrades," at last began one of the mourners in a hushed voice, "we have come to this place on a solemn errand. Here we are to lay to rest all that is mortal of the picture of Chat's girl, his pipe, and his jar of Old Gold. Tender indeed are the clustering memories. Pardon me, my friends, if my

voice chokes, for my heart is there in the salt-box with those sacred relics. How many times have they inspired the laggard pen to flights of eloquence and inanity, if I may use a figure! How many times have those limpid eyes made the bosom of the pencil-chewing scribe to swell with the thoughts of knee-skirts and flaxen pigtails! And that pipe, with which it was never possible to blow anything but perfect rings of smoke, and that Old Gold! how oft have they solaced former Chats! But all flesh is grass and these relics, too, which we thought would never cease from their usefulness are but mortal. Well and constantly have they served. Now we leave them to the unbroken slumber of eternity."

Slowly and tenderly the bearers lowered the little casket into the ash heap. Then silently they covered the grave and stole away. The Gym. clock started to strike, but stopped with a faint click. It had run down.

THE SIGN OF THE SHEARS

Scribe finds the exchanges for May, on the whole, below the average. The essays alone are unusually good, being not only appreciative but entertainingly written. The best of these are: "Sidney Lanier," in the *Amherst Monthly*, "A Comparison of Tennyson's Earlier and Later Lyrics," in the *Vassar Miscellany*, "Dante Gabriel Rossette," in the *Nassau Literary Monthly*, and "An Estimate of Schiller's Work," in the *Smith College Monthly*.

The stories are on a par with those of previous months; the general criticism to be applied is that originality of plot is lacking. The possible exception to this is in "The Pride of My Lord Jermyr," in the *Yale Courant*. With the plot more fully developed this would be an exceptionally good tale. The other stories to be noted are "The Love of Gabrielle," in the *Yale Literary Monthly*, "The Story of John Reilly, Teamster," in the *Harvard Monthly*, and "An Open Fire," in the *Mount Holyoke*.

The poetry, in the main, is mediocre. Scribe clips the following as the best of the month:

CORONETS

Morning wreathed the fields and fallows
  With a crown begemmed with dew;
Noontide capped the silent mountains
  With its sunburst's radiant hue.
Twilight's golden crown was molded
  For the clouds; from sunset bars,
Night-time garlanded the heavens
  With a diadem of stars.

Yale Courant

A REVERIE OUT OF HELLAS

Spring, in the youth of time!
I see the blue Aegean brightly smile
As once it did three thousand years ago;
From Mount Olympus gleams the eternal snow;
And where Peneuf, through his close defile,
Pours down his flood, the morning vapors climb.
Pan in some drowsy thicket lies asleep;
Phoebus Apollo in his flaming car
Lashes his panting coursers up the steep;
Beneath, the ruffled surface of the deep
Bears a white sail-fleck, glistening like a star.

Night—and a presence near!
Up the slopes of Cithaeron there comes a cry,
And a torch flares out against the sky—
Evohë, Bacchus, I hear, I hear!
Fawnskin and thyrsus-staff hurry past,
Maenads and Bassarids madly throng,
Feet moving faster and yet more fast,
Lips breaking wild into passionate song—
Onward and on to the heights untrod,
Filled with the god.

Harvard Monthly

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH

Look not for Truth where hoary Wisdom stands,
Who, though still doubting if his way be right,
Yet ever beckons us with lifted hands
To follow his dim sight.

Search not for him where childish Ignorance looks,
Conning his lesson with a vacant stare;
He is not prisoned in the lore of books,
Thou wilt not find him there.

Go forth to Nature! Hurl thy vain thought far;
Gaze on the field and stream, mountain and sea;
Drink of the earth and sky, flower and star;
Behold, Truth throbs in thee!

Columbia Lit

SEA PASTEL

My shallop floats where the golden motes
Of the sunbeams glint in the sea,
The breezes ride across the deep
Hymning their song to me;
While the emerald waters never sleep,
And the land sinks on the lea.

My light boat dips to the billows' lips
In greeting on their way,
In diamond shower falls back again
The salt sun-tinted spray;
And purple-robed is the mighty main
At the flight of parting day.

Nassau Lit.

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Book Reviews

The 19th Century: A Review of Progress. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This volume, comprising thirty-seven chapters by as many contributors, is a comprehensive review of the progress of the world during the past century in almost all lines of human activity. Law and Government, History, Sociology, Literature and the Fine Arts, Education and Science, Applied Science, Transportations and the Science of War are the eight main heads under which are brought valuable articles by such men as Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse, Arthur T. Hadley, Franklin Carter, Julia Ward Howe, Andrew Carnegie, and others. All these contributors are authorities upon the subjects of which they write and as the work is of the highest order and the arrangement of topics most practicable, the volume as a whole is a valuable addition to any library.

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SAINT LOUIS, THE MOST CHRISTIAN KING, by Frederick Perry, M. A. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is the most recent volume of the Heroes of the Nation's series and is in all respects the equal of the rest. The picturesque and romantic story of Louis IX is told with appreciation and with discriminating detail. The account of the great crusade reads like an historical novel—perhaps that is an ill-advised comparison; what we mean is that one forgets that he is reading history in his interest over the subject matter. The illustrations are admirably selected and really illuminate the text. *H. J. S.*

A BOOK OF BRYN MAWR STORIES. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. $1.20 net.

A book of college stories to be worth reading must have two qualities, interest and originality. This particular collection may be said to have the latter to a considerable degree and in regard to the former the editors aptly say, "Those who look to these stories for entertainment may be disappointed, since most of them are serious in tone, and in their appeal to the reader depend largely upon the charm of local color."

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"In May Time," besides a most entertaining thread of plot, we have a charming picture of the May day fêtes which have been made such a successful feature of Bryn Mawr life.

Several of the stories seem unnecessarily long, but perhaps for those to whom the college setting is familiar it would not appear so. The book certainly disproves the notion of one of its heroes that college girls are "a mixture of spectacled phenomena of learning, and of cheering, basket-ball-playing New Women." *H. P. E.*

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Vol. XVII — OCTOBER, 1901 — No. 3

THE ENDITING OF LETTERS

"Now for enditing of Letters: alas, what need wee much adoe about a little matter?"

In a letter to Miss Sara Hennel, George Eliot writes that "there are but two kinds of *regular* correspondence possible—one of simple affection, which gives a picture of all the details, painful and pleasurable, that a loving heart pines after, ... one purely moral and intellectual, carried on for the sake of ghostly edification in which each party has to put salt on the tails of all sorts of ideas on all sorts of subjects." These two classes embrace, perhaps, the great bulk of letters, but George Eliot says there is a third class to which her correspondence with Miss Hennel belongs—one of *impulse*. Strictly speaking, all of the letters which really belong as such to literature come under this last head. The result of a perfect fusion of the two other styles, they exhibit a sparkle, pungency, and lightness of touch which take the curse from mere gossip, supple the joints of intellectual disquisition, and mark unmistakably the epistolary artist. The letter-

writer, no less than the poet, is born, not made, and his art, though for the most part unconscious, is no less an art. The expression of every sentiment, the choice of every word, however random it may seem, is determined for the born inditer of epistles by a sense of fitness so exquisite that its niceties of distinction escape analysis and only its more general principles can be enunciated.

The most vital of these principles is pretty generally observed. Thackeray perceives it when at the close of a delightful letter to Mrs. Brookfield he exclaims: "Why, this is almost as good as talk!" He was right; it was written talk. If read aloud with pauses for the correspondent's reply, the perfect letter would make perfect conversation. It should call up the voice, gesture, and bearing of the writer. Though it may be more studied than oral speech, it must appear no less impromptu. This, indeed, is its essential charm, that it contains the mind's first fruits with the bloom on, that it exhale carelessly the mixed fragrance of the spirit like a handful of wild flowers not sorted for the parlor table but, as gathered among the fields, haphazard, with here a violet, there a spice of mint, a strawberry blossom from the hillside, and a sprig of bittersweet. This is the opportunity for the clergyman to show that he is not all theologian but part naturalist, the farmer that he is not all plowman but part philosopher. This is the place for little buds of sentiment, short flights of poetry, wise sermons all in three lines, odd conceits, small jests rubbing noses with deacon-browed moralities, in short, for every fine extravagance in which the mind at play delights. Sickness and sorrow, too, and death, if spoken of reverently and bravely, must not be denied a place. So we shall have a letter now all grave, now all gay, but generally, if it be a good letter, part grave, part gay, just as the mingled threads are clipped from the web of life.

That such a letter cannot be written in white gloves goes without saying. The first requisite is freedom from stiffness. The realm of good letters is a republic in which no man needs lift his hat to another man. It is hail-fellow, well met, or not met at all. So when the humble address their superiors or when children write to austere grandfathers, they suffer from an awkwardness of mental attitude which is the paralysis of all spontaneity. Before the indispensable ease can exist certain relations of equality must be established. But there are some whose fountains of speech, in letters as in conversation, lie forever above the line of perpetual snow. They never thaw out. Bound by a sort of viscosity of spirits, that peculiar stamp of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, they are incapable of getting their thoughts and emotions under way; with the best will in the world, genuine warmth of feeling, minds stocked with information on all subjects, they are never fluent. The man with no ear must not hope to be a musician, nor the man with no fluency a letter-writer. Yet this is not all. You will find some at perfect ease in conversation who, touching pen to paper, exhibit the affected primness commonly ascribed to the maiden aunt. They have not learned that this is a place where words must speak for themselves without comment of inflection, gesture of the hand, or interpreting smile. Here to be unaffected one must take thought. As on the stage a natural hue must be obtained by unnatural means, by darkening the eyebrows and rouging the cheeks, so in the writing of letters one must a trifle overdo in order to do but ordinarily. A word which rings on the lips with frank cordiality will stare coldly from the written page and must be heightened to avoid offense. This is a license requiring the exercise of moderation and the utmost tact. Not all expressions suitable for conversation need reënforcement in white and black. In speaking one fre-

quently raps out a phrase whose literalness one's eyes warn the listener to question. These must be toned down or glossed. An example of the toned-down variety, which illustrates as well men's fondness for assailing their friends with opprobrious epithets, is offered by Darwin when he writes: "I cannot conclude without telling you, that of all blackguards you are the greatest and the best." If Darwin had been talking face to face with Fox, he would doubtless have called him a blooming blackguard outright.

A writer in a journal of psychology points out the strong psychic link existing between a certain short expletive of condemnation and a refractory collar button. These words seem to come at times charged with the very marrow of the mind and, if the letters of a man who occasionally indulges in them be wholly purged of them, the letters lose one of their most distinctive characteristics. The point to be made is, that the personal word is all-important, that till the fact is related to the writer it is dead. If we want news, we can consult the dailies, but in letters facts are nothing, ideas about facts everything. That is to say, all events, especially the more trifling, should be shown through the colored glass of the writer's personality. What concerns you is not what happened, but what relations the happening bears to you and your correspondent. Mrs. Nation lectures in Coney Island on saloon smashing. That is nothing to you, you have heard of her before. But you have ten friends in New York each of whom attends the lecture and writes you an account of it. Well, if those ten friends are genuine letter-writers, you shall have ten different accounts, every one so stamped with individuality that, though type-written and without signature, the author is manifest. He has sent you something of his thought, that is, something of himself.

When once the personal vein is struck, nothing is so easy

as to find a theme for a letter. The materials are only too plentiful if the eyes and heart are open to receive them. Stevenson wrote that he scarcely pulled a weed in his garden without pondering some fit phrase to report the fact to his friend Colvin, and we may be sure that the weed was not allowed to wither, but, when it was transplanted, flourished again and reached its destination in a veritable Pot of Basil. No great events are necessary, the plainest incident, a morning's shopping, is as good as a Pan-American Exposition for ideas to crystallize about, since exactly in proportion as an event is imbedded in opinion, comment, and feeling must its value as an epistolary item be rated. While the born letter-writer is driving a nail or polishing a shoe, a thought apropos of his occupation or of stars, perhaps, drops complete and perfect like ripe fruit in an orchard. It matters little, seen through the eyes of a friend all homely things are invested with an extrinsic interest and a new glory not their own.

The frank revelation of personality which is almost the *raison d'être* of letters naturally gives them a great biographical value. An old correspondent will not always be turning his best side to the light. He knows that his more glaring faults are patent to his friends and, accepting the situation, he takes a certain pleasure in ventilating them. He feels that false modesty is folly between friends and, acting upon the conviction, he discusses his ego very cheerfully, managing to let his correspondent know very nearly what he is, as well as what he thinks of himself. He indulges in the most naïve and delightful confidences regarding his hobbies, his moods, his ambitions, his objects of esteem and aversion. Above all, if he be not obstructed nor restrained, he discloses the master passion and quality of his mind. What one preserves and treasures out of the letters of Charles Lamb is not a half dozen paltry puns but the memory of a sweet, un-

selfish spirit. The final impression of Thackeray's letters to the Brookfields is not that they are animated, picturesque, and humorous, but a conviction that the master thing about them and their author was the "precious natural quality of love."

Deplorable is the state of those immune to the noble contagion of master passions in great men. The public works of the crowned heads in literature, art, and science may awe us with a sense of unapproachableness, but their letters lure us with a sense of kinship in frailty, at least, and, drawing us close to puissant spirits, make us feel the stimulus of their intimate thought and fellowship. He is dead to poetry, indeed, who is not quickened by the lover-like enthusiasm of John Keats as shown throughout his general correspondence, or as felt in that later collection of his letters to Fanny Brawne, in which passion and poetry contend in mortal combat for dominion over the young bard's soul. Who so cold to the civilization and art of antiquity as not to be kindled by the fervor of Gœthe's letters from Italy? When we hear of a man whose longing to visit the remains of the Roman world was so ardent as to make the reading of a book in Latin an actual pain, we must perforce catch fire. It is a staid and pitiable reader of the earlier letters of Darwin that is not seized, temporarily at least, with an insane desire to imitate the five years' scientific cruise, and impressed permanently with profounder reverence for the work which inspired in the great naturalist his lifelong devotion. The value of all this sort of letters is unquestioned; they sweep us into a current of great purposes and great ideas and are a continual incentive to emulation.

Somewhat different is the status of the love-letter, if we may trust a writer for the *Outlook* who remarks that the test of a good one "is said to be that it should contain nothing of any interest whatever except to the one who inspires it."

But this is simply an emphatic way of expressing the undoubted truth that the recipient of a love-letter is immensely more interested in it than any outsider. It demands for its elucidation a great commentary visible to only one pair of eyes. It must be read by the light of an emotion not to be kindled at will and in a private atmosphere to which the reading public and the callous critic are not admitted. The finest blossoms of sentiment, when taken from their native soil and subjected to the scrutiny of the profane, wither beyond recognition. The man who reads to deride finds in *An Englishwoman's Love Letters* the heaven of the celebrated gourmand who stuck in his thumb wherever he chose and pulled out a plum, at the same time pointing out the uprightness of his character. The scoffing critic plunging in at random hits on a passage like this:

"Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? Even such for size is the share of the world we lay claim to."

This is enough for the scoffer; the letters are funny to him henceforth. Too thoroughly tickled with his emancipation from such nonsense to read reverently any longer, he enlarges in a hugely superior way upon the selfishness and self-importance of lovers, and then likely indulges in a grumbling pleasantry asking where old maids, old bachelors, and plain married people are to live if a few grasping lovers are to monopolize the whole earth. Nothing, we find, is so easy as for the soured sentiment, or cynicism, of age, to sneer at the unsoured sentiment of youth, and nothing is so hard, when once the spell is broken, as to enter by the sympathetic route into the spirit which imagines itself, in the possession of the one loved object, possessor also of earth and the nearer stars.

"Nobody ever loved as I love since the world began," says the Englishwoman.

"Ahem!" grunts the scoffer, "and yet every lover since

the world began has claimed the same uniqueness for his love."

Of course the scoffer is right, but the Englishwoman is right, too. Here truth is not universal but local. For the woman it was true that the world was hers, and hers the greatest love in it; for the critic it was false. But let us quote once more from the same source.

"Oh, dear face, dear unforgetable lost face, my soul strains up to look for you through the blind eyes that have been left to torment me because they can never behold you."

The reticent Anglo-Saxon cannot preserve his self-respect and approve passion so distressing as this. He is ashamed to see such feeling exhibited in others and jeers, perhaps to hide his own, or breaks out into such effective but brutal parody as that of Barry Pain's "Other Englishwoman." It is possible that he feels imposed upon, knowing that the book is only a literary *tour de force*. He may object that this is not a fair case; that it was not the Englishwoman at whom the ridicule was aimed, but Mr. Houseman's conception of her. It may be that he is hurt by the very reality and convincingness of the suffering, and will admit that the world is better for the knowledge that in it has existed such manly and womanly love as that of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. Still the case is typical and, setting aside all questions on the ethics of publishing, it must be conceded that a volume of love letters has a rough gauntlet to run, and one which might well make the departed saints regret that they had not entrusted their epistolary remains to the tender mercies of a crematory.

But clay-wrought mortals find the air of a rose garden oppressive if compelled to breath it for long and the love letter palls in time from very richness. As the correspondence progresses, the lovers become more and more absorbed in each other, the sphere of interests which seems vital to

them contracts until they are occupied wholly in expressing the one important fact of their love. Only in the correspondence of matured friendship does the epistolary art come to its full and finest flowering. The first letter inspired, perhaps, by a single common interest discovers a second and a third interest. From letter to letter the bonds cross and recross till the friends are amazed that they could ever have been strangers. They know it is not good to be quick at confidences, yet when they have traveled some time with the new acquaintance, and he has made no offer to sell a gold brick, they see no harm in telling him that they are bound for Palestine and not for Chicago. When the secret is out neither of them will refer to it again, perhaps, but in the blue distance will loom the mist-veiled peaks of their desire, and the charm and the mystery of it will enoble all their future intercourse. They have never to dread the extinction of an evanescent passion; their union is based on that in their lives which is best and most durable.

By the very nature of the composition a mean man cannot possibly write a good letter. When we cast about for a perfect exemplar of the epistolary style, we must of necessity look among the high-souled men, for where else shall we find one to stand the test of self-revelation? Happily, one of the blithest, manliest, completest, spirits of our times was a matchless writer of letters—Robert Louis Stevenson. Aching for absolute honesty of style and making clearness almost synonomous with good morals, he has given us in the Vailima collection and in the two larger volumes of his correspondence an almost unexampled self-revelation. The man Stevenson is *in* them, "his essence and his sting." The grip of his hand and the look of his eye lose none of their force in the transparent medium through which they are constrained to pass. Knowing that a man who constantly

gives his best finds his best constantly growing better, he never hoarded his ideas for publication but poured his intellectual riches into a note to a friend as freely as if each line were coining him gold. It results that the lover of Stevenson would almost prefer to give up all the romances, *Kidnapped* and the immortal *Treasure Island* included, rather than the letters. For they feel that in this correspondence, besides finding the qualities which distinguish the other works, they have met face to face and known personally the romancer, the essayist, the poet, and, above all, the man who ridden by an incubus of disease spoke always of the joy of living, the man who knew hours of bitterness but none of flinching, the man who grappled with his destiny undaunted and, when death hunted him down in an island of the south Pacific, fell gallantly and gazing unabashed into the "bright eyes of danger."

Stevenson approached close to the *beau ideal* of epistolary art. When we and our friends have achieved it, distance will be annihilated and there will be no such thing as separation. We shall draw from our little box a small white packet, and though Nostradamus may offer us every secret of magician or alchemist in exchange for it, we shall refuse offhand. How shall he lure us with a shadow, a ghostly visitant, savoring of the pit and summoned only by the most marrow-freezing incantations? Here in our hand is a mysterious, more potent charm bringing us the warm human personality of the man. We are not spiritualists, yet here sealed in the white packet is an incorporal presence. Given but a mastery of the twenty-six signs and their combinations and lo, the heart of our friend served up in Boston bond! Then, as for enditing of letters, we shall rise up and call them blessed who have made much ado about a little matter.

Stuart Pratt Sherman

THE WEST

Soft flames of the sun in the west,
Deep fires of a crimson sky,
Inflaming with music the meadow-lark's breast,
Ye gladden the world ere ye die,
And dying still burnish the hills with your breath;
Even such is day at his death.

Ere the sun into dark is gone,
Full sure of another dawn,
His joy shall crimson yon frowning cloud,
That darkly his death would enshroud.
Though night shall reign at the end,
Fair hope of the glorious dawn may blend
In flames of the sinking sun.

May no darkening cloud o'er the west descend
When our long day is done.

Max Forrester Eastman

DEAD SONG

The rain beats hard and the wind shrills high;
Night and cold and a life-lorn wold.
The midnight stroke is a-drawing nigh
And the dead are coming up out of the mould.

Oh, who are these in leprous white
Who huddle by on a soundless flight?
Those be the souls that died all unshriven,
Who ever are barred the fair portals of heaven.

Oh, who are these that flitter and fly
With baby faces and half-born cry?
Those be the souls that christening had none,
And never the mercy of Jesus have won.

Oh, who is this, all naked and stark
That weeps alone in the wind and the dark?
That soul is your soul and you are dead
And the rain-soaked earth must be your bed.

Ah, me! hear the cock craw shrill and high;
Night and cold and a life-lorn wold.
The dead must away ere the dawn draw nigh
And I must be rotting down under the mould.

Harry James Smith

MEG LANTRY OF GREYLOCK

"Meg, Meg, come down quick and start the dinner along."

It was the shrill voice of Mrs. Lantry which called out at the foot of the entry stairs on a forenoon in March. Soon the sound of steps introduced into the bustle of the kitchen a girl of eighteen. She had a round, plump face with which the hard, matter-of-fact knob of hair on the back of her head seemed out of keeping. Her dark hazel eyes were downcast in a moody gaze, except occasionally when they looked about with a flitting glance which was the counterpart of her uneasy, restless manner when aroused.

"Been readin' up there again?" asked her mother. "You'll catch your death of cold some day."

"It was n't cold, the sun comes in my window so. There's not much else to do."

"Humph, I never hed no trouble findin' suthin' to do. Well, warm weather'll be along pretty soon, and then there'll be suthin' besides readin', I guess."

While Meg prepared the dinner Mrs. Lantry, who was ironing, babbled on. The table was spread in the kitchen at the end farthest from the fire. Through the door could be seen the air-tight stove and rag mats of the sitting room. Outside the sun was trying to warm the stiff, bare branches of the trees. The snow was melting fast and deep furrows of mud filled the road in front of the house. Behind the low cottage a brook rushed and tumbled over rocks and cakes of rotten ice. Swollen by the snows of Greylock at this season, it was a fair-sized rivulet. A dull hum and the quick

recurring shriek of a buzz-saw came from a little mill a few rods up stream. During the spring and as far into the summer as the water lasted this mill was kept running, and in the busiest season Mrs. Lantry boarded the two or three extra workmen, thus increasing the slender resources left her at the death of her husband.

Presently the hum and shriek ceased and a couple of men in their shirt sleeves walked down toward the cottage. Kicking off the mud from their boots against the pile of wood in the shed, they came thumping in, ready to do full justice to the corned beef and potatoes.

"Got room for another boarder, Mis' Lantry?" asked the man named Coleson, the elder of the pair, after a while.

"Why, I guess so, if you or Job can get along with 'im at night. Mr. Dixon goin' to hev a new man?"

"Yes, a young feller from down below some'r's."

"When 's he comin'?"

"To-night sometime, so 's to be ready to begin to-morrer mornin'. I guess me and Job can bunk together, and he c'n hev my room. Can't we, Job?"

"Yes, there 's enough for him to do at the mill so t' he 'll be welcome," assented the other man.

"Do you know anythin' about him?" asked Mrs. Lantry.

"No, only I b'lieve his name is Taggart, and he must be a good man to work if Dixon hired him. He don't gener'ly get any shirks or slouches if he can help it."

"Charlie Bliss up at the mill," put in Job, within whom a piece of pie was disappearing rapidly, "says he worked with this new feller down at Adams's last fall. He says he 's a mighty good-hearted feller, but 's got a temper like chain lightnin'."

"Well, s' long as he works well he 'll do all right, I guess."

"And s' long as he behaves himself he c'n stay here," concluded Mrs. Lantry as the men pushed back their chairs to go.

After the dinner things were cleared away Meg went upstairs, and soon came down with hat and jacket.

"Where 'r you goin'?" asked Mrs. Lantry.

"Down to see Molly Ellwell a little while."

"Well, do n't lose your rubbers in the mud."

"No."

"And ask Mis' Ellwell if she got that yarn f'r me she said she would the next time she went to town."

"Yes."

"And get home before dark."

The outer door closed before any further admonitions could be given.

Two or three hours later Meg was making her way home over the freezing road. The strips of mud were stiffening and over the slender pools between them a film of ice was forming which crackled beneath Meg's step. Meg was lonesome, more lonesome than ever since seeing Molly. Mr. Ellwell, who had a small farm, kept a horse. With this means of communication with the outside world Molly got to town frequently, nearly every Sunday at least, and led what seemed to Meg quite a cosmopolitan existence compared with her own backwoods life. "But she 'll be going off, like as not, one of these days," sighed Meg, as she thought of stories Molly had told her, with a demure blush, of Jonathan Snow, "who called quite reg'lar now and took her to the last church sociable." There was no doubt about it, Meg was more lonesome than ever.

She had nearly reached home when the sound of heavy boots crunching over the hardening ridges made her look back. Soon a thickset, muscular young man, with a bluff, eager manner and snapping black eyes, overtook her.

"How far is it to Mr. Dixon's mill?" he asked.

"About a quarter of a mile. Are you Mr. Taggart?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Oh, this noon the men said you were coming."

"Then you may know where I am to board. Mr. Dixon said I could probably get a place with a woman named Lanty, Lantry, or something like that."

"Lantry," corrected Meg. "Yes, I heard mother say you could come if you wanted to."

"Then you live there, do you?"

"Yes."

Taggart took another look at the girl walking beside him. The exercise gave her face a rosy tint which left little of the gloom which sometimes was there.

"Let me carry that package for you," he said.

Meg was not used to such courtesy.

"Oh, no, it's nothing but some yarn. You have a heavier bundle of your own."

Taggart, however, insisted and chatting pleasantly they soon reached the cottage below the mill.

That evening at supper Giles Taggart became one of Mrs. Lantry's little family, and the next day began work for Mr. Dixon. On the whole, the men seemed to like him fairly well. Brawny and active, when he lifted on a log it generally moved. True, he lived up to the reputation Bliss gave him for a vehement temper, but his storms of passion were always short lived. Becoming angry one day at a pair of horses which would not stand, he clubbed them until they were trembling with pain and fright, then he cut short his dinner that he might bathe the stripes he had inflicted. If the object of his anger remained before him, in time it excited his pity, otherwise it was speedily forgotten.

The next time Meg went down to Molly Ellwell's she

brought back a little black-and-tan puppy in a basket on her arm. Mrs. Lantry was little pleased with this gift of Molly's, but Meg made up what her mother lacked in tenderness. Lonely as she felt, this pet was company for her. The new man seemed to take a liking to the dog, and in the evenings spent considerable time teaching it tricks. Thus a three-cornered friendship sprang up between Meg, Taggart, and Towze, a friendship which became more intimate each day. Soon, however, Giles grew weary of the dog, paying less and less attention to it and more and more to its mistress. To be sure, as warmer weather drew on and Taggart and Meg after supper would take gradually lengthening walks, Towze skipped along before them, but he received little attention from the young man.

One Sunday morning late in May, Giles and Meg went up the path by the stream to a place above the mill where they had come many times during their walks. It was at the crest of a little cliff below which the brook, no longer boisterous, gurgled about the mossy stones. Over the cliff swayed a large paper birch, while through the underbrush, now feathering into green, could be caught glimpses of the valley stretching away toward Adams.

"Say, Giles, did you get that stuff for Towze's foot when you were in town last night?"

"No, I forgot it. Hang the pup, Meg, this is too fine a place and too fine a day to talk about him. Look away there through the trees."

Meg looked where Taggart's finger pointed, but said nothing. Quickly she dropped her eyes to Giles's face as he lay scanning the scene before them. She, too, forgot Towze and his lame foot as she watched the changing features.

"Makes a man want to go where things are more lively,

to sit up here. Wish the war had n't got done just when I was a youngster."

"You 'll be getting tired of living up here soon," Meg said sadly.

"Oh, no, not just yet, I guess, only looking off like this makes you kind of hanker for a chance to see a little of the world."

After a pause Giles, turning suddenly, said, "Some day I 'll have to go off to where there 's more going on. Would you go with me, Meg?"

The girl flushed deeply.

"Are you sure you 'd want to have me along?" she asked.

Taggart could watch her quivering lashes but a minute before he reached up and kissed her fervidly.

"Yes, do n't you believe so now?" he laughed impetuously.

"Say, see here," he went on presently, as he began cutting a piece of bark from the paper birch, "we have n't any gold rings, but I guess this 'll do."

He cut out a narrow strip of thin bark.

"Here, Meg, hold up your hand."

With bungling care he tied the wisp on her finger.

"There, who says that is not as good as gold?"

"But you ought to wear one, too, Giles."

"Oh, no, it would bother in the work. But you wear that and it 'll be sure and fast."

"But you 'll wear one just for to-day, at least, won't you please?"

"Why, yes, if you want me to," and Giles put a similar ring on his own hand.

In what seemed a very short time they were called by Mrs. Lantry's dinner horn.

A little less than a fortnight after, an unwonted silence hung over the supper table. Job and Coleson came in look-

ing ill-humored. A little later Taggart entered, his face clouded with anger. Little was said by anyone; even Mrs. Lantry, usually able to keep up conversation without much help, that evening felt the chill of the atmosphere. Meg watched Giles's face furtively, and when he got up followed him outdoors.

"What 's the matter, Giles?"

"Oh, just a little row at the mill. Come up to the rock and I 'll tell you about it."

They walked along for a few minutes in silence, then Giles broke out, "I 'm afraid the jig 'll be up with me pretty soon."

"Why, Mr. Dixon has n't turned you off, has he?"

"No, but I guess he will by the end of the week. You see the men began talking about me and you, and I got mad and I guess I thrashed around some. Anyway, they all got mad and we all did a good deal of talking."

"I do n't see why they should talk. You told them we were going to be married pretty soon, did n't you?"

"No, I did n't. 'T was n't any of their business."

"But you ought to have told them, Giles."

"Now do n't you go to lecturing, Meg, or I might get mad with you."

"No, you must n't do that," said Meg, as they relapsed into silence.

A few hours later Mrs. Lantry heard Meg going upstairs and then the sound of sobbing in the girl's room. The older woman went up to her daughter's door, but no amount of urging, command, or entreaty could make Meg let her in. The next day Giles Taggart was nowhere to be found.

One morning early in July, a milkman driving into Pittsfield was surprised to overtake a young woman who was walking.

"Want a ride?" he called out good-naturedly.

"Yes, thank you," and stumblingly she climbed up on the seat.

"You look tired. Are you hungry?"

"Yes, very."

"Well, take a good swig of milk here and you 'll feel better."

The girl thanked him. "Do you know any boarding-houses in Pittsfield where men who work in the shops live?" she asked, as she finished drinking the milk.

"Why, yes, one or two," and he gave her the names of such as he could.

When he reached the town and began on his route she left him and went to the places to which he had directed her. All day she wandered about the streets, until late in the afternoon she might have been seen sitting on the curb-stone opposite one of the shops. She had walked up and down in front of the murky windows for a long time, peering inside but apparently without satisfaction. When the closing hour approached she crossed the street and stood by the door, anxiously watching the men as they filed out. When one of them, laughing and chaffering with his fellow, came down the stairs, she gave a little start and went up to him.

"Giles," she cried.

Taggart turned sharply. His companion, with a quizzical smile, went on, swinging his dinner-pail.

"Why, Meg—Meg—where did you come from? Where are you staying?"

"I have n't stayed anywhere yet. Can't I go with you?"

"No, you better not; you would n't like it. There's nobody but men where I live. I know a place down here a little ways where you can get something to eat, and then I 'll come for you after supper."

"You are sure you 'll come?"

"Yes, sure as gold."

Giles, taking her to a little bakery on a side street, left her. After he had gone, unobserved she followed him until she saw where he went, and then returned to her own meal.

Taggart did come back, although his manner was preoccupied and restless. He and Meg walked out to the common and sat down on a bench.

"Why did n't you come back, or let me hear from you?" Meg asked, trying to keep down the reproach in her voice.

"Well, you see, when I 'd gone off after our little fracas, I did mean to let you know right away, but after a little while I got this job here and I was kind of waiting till I got a little better fixed. You have n't wanted anything, have you, Meg? You have n't been suffering for anything, have you?"

Meg looked at him wistfully, and held up her finger, on which was a little knot of birch bark.

"Oh, that, yes,—yes,—we 'll have to see to that right away. But, say, let 's look up a place for you to-night. You must be tired."

The next morning Meg waited outside the shop to see Giles when he entered, but he did not come. Had he arrived before she got there? She had come very early, she thought. After all the men had gone in and been at work for an hour or so, vaguely fearful she turned away, and went to where Giles boarded. The landlady said he had left on the morning train.

Dazed and numbed Meg wandered up and down in front of the house. At last, however, the need of finding some employment, which at least should bring her something to eat, forced itself upon her. She could do housework and that was all. She wondered if the boarding-house mistress needed any help. Once more she rang and the woman,

annoyed at being again disturbed, came to the door, this time her red face sprinkled with flour.

"Do you want to hire a girl?" Meg asked.

The woman brightened.

"Yes, I do. My other girl ran off this morning with that Taggart feller. You can have her place if you want it."

Meg went in.

Throughout the summer and late into the fall she stayed at the boarding-house. Her moodiness grew upon her. Toward the end of October she used to be found rambling about in the outskirts of the town. Her mistress soon became tired of such interruptions. Half pitying her, she learned what she could of the whereabouts of Meg's home, and early in November sent her back to it.

Mrs. Lantry received her daughter readily enough, but with little show of affection.

"I thought you'd come back, come cold weather. I'd have sent for you, only I didn't know where to go. You allus was takin' such foolish notions into yer head. Well, I hope you've given up thet Taggart feller for good?"

"Yes," said Meg, wearily, as she went up to her old room.

Shortly, however, Mrs. Lantry became even more complaining than ever, and upbraidings were her chief staple of conversation. Meg listened in silence, if, indeed, she heard at all. When late in the winter a wee, wizen baby was born, Mrs. Lantry gave it scant sufferance. She ceased from open chiding, it is true, but went about with a sullen reproachfulness. When in April the child died, its grandmother wasted no tears upon it.

As the warm weather came on once more Meg spent little time at home. Her seasons of depression were broken by fits of hysterical ravings. Her girlhood love of reading was now replaced by a mad desire to write. She carried a long

roll of paper with her, and on it put down snatches of poetry which she used to drone over to herself. Men hunting on Greylock or students wandering about the mountain sometimes came across her unkempt figure as she sat on some ledge or stump with her scroll of verses. Upon catching sight of any one, she always rolled up the paper and stole away into the brush.

One warm forenoon in November, while the sun was playing on such browned leaves as still clung to the trees, Jonathan Snow went hunting on Greylock. He followed up the brook past Dixon's mill. A little above it, as he was pushing through the bushes, he heard a low, moaning sound ahead of him. Following the direction of the sound, he saw Meg kneeling on the brow of a little cliff by the brook side. She seemed absorbed in her prayer or dirge, Jonathan did not know which it was. He crept up near her, unnoticed. She was bending over a little heap of stones at the foot of a large birch tree. She was singing a lullaby, and the lines, though broken, were more coherent than usual:

"Hush, my little boy, hush.
When the robin calls, sleep.
When the dew falls, sleep.
When the snow palls, sleep.
Better you are there than waking,
No one's care taking,
No one's heart breaking.
Hush, my little boy, hush."

Turning quickly away, Jonathan went home and told his wife what he had seen and heard. He proposed bringing Meg to live with them. Molly agreed, and went about preparing the shed chamber, while Jonathan returned to the rock above the mill. So absorbed had Meg been when he left her that he thought that she would be at the same place

when he came back, but upon looking for her she was gone, and all his searching failed to find her. Whether she fell over some steep place in the dark, or lay down to sleep in the snow some night that winter and never awoke, no one has ever been able to tell. At least, nothing more was ever seen of the mad poetess of Greylock.

Rowland Haynes

PENITENCE

They came unto the springs of penitence,—
Two women with stained raiment and sad eyes,
Illusionless and sick with wild remorse.

And one sank down beside the bitter pool
All crushed, and meaning nevermore to rise
From that cold fountain of humility.

One bowed her head a time in tears and thought,
Then bathed her brow within the waters clear,
Rose, and with brave illumined face went on.

Stuart Pratt Sherman

MY SUMMER GIRL

My ultimate ambition was politics; my immediate prospect was a long, cheerless summer with Blackstone as a companion. For a solace I was to have the Sea Air; and as for the trifling matter of enjoyment, there was the View, ever present and ever sympathetic. To find the most congenial location for these three jovial chums, I set out for a once popular summer resort on the coast of Maine. A resort which had come to be named "Once Popular" would surely offer no opposition to Blackstone. As we steamed up the harbor, which was formed by a breakwater extending for a quarter of a mile out into the bay, I decided that my choice had been wise. A few sleepy fishermen scattered at intervals along the breakwater were the only signs of life. But as we came nearer the landing I saw a figure which I put down at once for that of a typical summer girl—almost a poster girl, but for the character in her face. I discovered afterward that she was too beautiful even for a Gibson girl—but that *was* afterward. As she stood there alone on the pier with her hair and her skirts blowing in the wind, I felt sure that she would be the only real obstruction to the study of law. She met a man at the steamer, her father I decided, and led him away up the beach. I got my baggage together and sought out the cottage where I was to spend my summer. Thus began my political career.

A little over a week later we were sitting together at the very end of the breakwater—we meaning she and I. And we knew that we should sit there many times before the summer was over—she knew it because she is a woman who knows things; I knew it because she knows how to let a

man know things. We were watching a schooner whose white sails stood out like the wings of a great bird against the gray sky over the horizon.

"She 'll be here before dark with this wind," I said.

"Will she? It seems pretty dark to me already."

"Yes, but that's on account of the clouds. It 's only a little after eight."

"Darkness is darkness," she answered, "and she can't make it in one tack, anyway."

"She can't? How do *you* know?" I asked.

"Oh, I 'm a sailor, you know. I 've spent almost a month on the deck of a yacht, loafing, and reading—and smoking. I miss it here, too," she said laughing.

"Then you can teach me," I answered, "I don't know anything about it of course. Would n't it be fun to learn to sail—and smoke!"

"Trying to be cynical, are n't you? Well, I 'll just bet with you that she wont make it in one tack," she said, watching the schooner.

"All right. Have a cigar?" I said, watching *her*.

"No, thank you. I 've always used a pipe."

"It *is* a little more sentimental, is n't it?"

"Yes, and more convenient on ship board."

"Stays in your mouth better when you 're climbing the rigging, I suppose you mean. How much shall we bet? I 'm only a poor student, remember."

"Well," she answered, turning toward me, "if she does make it in one tack I 'll let *you* teach *me* to sail."

"And smoke?" I asked.

"No. I don't think you do that very gracefully yourself."

I threw away my cigar then, and answered, "Well, I 'll take you, anyway. We 'll have to stay here until she comes in now to decide the bet."

"No, we wont," she said getting up. "I can see her from my window, and it's cold here, too. You can trust me to watch."

"If she does have to tack again, *you* teach *me* to sail. Is that it?" I asked.

"That was n't in the agreement, but we 'll discuss it on the way back. Come on."

I rose slowly, and we walked home together slowly; but I do n't remember what we decided. Neither do I remember who won the bet; but I remember that we sailed together, and that she proved quite capable of teaching me a number of things.

Now upon another evening—much later in the season and proportionately later in the night—we were on the breakwater together again. The moon was up and the stars were bright, and a gentle breeze was blowing from the sea. The Gibson girl was out of the game long ago.

"I had a reason for coming out here to-night," I said thoughtfully. She was looking in the direction of our former schooner, and did not answer. "I have a serious question to discuss with you."

"You 'd better have a cigar," she suggested practically.

"Will you have one with me?"

"No. I can tie my shoestring if I get too interested. Go on—though I hate these 'serious questions.'"

"Well, the question is this," I said slowly, "Shall I leave here or shall you?"

"Well, well. Is that serious? I can't see what keeps you here if you are not enjoying it," she said, indifferently. "As for me, I 've had a most delightful summer so far."

"So have I," I answered. "Too delightful; but I came here to work. All I have accomplished is a few typical lovesick poems. I came to study."

"Study what?"

"I'm going to be a lawyer."

"Perhaps if I saw the poems," she said, "I might advise you not to. Law and poetry don't mingle very happily."

> "When the gray waves dance in the moonlight,
> And the breeze seems laden with love—"

"You're not proposing, are you?"

"Not yet. I'm just reciting a sample for you."

"Oh, is that it? Well, I'd study law if I were you."

"Then one of us will have to go," I said seriously.

"Indeed I can't see why you need bother me with that," she answered. "I certainly shall stay until the summer is over. And if you think you have to go, why—I shall miss you, that's all."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Why, no, not quite. I should be very lonesome here without you—for a while." She was still looking out over the sea, and the wind had blown her hair picturesquely about her head. I, for my part, was looking at her. I had fallen into that habit of late.

"You know we might both go," I suggested fearfully.

"I really believe you *are* going to propose," she said, moving away, "and you know that would spoil it all. Permit *me* to suggest that we might both stay, just as before, and keep on—learning to sail. Anyway, I'm much more interested in your poetry than in your law, in spite of that bad start about the moon. There! Let's not discuss your serious questions any longer!"

"Did it never occur to you that a man has to earn a living?" I said with earnestness. "I don't believe you know what it is to do anything seriously."

She was silent for a long time, and when she answered there was a note of sarcasm in her voice altogether new to

me. "Then I suppose I have to cut off my vacation at this point for *your* sake," she said.

I did not answer.

"'Men,' you know," she continued, "'should be masters of their fate, not mastered by it.' Your weakness with yours is pitiful."

She stood up as she said this, and I was as astonished as I was angered.

"Well, your lack of perception in the matter is equally pitiful, I assure you," I said.

"Then we part mutually compassionate, I understand," and she left me.

For fully one hour I sat there alternately wondering at her, and swearing at myself. Then I got up and went home. By the time I got there I was content with swearing at myself. Why, here was a perfect vacation spoiled in the very climax—and all for a little remorse over my books. They should have been left until autumn anyway. Brain-work in summer is nothing short of cruelty. And what a summer it had been! But now—now that I had spoiled all the fun, and the rest would be only a bore either way—what else was there to do? I might as well try to succeed, since I had been so duped in my efforts to fail. So I unpacked a miniature library of dusty law books, and arranged them in business order. I also burned a miniature volume of manuscript, most of it inspired by the muse—the silly muse, that loves to see us make fools of ourselves and then find it out when it is too late. She was foiled for once anyway! For all these passionate effusions were vanishing harmlessly into the air. "Summer girls are all right for a short vacation, but, alas, sadly fickle," I kept thinking—or, trying to think, for I confess that I beheld my favorite and rapturous *Ode to Psyche* curl up and turn brown with some little remorse.

So for a month and a half I lived with Blackstone—he and I alone—excluding even the View and the Sea Air from our society. And at last I found that I really liked the old man. Ambition revived then, and I built up glorious castles for the future. Yet I always left a little spare room for going to the seashore some day to make a fool of myself again.

In three days I would be in the city at work once more. For those three days I would entertain the salt Sea Air, that my mother had so feared I would neglect for my books, and I would gaze with enraptured eyes on the View, which my Aunt Agnes had so vehemently recommended.

On the very night that I threw down Blackstone in this abrupt fashion, a man came to the door after dinner with a note for me. It was written in a strong but delicate hand, and this is what it said:

"I am at the end of the long breakwater. I have come here with a purpose to-night, for I have a serious question to discuss with you. Will you come?"

"Yes," I said to myself, in a patronizing tone, "this was a hard thing for her to do, and I ought not to make it worse, I suppose." Then I added, with a guilty feeling, "I should n't mind a little talk with her anyway. She was always entertaining." I tried to feel that way, and for a time I thought I did; but long before I reached the end of the breakwater I knew I did n't.

She was there in the old place; and I took the old place beside her.

"You 've been working hard, have n't you?" she asked.

Was this the tone of humility I expected? And where was the apology I had prepared so carefully to answer? I felt more like making it myself now. I *had* thought it was my fault once.

"Why, come to think of it," I said, "I have—yes, very hard. What have you been doing?"

"Oh, I 've been waiting,"

"What for?" I asked.

"Waiting until you should have worked hard—very hard." She was looking in the direction of the schooner again, and the old salt breeze was blowing in from the sea; and my indifferent air I had forgotten.

"And now that I have worked hard?" I asked.

"Now that you have,—why—we are here again." And she looked at me and laughed.

And then I realized it all. I had not, as I fondly imagined, risen nobly above circumstances, and worked in spite of them; instead, I had been easily deluded into work by meekly submitting to them. Perhaps she knew that was the only way I could be made to do it.

"And we did n't really quarrel?" I said slowly, "that is, you did n't, but——" Was this the graceful acceptance of an apology that I had come prepared for? My ideas of summer girls must have undergone a marvelous change just then. In fact, I believe it was here that I first began to wonder if she really were a summer girl. I began to wonder if she were not too far above me, even for me to apologize, as she sat there looking off over the blue sea. "I said that you could never do anything seriously," I began penitently.

"Perhaps that was true. I did n't quarrel seriously," she said.

"No, but you made believe seriously," I answered, "for I would n't have burned my *Ode to Psyche* for nothing."

"Is that the one where the gray waves are lapping at the moon?" she laughed. "I hope you won't go home now and burn Blackstone."

Max Forrester Eastman

SONG OF THE TELEGRAPH-POLE

When the cold, white moon is frozen stiff,
And each star, like an icicle's point,
Hangs on the edge of a blue-black cliff,
You can hear the song—
The weird, sweet song
Of the Telegraph-Pole.

When the snow squeaks shrilly beneath your shoe,
And each frozen atom of air
Cuts your skin, like a needle, through,
You can hear the song,—
The wild, sad song,
Of the Telegraph-Pole.

A message of Love and a message of Hate,
And a Soul comes into the world,
Gone is a Life at the call of Fate—
Ah! This is the song,
The weird, sad song,
Of the Telegraph-Pole.

For he holds the strings of a mighty harp
And the Wind, with a phantom touch
Strikes the chords so keenly and sharp
That we hear a voice,
The World's vast voice,
In the song of the Telegraph-Pole.

George Mather Richards

ANOTHER CASE OF CIRCUMSTANCES

To William Edgars coming to college had proved an experience very different from his preconceived notion thereof. To begin with, his prospective room-mate had decided at the last minute to go to Amherst; therefore Billy had been compelled to begin his housekeeping alone, and that is not very jolly business if you live on the top story of West and are away from home for the first time in your life. Billy was sensitive and rather imaginative. In his first letter to his mother, he wrote: "The rude and boisterous ways of some of the fellows in this entry surprise me." He wondered what fun they could see in throwing coal-hods down stairs, or in douching one another with water from the window. He felt lonelier than ever before in his uneventful, home-centred life. He wished that he were back in Edgarton again at Dr. Peck's Private School for Youths. He even wished that he had decided to go to Amherst with his chum, —from which you can draw your own conclusions as to Billy's state of mind.

The one friend that he had found was a Junior, who lived across the hall. His name was Williston, and he wore a W. From the first he had interested himself in the welfare of the shy and homesick Freshman. On Monday he had shaken hands with Billy; on the next day he had advised him not to get stuck at Hi's and to be circumspect in his purchase of a stove; on Wednesday he had spent an hour helping him put down his carpet in such a way that it might not resemble a relief map of the continent. The Junior had

had first days himself only two years before, and he seemed to understand pretty well how Billy felt, for he often tapped him on the back and said:

"Cheer up, old man. Don't get so discouraged. Things'll look different to you as soon as the term really gets under way."

Billy Edgars, however, did not look forward with any pleasure. He felt sure that he could never get up on his feet and recite before a roomful of curious, unknown classmates. And then there were the Sophomores. He wondered what they would do to him. He had read with wide-stuck eyes reports of the Horrible Brutalities at West Point. Before leaving home this had been the one moderating element in his enthusiasm for college, but the remoteness of the occasion had enabled him to grit his teeth and to disregard it. As Wednesday evening drew near all his half-strangled visions came to life again, more frightsome than ever. He imagined tobasco sauce squirted down his throat by relentless hands; he imagined himself forced to hang out of the window by his fingernails. On his way to dinner that evening he passed two fellows who looked at him curiously, perhaps maliciously. They must be Sophomores, thought Billy. Doubtless they were out spotting their men. He had heard of such things.

At the dinner table he made a few wan-colored attempts at sociability with the man who sat next him.

"I suppose our good friends the Sophs will be out calling to-night," he ventured, with trite jocosity.

The other seemed to read something in his manner.

"Why, you're not afraid of them, are you?"

"Oh, no, of course not. I don't suppose they'll really hurt a man. Do you?"

"Not unless he's pretty fresh," replied his neighbor as he

left the table. "But you don't want to attract their attention, especially if you can help it."

Billy thought with horror of his recent experience. He was almost afraid to go back to his room, and when he did he slunk in like a shadow, seated himself in the dark, and wished he were at home. The evening passed as if the minutes were hours. About eight Billy courageously lighted his lamp and set himself to reading a copy of the Administrative Rules he had got that morning. They were stupid enough to antidote any case of over-excitement, but he could not fix his attention upon them. He was listening and waiting. West College seemed strangely still. In the next room he could hear occasional voices. Seniors lived in there; Billy did not know their names. Down below some one was thrumming a guitar. The music seemed very incongruous, and he wished it would stop.

Suddenly a growing din of voices arose outside and an instant later a great tramping of feet far below. Billy threw down the Administrative Rules with a guilty start. Then he sat still, awaiting his fate. Before the sound grew any nearer the door opened and Williston came in.

"Say, old man, if you don't care about getting hazed, come over into my shack. I guess they won't touch you there."

Billy did not stop to reason. He saw a chance of escape and he grabbed it as a drowning man grabs a piece of wreckage. Williston blew out the light and led him across the hall. The Junior's room-mate, who was unpacking, looked up with an odd smile as the Freshman was sent into the bedroom; but he said nothing.

Billy was not exactly happy and his heart was beating very loud and fast, but at any rate he was safe. In a few minutes there was a clattering of feet on the iron plates of the stairs and he heard his door burst in.

Somebody yelled out, "Wake up, Fresh! you're the man we want." And after a second of silence, "Say, fellows, there's nobody here. Where do you suppose the little suckers have gone to? Hullo! there isn't but one bird in this nest, anyway. That bedroom's all empty."

A confusion of voices followed; then some one said, "Awh! come on; if nobody's there, what's the use of chewin' the rag any more. There are other Freshmen we haven't seen yet." A little delay, then a descending clatter, and then the thumpings of many feet outside on the gravel.

After a moment or two Williston said, "Well, Freshie, I suppose you can wander back to your room now in safety. I guess they won't trouble you again to-night."

Billy quite outdid himself in gratitude, which the Junior appeared to take with some dry amusement. Then he returned to his room and went to bed in the dark.

The Sophomores seemed to forget that a Freshman roomed on the top floor of West, for they came up there only once again. That was in the winter. The crowd were up two flights before Williston heard them. He had a sort of fatherly affection for Billy, and he was ready to do him a good turn whenever he could. It was too late to ask him over, so he ran into the room, pushed the nervous little Freshman into the unused bedroom, and seated himself, hard bent, apparently, on Solid Geometry. The noise of feet and voices was loud in the hall.

"Who rooms in here?" asked some one.

"Must be a Freshman. There's no card on the door."

"Open it, then, and don't keep us waiting here all night."

The door swung back with a bang and a smart little Sophomore stepped in.

"Wait a minute, fellows," he called to those outside. "We'll have this man do us some hoochey-coochey in the

hall." Then he slapped the man at the desk on the shoulder. "Come, turn round and get out o' bed, Fresh. Do n't you know you ought to rise in the presence of your betters? Say——"

The sentence was not finished. Williston did turn round and said in a tone of voice which may or may not have been assumed, "What the devil do you Sophs mean talking like that to me! Just let me advise you to clear out o' here pretty darn quick if you know what 's good for you."

The Sophomore blurted out that he thought a Freshman roomed there, asked profusely for Mr. Williston's pardon, and disappeared. The floor was avoided by Sophomores for the rest of that year.

The Freshman felt a bit ashamed but very much relieved. He began before long to have more confidence in himself. He had some musical ability, and a place on the Glee Club gave him a little distinction in his class. Before long he began to find friends among the fellows. Soc and Morton ceased to fuss him as at first; in fact by Easter time he had made several straight flunks and did n't care at all—at least so he said. He wondered how he ever could have cared so much about his studies. Particularly when at his home in Edgarton he frequently and loudly expressed this new view of life.

His old friends at Dr. Peck's Private School for Youths now looked up to him as a being from another station and he always found an appreciative audience whenever he chose to lecture on "Our Stunts up at Williams."

"Tell us about getting hazed," said one. "Is it as bad as the papers say?"

"No, I should say not!" said William. "They never did any harm to me."

"But of course you did get hazed, though, did n't you?" pursued the youth.

"Humph! that's an intelligent question. What d'you suppose? Does n't every Freshman have to take his little pill?"

The answer was discouraging and the youth dropped the matter.

Before the summer was over, however, Billy had remembered several little incidents about being hazed. Everyone knew that he could have told more had he so wished, and out of his comparative truthfulness was created a veritable glamour-gift; Billy became a local great one.

It was something of a come down to return to college in the fall and to find that in that ever-varying composite he was after all only a small item; but there were mitigating circumstances: he was to live in Morgan, and his room-mate was one of the popular fellows of the class. It was as if Billy were entering another life. The first year with its exaggerations and mistakes was forgotten; everything promised well for the future.

"I suppose the push 'll be out again to-night," he remarked on the opening Thursday to his room-mate.

"Of course they will, and we ought to be thinking up some stunts for the Freshmen. You're coming 'round, are n't you?"

"Well, I 'm not very hot for that sort of thing; still a little hazing does n't do a man any harm and it may be just as well to have some fellows along to see that the thing is n't carried too far."

Billy went that night and the next one, too, and enjoyed it immensely. He decided that hazing was a good thing and ought to be kept up—within bounds, of course. He did not take an active part in the visits himself, but was content with throwing out an occasional witticism as he sprawled comfortably on a chair in the background.

One night the push were on the second floor of West. They had found four Freshmen having a game of whist in front of the stove.

"We 're in luck for once," said Billy's room-mate. "Here 's one man we have n't been able to get before. He rooms with his brother who 's a Senior and said brother does n't approve of hazing. So now I guess we 'll have a little song from Friend Fresh, just by way of introduction. Here, Billy, you teach him that song about the Peek-a-boo Clock and he can give it with the motions. Get up on the table there, my child, and you other Freshmen kneel on the floor in front and come in on the chorus. All ready, Billy."

Billy came forward and with great seriousness sang through a doggerel stanza or two.

"Now, my child," he continued, "when I count three I want you to begin. Start softly and swell up double forte towards the chorus. Now. One, two, three."

There was not a sound. The little Freshman was looking at him in dazed confusion. His knees were shaking a little and he shifted his weight nervously from side to side.

"Well, what 's the matter, Fresh? Why do n't you start off?" asked Billy.

"Tell him to use a strainer for that voice. This is too loud," suggested a waggish one.

"Sing it to him line by line, Billy," called out his room-mate. "It seems he 's not over-intelligent."

So Billy sang the first line and then the Freshman in a scared, shaky voice repeated it. A chorus of howls followed. The Freshman seemed to become more and more embarrassed and looked as if he should like to cry.

Just then the door opened a little way and a head was pushed in. "Hello! is my brother in here? Well, what the deuce is all this?"

It was Williston. Not yet taking in the full situation, he stepped into the room and glanced about. The Freshman on the table looked at him with the confident appeal of a little brother to a big one.

"Here, bubby," said Williston, with an authority that none could gainsay, "hop down off that table and come on to bed." Then turning to the Sophomores, with some sarcasm in his voice, "You fellows do n't seem able to perceive when a man needs hazing and when he does n't. I advise you to use more discrimination in the future."

For the first time his eye rested on William Edgars. Billy felt it piercing clear down into his heart like a keen steel. Then he felt the blood rush to his face as never before. He saw himself once again in the little bedroom, sitting on the unmade bed in the darkness, while his own room was being searched in vain.

Williston said not a word, but turned on his heel and went out.

Harry James Smith

TO THE SONG-SPARROW

O joyous little singing bird
  That ridest on yon greeny limb,
They tell me that without a soul
  Thou thrillest forth so deep a hymn;

When little wings shall beat the ground,
  When sweetest notes are torn in pain,
That then forever ends thy song;
  Thou 'lt never, never sing again.

But, Nature's little poet-builder,
  Thou singest still beside thy nest
Reaching for deeper, sweeter songs
  Unuttered in thy little breast.

Bruce Wallace Brotherston

Suggestions

HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW

A house was burning that night in the little town of Rayville. A shower coming up in the evening, lightning had struck a barn in the village, and quickly the barn and part of the house attached were in flames. The puffy little fire engine was placed by the river and the leaky hose, sending up little geysers at irregular intervals, was stretched along the street. The crowd lined up on the opposite sidewalk and discussed what the firemen ought to do. The firemen themselves and many volunteer helpers were busily engaged also discussing what one another ought to do, and watching the half dozen men holding the hose nozzle, which now sent a rush of water over the house, sprinkling the leaves in the garden behind, now poured out a puny stream of five or six feet. Presently the flames broke out on the back of the building and it became necessary to splice on a new piece of hose. At once an extra hubbub commenced:

"Spilers, spilers, who 's got any spilers?"

"Here quick with some spilers."

"Spilers here, to unscrew this hose."

"Here, here, who 's got some spilers?"

"Spilers, spilers, has n't any one got any spilers?"

"Every man ought to carry a pair of spilers."

"Here, quick with some spilers."

"What you want, some spilers?" asked a man, named Oliver, coming up.

"Yes, yes, quick with some spilers."

Oliver ran around the corner while the group about the hose kept up shouting: "Spilers, spilers, who 's got some spilers?" "Spilers, quick with those spilers."

"Hey, Mack, let 's have yer spilers," shouted Oliver.

"What you want, spilers?"

"Yes, quick."

"Here they are."

Oliver came running back to the men at the hose who were still busy calling: "Where are those spilers?" "Spilers, spilers, quick with some spilers."

"Here they are," yelled Oliver.

"What, got some spilers?"

"Yes."

"Spilers, spilers, let 's have the spilers."

"Here, quick."

"Here they are."

"Here, let me take 'em."

"No, I can do it."

"No, I can do it quicker."

"Here, let me have 'em."

Oliver unscrewed the hose and a new length was put on.

The insurance agent sent in a report the next morning, "Complete loss."

R. H.

THE HOME-COMING

The Sydney express was rushing at mule's pace through the thinly-settled interior of Cape Breton, bearing as usual a promiscuous load of natives and tourists. Near the forward end of one of the coaches two young women were seated together. Their dress was a model of what not to wear when traveling, its most striking features being grimy

white gloves and soiled collars of white silk. Long strands of hair stuck loosely from under their white hats. Over the brim of one hat white ostrich plumes waggled rakishly to and fro; about the crown of the other a confusion of roses, violets, and chrysanthemums—the names are complimentary—was artistically tumbled. Evidently they were servant girls from Boston returning for a home-visit. They talked loudly in nasal voices.

"Well, well," quoth the Ostrich, "did you ever see anything so funny as that little house over there. You would n't think there 'd be room to turn round in it."

"I should say not," laughed the Herbarium. "How d' you think a house like that would look on Boylston street? (*Unbounded mirth.*) And do look at that girl out there in the hayfield. Did you ever, ever, see such clothes in all your life?"

"I 'm sure I never did. Is n't she a scarecrow! And see how sunburned! Oh, Lord, you 'd think she was a nigger! (*Giggles.*) What would we think of her if we met her in Boston! I guess she could get a place in a museum all right."

The conversation continued in a similar strain for an hour or so longer. Then it became subdued and the girls began to get together their bags, bandboxes, parasols, and wraps.

The train stopped at a small, tumble-down station. Beside the platform stood a dilapidated horse harnessed to a rickety, two-wheeled truck. A bent, weather-beaten man in baggy homespun stood by the truck with the rope reins in his hands. On the platform was a woman holding a faded shawl over her head. Her face was brown, her eyes sunken and wistful. Her look was one of shy expectancy.

The train waited but a few seconds. When it started off again the two Bostonians had left it.

H. J. S.

AND WHAT IS LOVE?

And what is Love? A draught of living fire,
So sweet—so bitter—aye, so bitter-sweet
That none can taste its purest single strength;
A draught so deep that none have drained it dry,
Yet myriads of mortals drunk their fill.
'T is like the water of an healing spring,
Man comes and drinks—to turn with face awry,
But comes and drinks again—to love it more.
Aye, one more draught of Love—
  Come, pledge with me!

G. M. R.

Sanctum

It may not be in the best form, perhaps, to begin talking immediately about oneself, yet we fear that if we defer personalities until the last page of this department they will never be noted, and so here 's for a few words about the LIT, present and future. Ideals are fatuous things, but none the less noble. Our ideal for this year is a magazine in every way creditable to Williams and in all good things representative of it. The small company of the faithful, they who read the LIT from cover to cover, may notice an innovation or two in the current issue. We do not intend to depart from traditionary standards, unless it be by advance upon them. The few—if any—who were fond of our late lamented Chat—he the much be-piped and be-girled—may feel a pang at his demise; but we vouch for it that most of us were heartily tired of him and rejoiced at seeing him decently laid to rest last June.

The criticism has often been passed on the LIT—who among us is unable to criticise?—that it lacks any genuine college flavor, that it imitates the current magazines, that it has no local interest. This accusation is undeniably well grounded. The difficulty is in supplying the lack. This we hope in some measure to do, either by more stories, *per se*, "college stories," or by stories founded on local traditions, or, may-chance, by occasional entertaining and instructive articles on subjects of college history; so much for our hope.

What the result shall be we know not; but at all events one cannot discover without trying.

For the benefit of the new men it may be well to restate at this time the qualifications for eligibility to the LIT board. The elections take place in March, and to be eligible a man must have had accepted five articles, of which one must be prose and not more than two *suggestions*. Only Sophomores and Juniors are eligible; but work accepted from a man during his Freshman year counts at its full numerical value into the next year. For this reason it is very desirable that Freshmen should get in their hand at an early date. Consistency in past work must act decisively in the choice between candidates.

Next spring there are to be six vacancies on the board. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

Chat

Professor Stoddard has lately written a book concerning the development of the English novel. Commencing with the ancient Greek tales of adventure, he clearly traces the evolution of fiction through the Italian pastoral, the Spanish picaresque, and the Cycle romances, up to the complete type of the modern novel. Although of a comparatively recent birth, the novel, he maintains, has already gained a world-wide supremacy over other kinds of literature; for in spite of all the obstacles in its path, it has supplanted the romance and the epic; it has surpassed the drama, the essay, and lyric poetry; it is to-day, and will continue to be in the future, the chief form of social expression, both because of its various forms and because of its aptitude for dealing with the problems and the purposes of life.

All this will probably be granted by a fair-minded person, yet certain it is that in no field can be found more serious abuses than in that of novel-reading of to-day. Our parents, in their youth, had but few books to select from; but what they had were good, and as a result they often became pretty well acquainted with the characters of Dickens and of Thackeray. But at the present time, and notably in an up-to-date college, these authors live only in the minds of few, while such names as Fielding, Richardson, and Jane Austen are seldom, if ever, heard. Their places are filled by a host of lesser lights, whose names, now heralded far and wide, shall certainly not appear in time's Hall of Fame. The evil lies

not in the fact that Churchill, Ford, Mary Johnston, and the thousand others of our present day authors, write trash—for trash it is not—but that they satisfy the reader of average intelligence and appear to him to have reached the high-water mark of literary excellence.

It is this deterioration of taste that Chat must needs deplore. The culture element is not so genuine with us as it was in college a generation ago. As more trifling matters have consumed our attention there has been a positive loss of finer feeling and discrimination. Matthew Arnold believed that it was the fate of the majority "to die unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest." Ruskin voiced the sentiment when he wrote "will you go and gossip with your house-maid or your stable-boy when you may talk with queens and kings?" Chat would not be the first to deny that as far as reading is concerned the last quotation at least is applicable to ourselves. If one has not a taste for the best literature, one may gain it in a marvelously short time. If it is the modern that one demands,—Zola, Ibsen, D'Annunzio, and Tolstoi are really great. Yet even with these authors there lies a certain danger. Foreign life is not so easily understood as our own and the unnatural is often misleading. Some camel is reported to have said, "in the beginning there were three of us, I, the date-palm, and the pyramid." It is the date-palms and the pyramids of English fiction that realize the best purpose of the novel.

G. T. L.

The Sign of the Shears

Scribe found so little worthy of note in the prose articles of the June exchanges that he decided to note nothing. June is, as he realizes well from bitter experience, an unpropitious month for the story writers and the essayists, except, perhaps, those weighty-tongued essayists of the Commencement stage, many of whose productions fill up June issues to their customary bulk.

But if unpropitious for readable prose, the month proved otherwise for verse. There was an abundance of it, and in quality above the average. Scribe clips the following as among the best:

MY BOOKS

The dusk has gathered in the curtained room
  Where, clad in russet garments, proudly plain,
Their ordered rows show dimly through the gloom,
  A Midas-trove the rich might buy in vain.
The shadow'd air is dumb, yet all a-thrill
  With magic of old story,—and my feet
Pause like an alien's, doubtful, on the sill.
  I fear to desecrate that still retreat
Where hold communion mystic with their kind
  The glorious spirits from the dream-world fair,
Those flame and dew creations of the mind
  That wring the souls they rise from, phœnix-rare.
    But lo! a voice—"Who loves us, enter free!
    To such we owe our immortality."

Smith College Monthly

REMEMBRANCE

The blue flags nod beside the sluggish stream,
  And through the rustling reeds and past the trees
  The wind is wand'ring futilely. The bees,
Who yet so busy in their errands seem,
Have long ago forgotten what they deem
  Work to be done. And through the sleepy mist
  I see fair forms, by broken sunlight kissed,
On Lethe's bank, where they lie, still, and dream.

But since I keep the memory of Thine eyes,
  I have not joined with that oblivious throng,
  Nor have I found Thy face there, wand'ring long
In search of Thee. Why should I then disguise
  This hope which rises out of all my fears—
  That Thou, too, hold'st some thought of former years?

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WOOSTER SQUARE

The sunshine yet on Wooster Square
  Is bright as years and years ago;
The elms are taller, greener there;
  But Fashion's favor changeth so!
  The glooming Grecian portico,
The ancient, marred, much-trodden stair
  Forgets the days of long-ago,
Forgets the days of Wooster Square.

The old white church in Wooster Square
  Where godly people met and prayed—
Dear souls! they worship Mary there,
  Italian mother, man and maid
  In gaudy Southern scarfs arrayed;
The horrid candles smoulder where
  The godly people met and prayed.
Alas! the fall of Wooster Square!

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Before the war, in Wooster Square
  The carriages, they went and came;
The common folk used wait and stare,
  They bowed to Beauty and to Fame.
  And then it ceased to be the same;
The doors are tarnished all and bare
  Where shone each old Colonial name
Departed now from Wooster Square.

O Fashion, fled from Wooster Square
  And tripping fast up Prospect Hill
Where orioles flame through fragrant air,
  Where daisies light the roadside still,
  What was it changed your flighty will,
What fickle fancy made you care
  To take the way of Prospect Hill,
To leave the walks of Wooster Square?

Be done, be done with tiresome rhymes!
  I go with Fortune and the Fair,
I owe no love to bygone times—
  Peace to the shades of Wooster Square!

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Alone, upon the shores of Monterey,
  In the soft silence of a Western night,
I stand; before me spreads the even bay
  In all the grandeur of reposing might.
Far in the distance, past the slumbering town,
  The bold Pacific wanders ever on:
    Beyond the point I see the fearless Drake
Sweep proudly in and drop his anchor down.
  He stands where now I stand, and then has gone;
    Now fades his sail—Now sinks the star-strewn wake.

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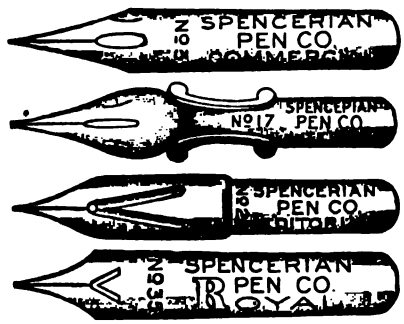

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ELEANORE DUSÈ, THE WOMAN AND THE ACTRESS

In spite of the fact that acting has advanced so tremendously within the last half century, its progress has not been wholly in the right direction. Its tendencies have been mercenary and therefore not always refining. It is certain that those in the profession to-day who appeal to the people's higher senses and at the same time meet success, are in the minority. Such a person must have something inborn in him, something almost hypnotic in his personality which makes people forget themselves, which lifts them above their surroundings and compels them to think and feel as he does. It is a rare gift and found only in the nature itself. No amount of training can give it.

Eleanor Dusè, the Italian actress, stands out to-day as the one who best exhibits this power. She has done much to uplift her profession and purge it of its false ideals; to keep its tendencies in the right direction, and by her own example to put more genuine art into acting. It may, perhaps, be

interesting to show in brief a little of the personality and some of the events by which she has attained to such an eminent position. Her life has been one which we should expect to have spoiled such a nature as hers, to have harshened it and taken away all its sweetness and individuality which to-day make her what she is.

Dusè was born in one of the smaller Italian towns whose inhabitants are most often of an idle, unambitious nature, who live and die with scarcely a glimpse of the outside world. Thus as a child she lived amid little more than poverty, helping in small ways to support the family while her father earned what he could as an actor. But she was weak and quite unable to do the work about the house, so that when only twelve years old she was sent upon the stage to earn her own living. Then follows a sad but most interesting story of suffering and hardship, of endurance and final success. For five years she wandered through the small towns of Italy, worn out and broken down with poor health, yet studying by day and acting by night. She was but a child thrown upon a world which knew little of tenderness or care. No hope came to her in her hardest moments and no rest, week in and week out, from a sort of drudgery which has broken many a strong man. Yet through it all she showed wonderful self-control. She was wise and hid her age. Never would she take the part of the child actress, invoking sympathy but not advancement.

A few years later by a chance of fortune she obtained a position in the old Florentine theater which is associated with the memory of other great actors and actresses. Here she had what before she had lacked—an intelligent, critical audience, and a good support.

Then it was that she began to be recognized. People felt the power of her personality. They saw how versatile was

her nature, how subtle her changes. In a short time the critics were vying with one another in praise of this newly discovered genius. Since then her career has been one succession of conquests. In Paris they condescended to compare her with their own Bernhardt. Wherever she went people appreciated her. They had not known such acting before. She held each audience under her sway. When she cried they cried, and when she laughed they laughed.

Her favorite plays are those whose scenes are laid in modern times. At one time she was fond of Shakespeare and again of the French and Italian classics, yet in the dramas of to-day she is at her best. In *Camille* more than anything else she has obtained her fame. This play of Dumas furnished her the best opportunities for the use of those little mannerisms and subtle changes which are so much a part of her acting. The great effects in *Camille* she obtains not by grandeur or climax, but by little things, a change of tone, a look, a movement of the hand; so that the audience think not of their surroundings, not of the fact that they are seeing a great actress. They are carried away by a view of real life, a real Camille who is suffering and they feel her pain. She is pleading for her happiness and they plead with her. And then when Armand's father is gone and she breaks down under the burden of her self-sacrifice, so marvelously has the actress carried the audience along under her sway, that as the curtain drops they sit with bowed heads and forget to applaud that supreme piece of acting.

One who has seen Dusè in the drama could not believe it possible that the same woman could enter into a comedy with success. Yet some who have seen her in the light Italian comedies say that in them she is at her best. To this fact Dusè largely owes her success. Her nature is so versatile and her imagination so wonderful that she is capable of mak-

ing live the most diverse and unlike characters. Also, her nature is subtle and shows it in the simplest ways. How easily she changes from a paroxysm of rage to the deepest pathos, from a laugh to a tear of pity! In the drama her greatest moments are those of intense quietness. Then it is that she best controls her audience and obtains those tre mendous effects by the sole means of her personality. And that is the true test of a great actress.

One might say that she is the greatest living actress of to-day, but she is so entirely original that comparison is difficult. Some think that she is inferior to Bernhardt and accuse her of attempting to copy the French actress. Of all criticisms that is the most unfair. Whatever Dusè is, she is individual. Bernhardt studies out each effect. She knows her art and understands how to create it. Dusè completely loses herself. She is more swayed by the feelings of the moment. It is a genius with her, a gift that needs no study. Bernhardt is a better portrayer of classical characters. Dusè is not able to feel naturally the feelings of other times. She can not carry herself back to them. She must take the part of those who live in her time amid the things that she knows and feels. One who was fortunate enough to see both of these great actresses play in *Camille*, said that when he saw Bernhardt he was conscious of the grandeur of it, of the superb effects in the acting, of how beautifully she spoke a foreign tongue, of the fact that he was listening to a great actress,—in truth, he was too conscious of specific details. But when a few weeks later he saw Dusè in the same play, he forgot her fame, he forgot who the woman was and only lived those scenes with her and felt the same joys and pains. He was unconscious of the fact that Dusè was speaking in a tongue of which he knew nothing, because he understood all from the quality of the tone, the expression of her eyes, her

smile, and the poise of her figure. The audience was under a spell, and when some less appreciative ones began to clap at this marvelous acting they were hissed by the others, who feared a breaking of the spell.

Of the woman we know little on account of her great hatred for publicity, and her scorn for the impertinence of those who are curious enough to inquire into her private life. She lives alone, except when she can be with her daughter, to whom she gives all her love and care, and whose company she sacrifices in order that the girl may be brought up in an entirely different atmosphere from that which she herself had as a child. Dusè is passionately fond of art and literature, and spends much of her time in enjoying them. Also she shows a great interest in trying to uplift the stage of to-day. In her mind to save the theater, the theater must be destroyed. The actors poison the air and make art impossible. She advocates a return to the old Grecian methods and says that the drama is dying "of boxes and evening dress, of people who come to digest their dinners." Her philosophy is a pessimistic one, and tends to make her morbid. When she is alone she is happiest. She once said that the greatest happiness was "to shut one's door upon a little room, and to create, to create life in that isolation from life." Yet it is not strange that her life is a sad one, or that her nature looks upon the gloomy side of things. From the beginning she has had more than her share of trouble and disappointment. Her marriage with D'Annunzio was an unfortunate and an uncongenial one. Her nerves are weak, and her health has always been a worry and pain to her.

In the face of Dusè one may read much of her history and nature. There is a softness about the features, a sadness about the expression. Her eyes are large and usually have a kindly look in them, yet there is a nervousness there, a look

almost of fear. Her mouth shows sadness too, but in it we may see the strength and determination by which she has become wonderful.

It would seem that Dusè is an actress through being the opposite of an actress. She lacks almost every external qualification for the stage. Her voice is only fairly melodious, and even a little harsh when raised. Her figure though slight and well formed does not give her an imposing presence and her complexion is dark and sickly. Yet in spite of these things, she is perhaps the greatest living actress. And why is it? Is it because of her truthfulness in acting, her simplicity, her power of pathos and passion; yes, it is because of all these, but most of all because of that subtle personality, that within her nature which is so natural, so true, that when you see it you forget yourself, and love, pity, or hate the woman, as she wills you to,—a gift which makes "strong men weep, and all to marvel at so strange a power."

Henry Hopkins, Jr.

TOBIAS STUBB; KNOW-IT-ALL

In a certain room on the second story of Morgan the air was heavy with tobacco smoke. A large lamp with a red shade sent out a warm glow through the gray cloud, and showed two fellows sprawling in different attitudes on a divan, and another lounging in a Morris chair. From a few special indications one might have surmised that the room was inhabited by Freshmen, for a Prep. school diploma, neatly framed, hung prominently over each desk and just above the picture moulding an endless row of similarly mounted photographs suggested the good old days of unsophistication. Most of us keep these relics in our bedrooms now, unless indeed they have not quite disappeared.

The man in the Morris chair seemed to be the chief talker. His name was Raymond Lewis, and he was chairman of the Freshman cane committee. That fact, however, was not yet known to the world at large.

"Well, fellows," he said in a somewhat guarded tone of voice quite suitable to the occasion, "as I understand the arrangements they are something like this. We've got to get the canes into town without expressing them, and if we succeed, they're to be exhibited in some store window on Spring street. The Sophs. have promised us that they will leave the canes alone if we get them in, and to return them after March 17 if they get hold of them. We've been lucky enough to get them safely to North Adams, but how the deuce are we to get them into town?"

"What do you think of this scheme that Ric and I were talking over this afternoon?" Hubbard Parker asked the

question. He was stretched out on the divan, with his pipe in his mouth. "Suppose we hire a rig of Billy and four of us go to Ad. some night, and leave the rig at Sam Thornton's stable while we go to the show. You know Sam's all right and we can depend upon him. While we 're at the show Sam can fasten the canes in a row under the bottom of the carriage, and when the show is over we fellows can bring them back, and at the first opportunity Billy can carry them to the store where they 're to be exhibited."

"By Jove, that sounds mighty good," Ray exclaimed, "the question is will it work, and besides there are only three of us."

"There 's old Know-it-all Toby Stubb. What do you think of him? He's always getting mixed up in things, but I think he 's got the right stuff in him, and besides he 'd like to get on the committee mighty well," Hub said.

"For heaven's sake, get a Soph. and be done with it. Toby would be about as much good," Ray cried.

"He does n't know enough to come in out of the rain. He 'd be more harm than good," added Ric.

A warm discussion followed which resulted in the final choice of Frank Strong, a man who had already made a name in his class.

"The scheme's a risky one," said Ric as the meeting broke up, "but I guess it's the only thing we can do. We 've simply got to carry it through."

A week later the four Freshmen were in the theater in Ad. The play was a good one, but it failed to interest the conspirators for they knew that the hardest part of their work was still to be done. What did interest them was the sight of a little group of Sophomores sitting near them, some of whom they had already suspected of being on the Sophomore committee.

"There's that muddler Toby with the Sophs.," Hub said. "I guess it's lucky we didn't take him."

At the close of the play the Freshmen went around to Sam's to get their rig. Four Sophs were there ahead of them.

"Don't look under the carriage or do anything to give us away," Ray whispered to his companions.

"Confound those Sophs.," continued Frank, "they will probably follow us home."

"Hello, Freshies," cried one of the Sophs., "what are you up to?"

"Probably the same thing as you," answered Ric; "we're bound for home."

"Well, we'll keep you company and see that you get there all right," was the reply. As the Freshmen drove out first they met Toby at the entrance of the stable. He refused their offer to take him home, and said that he guessed he'd go over on the car.

"It's all right, fellows," Ric whispered exultingly to his companions. "Sam told me when he handed me the reins that the canes are fastened on."

"That's a relief, but all the same I'll not feel safe till I see them in the window," Hub retorted somewhat uneasily.

"Oh, we're safe enough," said Ric, confidently. "The only danger that we're in is that the Sophs. will find the canes when we get to town."

The rest of the drive was passed in silence, for each one was deep in his own thoughts, confident of success yet fearful of it. What if the canes should become loose and rattle or drop off? What if—well, they could think of a thousand things that might happen to upset their plans.

"Drive into the stable as much ahead of the Sophs. as you can, Ric," said Hub. "I'm going to jump out and see for sure if the canes are there."

"Hold on there, Freshies," the Sophs. yelled as Ric whipped up the horses. It was evidently impossible to shake their unwelcome followers, so they slowed down and the two teams drove into Billy's together.

"I guess we may as well take the canes now," one of the Sophs. said confidently as several fellows came out of the shadow of the barn.

"Do what?" asked Ric with assumed indifference, though he felt his heart rise in his throat.

"Oh, you may as well give up," was the answer. "We know you have the canes about the carriage somewhere." And with that they surrounded the rig. The Freshmen were completely outnumbered, so that the Sophomores soon got possession of the carriage. But it was only to find that the canes were not in it.

"Look underneath," somebody suggested. "Perhaps they might have been clever enough to put them there." Then the Freshmen knew that their last hope was gone. A lantern was held under the wagon and—the canes were not there.

"I guess we're outwitted," a Soph. said in disgust. "Let's get out of here." In a moment the yard was deserted except for the Freshmen, who stood looking at each other in blank amazement. There was no use in discussing the matter, for it was impossible to conjecture what had become of the canes.

"Let's go to bed," Ric advised in a disheartened tone of voice. "One of us can go over to Ad. to-morrow and see if Sam knows what the trouble is."

* * * *

"Wake up, I say, Ric, wake up." Ric slowly opened his eyes and saw Hub standing over him smiling happily.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"Everything's all right," Hub answered joyfully. "The canes are in the window."

"Now look here," Ric cried angrily, "it was rubbed in hard enough last night without waking a fellow up in this way to joke about it."

"I 'm not joking. I tell you the canes are in the window."

"We did n't bring them in, did we? Do you suppose I believe they walked in?" Ric continued still more angrily.

"Hang it, man, will you get up and come and look for yourself? I woke up this morning thinking about the matter and I thought I 'd go over and see if Billy knew anything about it. When I got down the street there were the canes in the window, and I chased back to tell you."

Convinced at last that there must be some truth in the matter, Ric got up and the two went down the street, and sure enough there were the canes in a row in the window. Then they went over to the stable and finding Billy asked him where he got the canes. He laughed at them in a knowing way a little, before he said:

"Well, you chaps are lucky. You could n't bring in the canes, but the Sophs. that came in with you did."

"What do you mean?" they inquired.

"After all you fellows left last night that man Stubb whom you chaps make so much fun of came in and asked me if I 'd found the canes. I told him no, and he said, 'Look under the bottom of the Sophs.' rig and you 'll find them. I found out in Ad. to-night that the Sophs. knew that the Freshmen were going to bring over the canes, so as the two carriages were just alike, I got Sam to change them. There was n't time to tell the committee, so I did it myself.' I looked under the Sophs'. rig, and sure enough, there were the canes. When everything was quiet I carried them over to the store."

It is needless to say that after that Tobias Stubb was no longer known as Know-it-all.

William Henry Stanley

A BRETON CALVAIRE

Upon a gray hill over there,
  Not high above the misty sea
  That breaks and sobs unceasingly,
There stands an old and frail calvaire,
  Upraising like an unvoiced cry
  Its great black arms against the sky.

A sad and lifeless land it is
  With tangled brush half overgrown,
  A waste of marsh and heath and stone,
A land between eternities,
  For e'er above it looms the sky
  And there below the waves break high.

For storm-beat years the cross has stood;
  It slants before the winter gale,
  And now the Christ is marred and pale;
The rain has washed away the blood
  That ran once on its brow and side,
  And in its feet the seams are wide.

But when the boats put out to sea
  At earliest dawn before the day,
  The fishermen they turn and pray,
Their eyes upon the Calvary,
  "O Fils de Dieu, O Jésus-Christ,
  We trust our little boats to Thee."

And when the storm blows hard and shrill,
  Then toil-bent women worn with fear
  Pray for the lives they hold so dear
And seek the cross upon the hill.
  "Oh, gardez-eux, mon Jésus-Christ,"
  They cry for them upon the sea.

And when the dead are carried by
  Across that lonely, lifeless land—
  Dead that were thrown up on the strand
By cruel waves beneath the sky—
  They stop beneath the old calvaire,
  They cross themselves and say a prayer.

O Christ who died on Calvary,
  They know not whom they worship there,
  But Thou dost hear and Thou dost care,
For Thou art Love and sympathy,
  And Thou hast pity large and free
  For all who raise their eyes to Thee.

Harry James Smith

IN THE WILDERNESS—THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE

Everybody knows the story of those three fearful days of slaughter in the Wilderness. It was there that I received my baptism of the fire and smoke and bloodshed of war. So vivid is the remembrance and so deeply rooted the horror of those days and the carnage which everywhere surrounded me, that even to-day my sleep is often disturbed by lively visions of that awful experience.

I was a private in the 125th Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers, and I remember well how eagerly I looked forward to giving my first blow of vengeance against the hated rebels.

We were drawn up by the roadside and waited impatiently while column after column marched past us to the front. At last our turn came and we too filed into marching order and advanced into the woods. All the morning the cannon had been booming in the distance, and now we could distinguish the rattle of infantry growing steadily nearer and louder. Soon the deafening detonations and the sharp, continuous explosions seemed to come bewilderingly from all sides, and the pungent smell of burning powder offended our senses.

After a while we turned aside from the rough woodland road, and extending our line, ascended a steep, brush-covered hill. When we reached its summit we came face to face with all the horrors of the battle-field. Before us the ground was strewn with slain and dying, lying or sitting in all sorts of

twisted positions, while scores of wounded men, their faces all distorted with pain, crept toward us and past us, making their way as best they could to the rear. For a moment, through the clouds of smoke and far below us we could distinguish a line of brush which seemed to be bristling with flaming, spitting, crackling muskets. But it was only for a moment, for the smoke, through which hissed an angry swarm of death-bearing bullets, closed in between; and besides, the very sound of *these* (apparently all of them passed dangerously close to my head) was enough to make me duck and turn aside. As man after man began to drop with a groan, or curse, or piercing shriek, around me, I was suddenly seized with a terrible nausea and horror, and looked tremblingly around for a place of cover.

Then came the quick word of command, "Charge!" I had no time to think what I was doing but with an impulse of careless fury plunged forward with the rest, yelling at the top of my lungs. Without any show of order, like a band of frantic savages we ran at the distant smoke, and it seemed a very long way before we at last reached it and were running in it breathless and choking; the run through it seemed even longer and then at last there was no more smoke, but still we kept running on and on. When finally we came to the line of bushes we stopped and began to wonder what had become of our foes. We had not fired a shot, yet they were gone—vanished. Clearly, we ought to keep on and find them if we were going to have our vengeance. But then it was too hot and we were out of breath, so we sat down and mopped our faces. At this the major and captain began to swear at us, but we did not mind, though it did seem foolish to want to make us run any more when the enemy had already been routed, and we were so hot.

Then somebody cried out that they were coming back, and,

sure enough, far ahead between the trees we saw to our surprise and disgust a number of scattered figures bobbing up and down, leaping over logs and brush and running toward us, yelling just as we had done. I remember that their audacity in returning after we had fairly driven them from the place made me mad; and it made the major mad, for he cursed and swore more fiercely than ever. They advanced so much like partridges in a thicket that I was suddenly recalled to the fact that I was a good shot and ought to take advantage of the chance for a little fine sport. Mechanically, I raised my gun and fired at the one in front. He fell all in a heap, scattering a great cloud of leaves and dust like a partridge—for all the world like a partridge. Then, squatting down I tried to see how many partridges I could kill before they got to us. It seemed as though I had killed a great many; and presently there were no more.

Suddenly on our right a crashing volley of musketry fire broke the silence and hot bullets whistled about our ears and the men began to drop frequently here and there. While we had been occupied in front the enemy had taken advantage of the opportunity to occupy a bald hill on our flank and were now pouring a deadly fire down upon us, from which there was no shelter. What was more, we were cut off from our reserves and from retreat.

I lay down behind a stump and now and then, when I caught a glimpse of a figure on the hill, I fired. Once I saw a man on horseback ride back toward the woods. I stood up in my eagerness to get a shot at him, fired just before he reached cover, and saw him reel and fall from his saddle. When he fell his left foot caught in the stirrup and his terrified horse, galloping on, dragged the limp body on the ground and knocked it roughly with many a dull thud against trees and boulders.

Then as I was watching this hideous spectacle, I suddenly felt a sharp pain in my side—a tearing, grinding, sizzling pain—the trees and hill and the mangled horseman whirled about in a dizzy circle, and I sank heavily to the ground unconscious.

Lewis Sturtevant Woodruff

THE VIOLINISTE

Once when you played to me alone
Upon your soul's interpreter,—
Your violin,
With rich and soft melodious tone
You told of love. I do aver
It was no sin
For me to think the love you told
Was meant for me. How could I know
You played to some
Vague spirit of your art? You hold
All mortal men so far below,
We seem but dumb.

Ralph Child Erskine

A WILLIAMS INSTITUTION

One of the institutions of Williams which has a long history, familiar to few, is the Adelphic Union, or combination of the two literary societies. Within two years of the chartering of the college in 1793 this Union had come into existence, and was in fact the first recorded object of student interest outside the curriculum. Its membership then consisted of all the students of the college, and some of those in the upper classes of the Academy connected with it. The Union had a little library of about a hundred volumes which it kept in what is now 32 West College. Its meetings were held in a room on the same floor, but on the front side of the building at the end next to Main street. In 1796 the organization became so large that it could not be accommodated in one room, and it was divided into the Philologian and Philotechnian Societies. When East College was built—not the East College which we know, but the one burned in 1841—the societies held their meetings in the senior and junior recitation rooms of that building. The fire not only deprived them temporarily of their meeting place, but also destroyed most of the appointments of their rooms and injured their libraries. After the present South College was built, the societies moved into the halls which they now occupy on the top floor of that building.

But the history of a literary organization consists not in an account of its meeting places, but of its members and their doings. It is a curious record, those old roll and minute

books. On the membership lists are the names of men well known in the affairs of the country. Congressmen, supreme court justices, governors, presidents of railroads, officers in the Civil War, editors, educators, all have in these societies given vent to their youthful eloquence, or exercised their untrained powers of persuasion. Bryant, Garfield, Mark Hopkins, Senator Ingalls, Armstrong of Hampton, and David A. Wells were among the number, while the names of Dr. Carter, Hamilton W. Mabie, Horace E. Scudder, and Washington Gladden are found in the more recent lists of members.

The records of the societies are fairly complete, and some of them go back as far as 1796. True, some of the "tomes," as they were called, are missing, due probably to the burning of the rooms in East College, and parts of others have been removed by accidents. One irate secretary recorded that "some hellish depredator has torn out a leaf here," and intimated that some disappointed candidate had done the deed to deprive future generations of the names of the annual public "exhibitors" of the society, and to rob the favored men of the immortal glory of such record. Carelessness probably more often than spite has taken from the world most of these lost records.

To the Gentiles of the college world, the societies were chiefly known by their public "exhibitions" and perhaps also by their badges. These functions came at Commencement, and from all that can be learned, it was an honor eagerly coveted to be elected to them. Sometimes outside speakers were secured, and many men of note have visited the college at the invitation of the Adelphic Union, among them Emerson, Edward Everett, Beecher, Wendell Phillips, and George William Curtis. Besides these public "Exhibitions" the members used badges to advertise their respective societies. The 'Technians at one period wore a gold spangle on a back-

ground of pink ribbon, while in earlier days simple bits of blue and white distinguished the rival organizations.

In the inner conduct of the meetings many customs obtained which seem strange to us. An officer called the "Reader" was frequently mentioned, and it seems that it was his duty to read to the society all contributions which had been placed by the members in a box reserved for the purpose. These contributors appear to have been anonymous, and to have served the members as a means of calling attention to one another's peculiarities and shortcomings. In time so much license was used, that a rule had to be passed, "that any member of the Society may by his veto, stop the reading of any piece by the Reader, who can complain that his feelings are injured by personalities, or shocked by the immodesty or immorality of the piece." One sometimes wonders if our forefathers were so much more thoughtful, than the college man of the present. In one society, at least, the position of "Reader" was replaced about 1850 by an editor who read a paper at each meeting. Of the nature of this paper, no hints have been obtained, but perhaps to some extent it took the place of the Reader's pungent criticisms.

Now and then in these dusty volumes of minutes we have a hint of the relations of students to one another and to the people in town. The rivalry between the two societies was once very spirited, and we find occasional allusions to "our friends downstairs." So intense did it at last become, that a committee from each society had to be appointed to try by conference to heal the breach. In the first half of last century, or even later, the college and town seem to have been less distinct than now. Here and there we find notes which point to this fact. One society passed a vote of thanks to the people of the Methodist church, for the loan of their chandelier for a public exhibition, and again the ladies of the town

were thanked for helping furnish the rooms. Local belles evidently claimed the attention of some, and excited the jealous gibes of others, for we find a rule dated 1839, that "No piece shall be read by the Reader of the Society containing any allusion to any lady in town." One of the questions discussed in the latter part of the eighteenth century was whether the college should take part in building a walk to the town-meeting house. In those days Williamstown was apparently looked upon by the men in college more as a home and less as a temporary abiding place.

Some of the rules and motions noted in the curt language of the annals are suggestive. No stamping of feet was allowed as a mark of approval. Tipping chairs against the wall, resting heads against the paper, or spitting on the carpet were also tabooed. A fine of fifteen cents was imposed for leaving the room without permission of the president. During the period when phrenological lectures were so much in vogue, one which was given at Williamstown broke up the proceedings for one evening, for we find the following motion, "Voted, that in consideration of the day of Fasting and Prayer which his Excellency Governor Everett has seen fit to appoint to be observed on the morrow, but more particularly on account of a Phrenological lecture to be delivered this evening, the Society adjourned." So was the quiet life of our Berkshire valley stirred by the scientific spirit.

Many of the topics of discussion are interesting, and reflect the temper of the times. In 1796 the question of whether novel reading is beneficial was debated and decided in the negative. An institution known as the Sophomore Dispute brought out many questions which show that the Sophomoric spirit of the '40's and '50's was not much unlike that of to-day. One such dispute on the question, "Which requires the most skill in cultivation, Onions or

Whiskers?" was won by the Sophomore supporting the onions. The Phrenological lecture already referred to elicited a dispute on the resolution "That Phrenological Development rather than the merit roll should be the basis of appointment for Commencement speakers," and as the minutes read the decision was "in favor of the Big Heads." In 1879 or thereabouts, when Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore" was running for seven hundred nights in London, we find record of a dispute on the "influence of P-n-f-r-," and in the margin the Secretary, who has since become the editor of one of our leading magazines, inserted the following: "Note to future generations. This was something committed by Gilbert & Sullivan who will have to answer for it at the Judgment Day." These questions, of course, were not the usual ones. Generally matters of current interest were chosen, and not a little light could be thrown by them on the history of our country.

Not the least interesting feature of the societies is their libraries. These were once the most important item in the annual expenditure, and the use of them one of the chief privileges of membership. The oldest volumes are valuable curiosities. There are many heavy works on history, philosophy, and literature, and also a goodly sprinkling of fiction once popular. In this last could be found a commentary worthy of the attention of some of our knights of the hundredth thousand. There are books of which the modern reader never heard which bear visible testimony of great popularity in worn leaves and broken bindings. "The Fool of Quality," "The Citizen of the World," once beguiled the long evening hours of the former Williams man by his fireplace or box-stove, yet who now but perhaps a diligent student of fiction knows even the names of their authors? The controversial disposition of some of the members is

attested by the comment scribbled along some of the margins. A "Life of Tom Paine" seems to have aroused the anger of some youthful theologian, and we find such phrases as "Fool," "What do you mean?" "How can you prove it?" scattered along the pages. Such bits of evidence will be of value to him who shall tell the story not of Williams college, but of Williams life.

Once the Adelphic Union played a far more important part in Williams life than now. This was because there was then comparatively little else to occupy the student's attention, and because intercollegiate debating had not then transferred the field for argumentative effort. Although there are probably many men in college who never heard of the Adelphic Union, and although the rivalry between its constituent societies is now but nominal, yet the thing for which the Union has stood since its foundation, namely, training in thought and expression, will always occupy not a few in Williams.

Rowland Haynes

AMANG THE HAWS

Amang the haws o' yonder dell,
  The birdies sing sae merrily
Where aft beside the wanton rill
  We 've chatted aye sae cheerily.
The gay wee sangsters didna flee,
  Nor flit an' pipe wi' spleen,
They coudna hae a fear o' me
  When I was wi' my Jean.

Amang the shades o' yonder wood,
  The wee mayfleurs peep warily,
Where aft within the green we 've stood,
  An' her sweet voice rang merrily.
Each foxglove seemed to lift its head,
  That they maun a' be seen,
They didna fear m' stranger tread
  When I was wi' my Jean.

Bruce Wallace Brotherston

THE ELDERLY GIRL

The Elderly Girl Who Had Never Had a Proposal and yet was very attractive to the men finished her toilet by placing a red rose in her crowning glory—her raven black hair. As she looked in the glass she let just the suspicion of a sigh escape her lips, then dismissed the maid and came slowly down the stairs.

That afternoon she had received a note from The Kid saying that he would spend the evening with her on his way to New Haven where his college played Yale football. It was now a little after eight—it had struck as she was dressing—and as yet no signs of The Kid. The Elderly Girl felt impatient at this, because she had hoped to keep *him* waiting. She had known The Kid ever since he had worn kilts, and she had been his guardian angel then. Now he was a senior, and she, well, she was a very old guardian angel. She was very beautiful and accomplished, but there was a distinct coldness about her which prevented the appearance of any suitor. All her impulsivenes, all her naïveness, she lavished on The Kid—she always had.

Suddenly a loud peal of the bell startled her from her reverie, and the next moment The Kid rushed into the room. The Elderly Girl rose rather quickly from her chair, and stretched forth a bare arm, beautifully moulded, to The Kid. He seized it eagerly, and started to draw The Elderly Girl close to him. She put her free hand to her lips, however, and motioned with her head to the adjoining room. The Kid, somewhat abashed, released her hand, and they sat down. There was silence for a few moments and then The Kid said slowly, in a low voice:

"So this is the way you treat me when I have n't seen you for two months!"

The Elderly Girl flashed a glance full of yearning, of hope, of fire, at him, and then replied, lightly:

"Why, you big kid, you, we can't be demonstrative any more. Just think, you 're almost a man!"

"And because I 'm almost a man must I give up the one pleasure of my life? Must I be formal with you—you, who are everything to me? No, Katherin, you do n't mean that."

The Elderly Girl was having an awful struggle to control herself. Finally she conquered her emotions, and walked to the piano where she seated herself and began to play one of Chopin's nocturnes. The Kid rose and came over to her. His arms crept over her shoulders, his cheek touched hers. She still continued to play, softly, almost involuntarily.

"Have you forgotten that you have always been good to me?" he whispered. "My God, is it some one else?"

She stopped playing, and gazed up at him. "Some one else," she repeated, mechanically, "why, you big goose, of course not. I 'm your auntie—you 've always called me that, you know. You must n't talk of anything else. Sit down by the fire and let me play to you—you are excited."

He turned away, and as he did so he noticed the red rose. "At least let me have this," and he took it from her hair.

He threw himself into a chair in front of the blazing fire, and while she played—passionately, with great chromatics—he unconsciously tore the rose to bits. As she finished, he arose and threw the petals into the fire. He came close to the girl, and said: "Katherin, I love you as I can no other woman. What matters it that you are a trifle older than I? I 'm graduated this year, in two years more, why—"

Twin tears welled up in the girl's eyes, but she said with a

forced laugh: "In two months you would be sick and tired of me. Let us be friends. That 's all." The Kid turned slowly, without a word, left the room, and went out into the night.

Five minutes later the bell rang again.

"Mr. Morris is in the parlor, Miss Katherin. Are you in?" and the maid started down the stairs without waiting for the answer. Mr. Morris had become the one regular caller at the house, and as yet "Miss Katherin would be right down" every time. The Elderly Girl did not want to see this man, five years her senior. She had confessed to herself that he interested her, but to-night she wanted to be alone. She overcame her wishes, however, and soon Mr. Morris gazed upon The One Woman.

* * * * *

Ten months later, and The Elderly Girl was at Newport. The maid had just brought in her mail. There was a letter in The Kid's handwriting. She opened it, and read:

"DEAR KATHERIN:

"You were right, as you always are. I guess we were n't mates after all, and I thank you for keeping me off. But, Katherin, I have the sweetest, dearest little girl, and last night she accepted me. I tell you among the first, for I know you will be glad to hear of The Kid's good luck. God bless you, and grant that you may be as happy as I am now.

"As ever, your true KID."

The girl calmly surveyed the note for a moment, then quietly turned and rang the bell, and when the maid came in answer, said: "Félice, tell Mr. Morris that I'm feeling indisposed, and cannot see him, when he calls."

And The Elderly Girl Who Was About to Have a Proposal smiled a wee bit, as she threw herself on the divan.

Hayden Talbot

TOY LAND

For the wind, and the rain, and the heart of a boy,
For a kite to fly, and a ship, a toy,
    I would give you it all for these.
I gazed abroad to the grown man's sphere,
I gave all for it, I paid too dear—
'Tis the same toy-land with no childhood here,
    And the play gales batter and tease.

But the winds of life would fly my kite,
The swifter their current, the higher its flight,
    Had I only the heart of a boy.
'T were the same old sport by the brooklet side;
With heavier torrents, the deeper its tide,
The surer my boat in its wave would confide
    From the heart of a springing joy.

Bruce Wallace Brotherston

Suggestions

AUTUMN GALES

When autumn gales blow high
With one dry leaf a-flutter,
Then all the thoughts that will not come,
Then all the feelings that are dumb,
I would that I could utter.

B. W. B.

THE FIRST RUSH

As the clock strikes the half hour at one end of the dimly-lit campus are rapidly congregating a group of hatless and sweater-clad men. At the opposite end of the campus an observer might notice another crowd gathering. The air resounds with lusty calls—"Noughty-four, this way," "This way, Noughty-five." There are a few minutes of delay and of talk, and then the "Noughty-four" crowd resolves itself into a solid phalanx, five across and twenty deep, and at the signal, "All right, fellows, go ahead," with hands upon shoulder, the whole column starts off up the campus in the rhythmic swing of the lock-step.

After a short march, the leaders call a halt, and select a position some distance from that of the opposing forces.

There is a general tightening of grasps; a deepening of firm determination to make every muscle do its work. Up and down the lines pass busy marshals strengthening and organ-

izing with a quiet "Keep together, fellows," "Get them low," "Don't lose your formation." A feeling of suspense arises which becomes almost unendurable.

Then after an "All ready?" "Yes," the forces sweep slowly towards each other, their respective members strengthening their hearts with shouts of "Rush 'em," "Keep your formation," and other expressions of pithy encouragement. The intervening space narrows; the slow, steady advance increases into a slight run, and then—the stunning, heavy crash as the two forces meet, a mighty wave of bodies surging high up between them; the recoil, the recovery, the impelling push from behind; the groaning, shouting, straining line; the tendency to circle; the confused sense of the whole; then a misstep, a body tossed up and next a feeling of a head wedged in between dangerously active feet; a hideous rumbling roar above, the seemingly interminable time, a tendency first to kick and struggle, then to lie still; a faint, far away sounding shout, "Break it up! Man down!" the slow but sure loosening of the great pressure; the lift of an helping arm, then, "Noughty four this way," "This way Noughty-five," and the scattered men running back to their respective crowds.

The first rush of the college year has just ended.

J. R. P.

THE WIND

Through the pine trees came the wind,
  Deep in its breast men's sadness it bore:
Through the orchard came the wind,
  Joy it sang, for its sorrows were o'er.

W. P.

A SCANDAL ON BROADWAY

The car lurched forward and resumed its monotonous hum. It crawled along up Broadway, block by block, through that wide lane of electric lights. The balmy summer breezes swept through the open car and cooled the crowds on the sidewalks. Occasionally the sharp clang of the bell would hurry well-dressed men and stylish-looking women off the track or send its warning note out to crossing hansoms and automobiles.

At Thirty-third street two women entered. One of them was small, with a sweet, scared face and an unmistakable air of not being used to the city. Her companion was her opposite in every way. She had a stout figure with a florid complexion, and a face which resembled a Krupp gun loaded with all the scandal of "our church," and almost praying to be shot off. On one side of her gown was pinned the emblem of the "Society for Supplying the Africans with Something or Other."

"Well, Mandy," she began in a harsh, strident, patronizing tone which penetrated to every part of the car, "it does seem real good to see you again. I guess this seems a little different to you from Edes Falls, don't it? I guess I'll have to point out the sights to you. That there's the Metropolitan—why, I do declare, look at this, will you, Mandy? Right two seats in front of us. I never saw such an outrage in my life. What? Why, don't you see that street-cleaner—a common street-cleaner—in his white uniform, sitting there as big as you please? And, mercy! I do believe there's a young girl with him. Yes, there is. But she seems quite pretty and ladylike. What can she be doing with one of those dirty 'white wings'? And there, they are talking together quite friendly,—oh, she's laughing at

his remarks. I never saw such an occurrence before. It ought to be stopped. Just think, a common 'white wings' gallivanting about with respectable young ladies! I'll complain, that's what I'll do. But I wonder what place to go to."

"Criterion Theater!" called the conductor, and, as the so-called "white wings" helped the young lady down, he turned and said with dignity:

"The place to go is the United States Naval Bureau in Washington, madam. Perhaps if you just dropped an advising word or two, our summer uniforms would be changed to suit your taste. Good evening, madam."

R. R.

FROM HEINE

In the north a pine-tree grows
Alone on a cold, gray height.
It sleeps; the ice and the snow
Have made it a blanket of white.
It dreams of a queenly palm
That far in the dawn-land is yearning,
For it grows alone, and so hot
Where the fierce noon sun is burning.

M. F. E.

Sanctum

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

We are glad to have as a frontispiece this month a portrait of Mr. Mabie, associate editor of the *Outlook*. Mr. Mabie needs no introduction to most Williams men. Those of us who have come to know him in his books of essays—charming and suggestive, all of them—or who have wandered with him among the scenes and people of the Shakespeare-land feel ourselves already personal friends. It is a great pleasure for us to hear directly of Mr. Mabie's loyalty to his college, for he writes, "Nothing is more grateful to me than any expression of interest at Williams." There are few alumni of whom we more proudly say, "He is a Williams man."

LIT. PRIZE COMPETITION.

The LIT. Board announces two prizes,—a first prize of fifteen dollars and a second prize of ten dollars to be awarded as follows: *The first prize shall be awarded to the man who between November 20 and the date of the March meeting of the Board shall have had the largest number of contributions accepted. The second prize shall be awarded to the man who shall have had the second largest number accepted.* These prizes are given on a numerical basis, because, on the whole, no other seems so practicable. Let it be said, however, that the acceptance or rejection of articles must depend in some measure upon the amount of material of the same general class submitted to the Board,—

which is the same thing as saying that good stories are rarer than good essays and thus run a better chance of acceptance, and that, *ceteris paribus*, rhymed verse *goes* better than blank verse, and verse that shows some originality, better than sonnets about sunset. We do not wish to be in the least dictatorial, however, and only throw out these hints gratuitously and by way of suggestion.

It may be timely on this occasion to repeat some of our former words in regard to the basis of election to the Board. At present it seems likely that more than enough men will qualify numerically. Among these men the choice must be made on three considerations, *numerical excess*, *consistency* of work, and *quality*. Let him—if there be any—who thinketh himself sure of an election take diligent heed to these words.

THE EXCHANGES.

We feel sure that many men would be interested in looking over our exchanges. For the past year or two these have not been generally accessible and have frequently been sought in vain. Accordingly in the fulness of time it has been decided to have them placed on the round table in the press room. Here you shall find the literary representatives of most of the colleges of the East and of a number from beyond the river. Yale, Columbia, Wesleyan, and the others, and, if you prefer, Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, and Holyoke, may here speak for themselves in a way unfamiliar to many of us; and we know that such glimpses as we may get of ways of life and points of view other than our own cannot but be interesting and worth while. We counsel you to step in some day and to take a look at the LIT. exchanges.

like this is teeming with ideas—you can't escape them. If you are deaf and dumb and blind, they soak through your pores. No mental crassness can withstand the siege. The fault is in the use and not the acquisition of ideas. We act like a lot of small boys playing marbles in the dust under the walls of Wonderland. Twenty or thirty genii every day haul them up by a rope—and desperate hard hauling too—over the high walls, and let them down into Wonderland where they run about for hours and fill their pockets with Aladdin's apples. Then they slide down the rope into the dust and begin playing marbles again as if they had only run into the grocery at the corner."

"You have stated the malady," said I, "what do you propose for a cure? Would you station a constable at the rope and make the boys show up the fruit before they played marbles again?"

"The cure," replied the Reformer, ignoring my levity, "is a little of that spirit of the seventeenth century in France which made of intellectual intercourse one of the necessities of existence. It was talk, sir, such as was heard in the *Hôtel de Rambouillet* and the *salons* of Mme. Sablé and de la Fayette—it was such talk, I say, that was responsible for the almost unparalleled intellectual alertness of their social life. It is because the French learned centuries ago to talk that the French style is the model to-day of the lucid, elegant, and trenchant. It is because we have not yet learned to talk that we are models of the ponderous, slangy, aud obscure. It is because our tongues are rusty from want of use that we talk so poorly, and it is because we talk so poorly that we talk so little. Ah, for the ancient *salons* of France!"—the Reformer was growing positively rhapsodical—"ah, for the coffee-houses of England! the emancipation of wits! the exaltation of ideas! deification of the deific! After what tremendous talk with

old Ben at the Mermaid, after what inter-stellar flights, what deep-sea soundings, what magnificent clash of god-like minds did sweetest Shakespeare cry, 'What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and motion how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!' Intellectual—"

But the sentence was never finished. The "rough-housing" had begun above and the slam-banging of innumerable coal-scuttles down the stairs admonished us that there were other forces at work in the world. *S. P. S.*

The Sign of the Shears

The duties of the Scribe are certainly unenviable. To wade through the seemingly unending collection of college publications for the past month, and to select from that conglomerate mass what seems to be above the ordinary, is very similar to searching for needles in haystacks,—a great deal of hay and very few needles.

With some exceptions the prose appears but mediocre. "MacNeill's Squaring-up" in the *Yale Courant* is a strong story, and "In Shad Time" (*Brunonian*) is unusual and well done.

Of the essays, "Heinrich Heine" (*Yale Lit.*), "Browning's View of Life" (*College Folio*), and "Junius and His Letters" (*Wesleyan Lit.*), seem to show marked ability.

A rather peculiar fact coming to the notice of the Scribe in connection with the month's verse, is the abundance of poems on Sunset or Eventide. Almost every magazine has contained one, and some even two or more poems upon that subject.

As a rule, however, the verse is above the average, and Scribe quotes the following as among the best:

ROSEMARY AND RUE

Farewell, we must forget,—
There is naught else for loveless hearts to do;
Let fall the rosemary, take up the rue.
Though lips may pale and once-fond eyes grow wet,—
Dear heart, we must forget.

Farewell, we must forget,—
Among those joy-fraught dreams of long ago,
'T is best to let the poppy blossoms grow.
Old mem'ries can but waken vain regret,—
Dear heart, we must forget.

Farewell, we must forget,—
For sighs and vows and joys, sweet love and all,
Are dead delights, and fled beyond recall;
Rememb'ring them can only bring regret,—
Dear heart, we must forget.

Farewell, we must forget,—
But ere we part, love, for one moment stay,
Till from thine eyes I kiss the tears away,
And when our tear-dimmed eyes no more are wet,—
Dear heart, then we'll forget.

—*Yale Courant*

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DE GUSTIBUS

I had two friends a while ago:
  One came at all his joy through strife,
And one took not his pleasure so;
  God sent them both a happy life.

One used his pinions eagle-like,
  And straight against the sun would rise,
And wheel among the stars, and strike
  His quarry from across the skies.

And one was as the bee that strives
  Against no wind, but simply blows
Across the garden, and arrives
  Upon an unsuspected rose.

—*The Morningside*

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A BALLAD OF BOYHOOD BAY

When silken ships put out to sea
  And the foam of the wave swings by,
As the sunset isles of infancy
  Fade low on the fleece-bound sky;
With sails a-gleam o'er the silver stream,
  They bend on the westward way
To the golden glow of long ago,
  By the blue of the Boyhood Bay.

There 's a rainbow strand for Wonderland
  And a cove for the pirate boat;
There 's an emerald sward for the toy command
  To storm at the castle's moat;—
Oho! for the joy and the ways of the boy,
  For the day is eternal play
In the golden glow of long ago,
  By the blue of the Boyhood Bay.

—*Yale Courant*

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Twine our hopes and loves and fears.
All our past and future years,
Weave in thy fair curtain.

Climb and twine, dear ivy vine.
Twine our college life and ways,
Twine the dawn of larger days
In thy fair green curtain.

Climb and twine, our ivy vine,
Twine our love and loyalty,
All the best we hope to be,
Knit them in thy curtain.

—*Smith College Monthly*

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BERKSHIRE

Not naked crags that frown on high,
  Grim monuments of power;
Not savage peaks that cleave the sky
  Can win from thee this hour.

As eagles for the crag-top yearn,
  Wearied with liberty,
As all to some great home return,
  So turn our hearts to thee.

Though wrapt in solitude, the length
  Of thy great Silence tells
That in the bosom of thy Strength
  Our Peace Eternal dwells.

Max Forrester Eastman

THE COWARDICE OF LIEUTENANT HASKELL

Over the far-away hills the sun was hanging, an enormous red mass above the horizon. Its dying rays cast a luminous haze through the atmosphere and over the hills, the trees, the grass, and the smooth parade-ground. None but those who have seen the evening dress-parade at West Point in late June can appreciate the beauty of the scene. The martial color and life, the blue sky, the shadows fast-lengthening from the long lines of motionless cadets, the background of gray barracks among the trees, the crowds of eager spectators, the utter silence, broken only by the voice of the tall young adjutant, now the stirring strains of the band, the sharp words of command, and now the whole mass in a few well-executed manœuvres, moving with clock-like regularity and sweep off towards the mess-hall,—all these help to comprise a scene and a ceremony which make a deep impression upon the civilian onlooker.

To Cadet Captain Haskell of B Company, the stand at attention, listening to the deep voice of the adjutant as he read the complicated orders from Washington for the graduation of the class of 1897, seemed interminably long. Haskell knew about them already. He had not seen the graduation of three classes only to be at a loss on the graduation of his own. Besides he had an appointment immediately after parade. As he lowered his sword in the marching salute to the commanding officer, he felt as if he must involuntarily quicken his pace. But the steady machine-like throb of many feet carried him along as a mere component part of the whole.

The moment the gray-clad forms broke ranks in an in-

extricably mixed confusion outside the mess-hall, Haskell broke out of the mass. He wormed his way in and out among the swarms of spectators to the spot where he knew Miss Irving would be waiting. As he strode along with his preoccupied look the crowd gave him a narrow lane, and he hurried to a distant corner of the parade-grounds where a flutter of white was perceptible. His face lighted up as he saw that she was there.

As he approached he lifted his plumed shako, and said briefly, with a smile, "Ready, Miss Irving? All right, then. Let 's turn down Flirtation."

For some minutes they proceeded in silence. Miss Irving was coolly surveying the beauty of the walk, with its overhanging arch of trees, now and then stealing a glance at the silent form beside her. To Haskell, the woodland beauty of their path appealed not at all. He scarcely noticed it. The one thing in his mind was Miss Irving's dainty profile and the tantalizing curve of her upper lip. He wanted to look at her, but hardly dared. To him she appeared more than mortal. His anxiety showed on his face, but he strode on as silent as ever.

Finally he paused and faced her. "Well," he said, in an unsteady voice, "what is it to be? I must have a plain answer, yes or no?"

Miss Irving looked steadily at the end of her parasol and gave it little kicks thoughtfully. She was thinking that he looked very well in his well-fitting uniform against the background of velvety green. In her own sort of way her heart went out to him. Of all the men, old and young, who had been at her feet, none had been more sincere or more in love than this one. Yes, he would be quite presentable and desirable as a husband. Her mind had been made up before, but still it wavered.

"Listen a minute, Constance, before you refuse me. Lord only knows how I've loved you for two years now. I've thought you cared for me, too, sometimes, but then I've realized you've been just as nice to a score of men right here at the Point. You've always been something above me, sort of a goddess on a pedestal effect, you see. But I've got to end it now—one way or the other. You've put me off a dozen times before. You promised a definite answer to-day. I've got to have it, and it's final."

His earnestness and the quiver in his tones touched her. Why not end it? Why not be his wife? Only a second lieutenant in the regular army, but he worshipped her, was very good-looking, and his father was that famous Senator Haskell. Besides, she knew she could put him off no longer, and a decided "No" would end it. He was not one of the kind to come back after that.

"Yes, Ronald, I'll give you my answer," she said, looking up at him with her bewitching smile. That smile had caused great comment and havoc that spring at the Point. She knew it. "I will be your wife. I promise, and I see now that you're the only one I've cared for."

As they walked back to the glittering lights and bustle of the big old hotel an hour later, Haskell was in the wildest of spirits. He laughed, he wanted to sing. "Mine! Mine!" went through his brain exultantly over and over again. This girl, the queen of the Point, so far above him he was unworthy to tie her little shoes, was to be his wife! It seemed almost impossible. He looked down at her and smiled happily.

"You won't keep that card of yours now for the hop tonight, will you, Constance? We'll cut all the dances and sit them out together?"

"Oh! no, Ronald, it would be such a shame. I'd hate to disappoint Townsend, and Stockton, and all the rest. You

surely do n't mind? Why, you foolish boy, I can't be a prisoner to you alone. You see they 've been so nice to me and are so attractive."

"Yes, I see," Haskell replied briefly, as they went up the steps of the hotel. Somehow or other her protest came as a jarring note of discord into the happy melody of life on which he had just entered.

* * * * *

Along through the mud a regiment was marching. They did not appear as we see them on parade. Each company made a little band. Each man marched as he chose. The sun was tremendously hot and even the thick green foliage above failed to stop its penetrating rays. As far as the eye could see the road was filled with these men in blue. Hundreds of feet had transformed the ordinarily bad Cuban road into a veritable quagmire, but the column plodded steadily forward. Haskell plodded along, too, by the side of his company. At every step his feet sucked the mud but he endeavored to hold himself straight and set an example to his men. The roadside was lined with blue,—cast-off blankets, blouses, knapsacks, thrown away helter-skelter by those who had gone before. Frequently a warning cry arose far down the silent column as a galloping orderly or staff officer went by, a streak of blue, a frenzied horse, and a spatter of mud. At such times the men mechanically opened a lane, and then returned to the never-ceasing plod, plod, of many feet. On, on, on, they went till Haskell's feet seemed ready to drop off. The men's faces were lit up by a strange eagerness. Sickness, lack of food, and hardship had left their mark upon those faces, but now these were all forgotten. They were going into action. These men were the regulars. Ever since early in May they had been waiting for this moment. "On to Santiago" was their watchword.

The long column dissolved into two yelling walls as a battery came dashing by. Wildly and excitedly, cheer upon cheer rocked along the tall woods. Haskell found himself shouting discordantly with the rest. He did n't know why. After the battery had passed, they resumed their march. Now they were in range. The occasional "whiz" of a Mauser could be heard, as the shot flew by, seeking its billet. Two or three men dropped, and a man in front of Haskell looked at his arm with a silly expression. More and more frequent came the "whirs." More men dropped. As they forded that famous bend in the stream afterward known as "Bloody Angle" intense excitement played over their features. Involuntarily they leaned forward as if to dodge the bullets. They grasped their rifles more tightly and caught their breath sharply as they felt the cool water. The officers stood upright and looked around them with loud-beating hearts. Haskell stood with them as his men crossed.

They cleared the stream and entered the woods ahead at a rapid pace. They felt sure that they were going to charge,—to clear the trees of those pestilent sharpshooters whose bullets came with such annoying persistence. Men were dropping fast now, and yet they had not fired a shot. Several had fallen from Haskell's own company and yet he felt no grief. Only a dull, rising thrill of anger took possession of him. Where did these bullets come from? From in front from the trees, from behind from the trees, from every direction the treetops showered a leaden hail sent by powder which left no trace.

At last they came out of the woods and could see clearly before them. Over on their left they could see long lines of men in blue lying in the grass. On their right was the same battery which had passed belching forth clouds of smoke. The artillerymen were serving it with an automatic precision.

The captain stood impassive, chewing a cold cigar to bits. Way in front rose a steep hill surmounted by a crown of white Spanish intrenchments with a blockhouse on the top. Through his glasses Haskell could see shoots of flame from those white lines and tiny specks moving about.

The Twenty-second had a rude surprise. They were ordered to lie down and wait. Half-mutinous the men obeyed. They wanted to fight—to charge—to kill somebody. Something was the matter. Why would n't their generals let them? But they lay down in the long grass and each man thought many things. In front walked the officers up and down, outwardly cool, but in reality as angry as the men. Haskell walked up and down with a restless step, saying in a hoarse voice, "Steady, men!" He did not know what else to do, and kept it up mechanically. His hand rested on his revolver, and he thought over again of the time his white-haired father had given it to him. He prized that revolver highly. The morning the Twenty-second had left for Tampa he had received it. "Good-by, my boy. You may need this, and keep it as a remembrance. Keep up the courage of the Haskells, boy." He saw again his father's straight form and stern face.

Opposite him walked his classmate, Howorth, also waiting. Haskell thought how funny old "Chap" looked and how dignified. Even as he looked the figure dropped in a heap. Then two figures quickly arose and carried a limp something with its hands hanging idly down back to the ambulances. Haskell was sorry in a vague sort of way and wondered what made his hands look so peculiar. He wondered if his own hands would. But, hark! something was stirring over by the colonel. The fire from the battery redoubled in swiftness and it became enveloped in its own smoke. Through the clouds the gunners could be seen, shadowy forms springing

about the guns. Haskell's heart gave a great leap. At last they were to do something. He felt it in his bones. The bugles could be heard faintly blowing.

A great squirming out of the grass followed. The thick-bearded faces of the men shone with a murderous light. They were to kill something at last. They stood close together, and some jammed their hats on more firmly. Others buttoned up their half-open shirts precisely, and nervously fingered their krags. For a few minutes they stood. Haskell jumped to the front, but he saw that the whole line was not yet formed. Slowly, slowly all was being made ready. Then he clutched at his revolver. Why, where was it? "Where is that damn thing? Where in hell is it?" he swore savagely, fumbling about him. He had dropped it! "I've got to get it! Father gave it!" he muttered incoherently. He knew just about where it was! He would get it. The lines of blue had not yet started. They would not be ready for two or three minutes. It was only about twenty yards. He could hurry, get it, and come back before they started. He must have it. Without a word he turned and ran. His feet flew. Now he was almost there. Behind him he heard a wild, swelling roar. "Shoot that damn coward! Shoot him!" many voices yelled. He saw something glitter and stooped—then a dull crushing sensation on his left shoulder. He felt himself falling. The earth turned dark. Down, down, down, he fell for an eternity. Then wall upon wall of blackness enveloped him.

Two months later a couple of newspaper correspondents were talking before the palace in Santiago.

"Queer case, that, to-day, eh?" said one. "I used to know that young Haskell. It 'll kill the Senator."

"Yes," answered the other. "Poor old Senator! Just

think, his son cashiered for cowardice! And what a defence! That's an awful bluff about running back for a revolver. Well, the Twenty-second ought to feel pretty sore. Got a light?"

* * * * *

In the drawing-room of a brown stone house on 69th street Haskell sat waiting. The maid had said that she would be right down. "All right," he had muttered, and turned a pale, thin face to the window wearily. His wound still bothered him, and he tried to be comfortable in his sling. How would she receive him? She of all persons would believe him. She would know he was n't a coward. Why, she loved him! Let his friends cut him all they pleased; let the newspapers use all the big type in headlines they pleased; let his regiment curse at his name, yet she would know. But his heart pained him as he thought of the newspapers; how they told what his father had said in his bitterness, "My son is dead to me. The Haskells are not cowards." It stunned him. Yet his pride rose up. He would accept it. With a groan he remembered the long, painful days in the hospital, the stony faces in the court-martial, the averted faces on board the steamer, and the scornful faces of his acquaintances. But Constance would make up for it!

A rustle was heard on the stairs and Haskell rose feebly to his feet. A dainty vision entered the room and swept proudly to him. She remained standing. Her head was thrown back and she seemed to be almost unconscious of him.

"Constance, dearest. don't you know me? You don't greet me like that? Why, you, too? Oh, for God's sake don't, Constance. Don't think me a liar and a coward, too. You love me. We're going to be married, Constance.

Why, it was for the revolver! Don't you understand?" he groaned, and staggered a little, brushing his well arm across his face in a bewildered way.

"Yes, yes, I know that pretty story. I saw it in the papers. Men don't usually run to look for pistols in battles," she answered with a curl of her lip. She looked at him as if he were some unclean thing. "Really, I don't see how you came here. I must ask you to discontinue your visits in the future. To think you could want to connect my name with a coward's! After what has happened, it is impossible. Please set me free. I can't and won't marry you. It's quite impossible, of course."

"Of course," he echoed in a listless way. "Yes, I see now. I did wrong to come. I never thought about linking your name to mine. You don't believe me. I'll go."

As he reached for his hat he swayed slightly and seemed almost to fall. At the door he looked at her. She had remained standing, cool and disdainful, with an expression as if she were leagues away. Then he went out the door and down the stoop. A few hours afterward he took the steamer for Havana, and immediately after that steamer arrived Private John H. Moulton enlisted in the Seventh Illinois Volunteers.

* * * * *

It was the same day after day for Haskell in his new capacity of John H. Moulton. The reveille, the ceaseless drilling and guard duty were droned in constant monotony. It became almost maddening. He had reënlisted in order to see active service and forget; but this dull routine duty gave him ample time for thought. He had changed greatly. He felt safe from detection. Even his West Point classmates would have failed to recognize this gaunt, bushy-bearded, taciturn man. He went about as one in a trance—a per-

petual dream of days gone by. After two or three decided rebuffs the men gave up trying to make a friend of him. Where he came from or in fact anything about him was unknown. His captain used to say in the officers' quarters, "Why, that man's seen service. He has a wound which is n't entirely well even now. He knows more about the service than any of us volunteers, let me tell you."

Nothing made any impression on Haskell. Yellow fever was abroad, and the men succumbed daily, but it never bothered him. He was indifferent alike to the remarks of the men and the puzzled glances of the officers. He became a mystery, but after a few weeks went his own way. He was terribly disappointed. He wanted service. Ronald Haskell was dead, he told himself. Never again would that name pass his lips till he was in the right position. He would live down his reputation, but he secretly knew it was hopeless. Many a night he lay in his bunk with wide-staring eyes till the gray dawn came. "It's impossible! I can't marry a coward!" He thought those words were burned in vivid letters on his brain. She did n't believe him, and why should she? She had done right, he said. She was lost to him. All he could do was secretly to cherish her memory and strive to be worthy of her, even though she would never know it. But sometimes after he had thought a long while, little specks danced before his eyes and seemed to say things. That terrible night on the steamer when he had thrown his class ring and her picture and letters overboard and then ripped the markings from his clothes, was hazy and indistinct in his memory. But her image shone out clear and vivid before his eyes. How beautiful she was, and what character was revealed in her face! Then the utter hopelessness and despair of his position smote him. On these occasions he used to take out his revolver (the one his

father had given him) and gaze at it, fingering the trigger curiously. But he always returned it to its holster. That would be true cowardice.

One day in October the evening parade was taking place as usual. Private Moulton in his position contrasted it dully with that last parade at the Point. Why, that must have been ages ago! It seemed like a different existence. The slovenly executed manœuvres of the volunteers irritated him. Oh! for a chance to command that battalion and whip it into shape. The colonel was saying something. Haskell heard the words but did not grasp their significance for a moment.

"I know this is an unusual call for volunteers I'm making. Nobody will blame you if you don't volunteer. But the hospitals are crowded with yellow fever patients, as you know. Every little check on it helps, and the doctors have this theory, that positive knowledge whether the disease could be transmitted by germ-infected mosquitoes or not would help them a great deal. Dr. Scannell wants a man,—a brave man, one not afraid of death itself,—who will allow himself to be bitten by these infected insects. I warn you the risks are terrible. Of course this call is merely perfunctory, as few men would take the chances. But they must find a human being for the experiment somewhere.

"A man—a brave man," stuck in Haskell's mind. This was his chance. He would be of some use to humanity after all. Why not risk it? He would do it. Perhaps after his death his father and Constance would hear of it. Then he would not be a coward.

Out from the rear rank sprang a man's form. His comrades looked at him in amazement, the officers with open mouths. What a fool! It was merely perfunctory! But the man shouldered his rifle, advanced steadily to the colonel and saluted.

"I volunteer, sir," he said coolly.

A week later an army surgeon shook his head over a figure which tossed and turned in delirium on a cot in the infected ward of the army hospital.

"He's a queer case," he said to a Red Cross nurse at his elbow. "Wonder what his incessant repetition of 'Constance,' 'Constance,' and 'coward,' means. And he keeps saying, 'It was for the revolver! for the revolver! Don't you believe me?' He isn't any common soldier, you can tell that. And I'll bet his name isn't Moulton any more than mine is. Well, whoever he is, he's a plucky one. But he'll die just the same," he added.

* * * * * * *

Miss Irving stirred restlessly in her chair and listened half impatiently to the conversation. Why wouldn't they stop? They ought to see she was not interested. It was such a beautiful day, the links looked so green and inviting, the young lawyer from Albany who had arrived yesterday had interested her so much, that she really thought it almost criminal not to have one round on the course with him before luncheon. Around her sat a group of nine or ten young girls and men, artistically arranged on the veranda railing or on the surrounding arm-chairs. It was on the broad piazza of an exclusive golf club not far from New York, but the conversation had wandered far from golf. Miss Irving picked fretfully at the bottom of her red golf jacket. She always wore red on the links. Many people had told her that it was becoming. She wished they would stop this eternal argument. She never did see the use of these long discussions. But she leaned forward and looked very cordially at the aforesaid lawyer, Mr. Allen, who was speaking. He was very earnest.

"Now my idea is that true bravery and nerve isn't brought

out in a battle. The bravest deeds are usually performed by men we never hear of. I've never been in one, and of course I do n't know much about it, but it strikes me that any man would be brave in all the excitement and turmoil of a battle. (Miss Irving here gave a dainty little sniff, as of disagreeable memories, but she was not noticed.) If a man 's a little faster runner than the rest, he forges ahead on a charge, and so gains all the credit of personal bravery in leading it, when, in reality, many a man back in the ranks who could not run so fast was just as brave as the leader. Do we ever give men the credit they deserve? Do you ever see any notice about the death of the policeman who enters one of New York's worst dens single-handed, in search of his prisoner? No, sir. Maybe you see half a column in the newspapers, and then it 's not unless he 's killed. That kind of nerve gets no recognition if the man is n't killed. Here 's a case I can make an example of. I found it to-day, and I wish you 'd listen."

From the pocket of his Norfolk he drew out a newspaper and slowly unfolded it. He found the place on the next to the last page, near the bottom, selected a paragraph, and read:

> HAVANA, Oct. 27.—For some time the medical experts in the hospital here have suspected that yellow fever could be transferred by germ-infected mosquitoes. Dr. Scannell of the army hospital has long desired to test this theory. Volunteers were called for from all the regiments now in barracks here who would allow themselves to be bitten by the infected insects. Private John H. Moulton, Co. H, 7th Illinois Volunteers, offered himself as a subject for the experiment two weeks ago. Moulton died in a delirium yesterday. This positive knowledge may be of great service to science. Moulton's parents or nearest relatives are unknown. He was the only volunteer.

"There," said Allen, solemnly, as he folded the paper, "that's heroism. See what he gets for it."

"Yes, I agree," answered Miss Irving in her graceful way and moving towards the steps. "But still you know he was only a private soldier who might have been paid to do it. Probably he did n't think there was really any risk. Anyway, most men will do anything for money. But come, do let's break off this solemn discussion. It's getting quite monotonous and too harrowing."

She turned and smiled bewitchingly at Allen, with the well-known smile which was one of her greatest charms.

"And are n't you coming to keep that appointment for a round before luncheon after such a flight of oratory? All right; if you're coming, I am ready," and she ran gaily down the broad steps.

Royal E. T. Riggs

THE ABIDING CITY

Oh, where shall we rest,—in what city best
  From wandering be free ?
Where the merchants unfold in a city of gold
  Their Tyrian tapestry,
Where onyx and pearl and jasper and beryl
  Are rubble of little worth,—
Shall we there abide in a palace of pride,
  Ringed by the glory of earth ?

Shall we leave cities wide, lay sandals aside
  And tread upon velvet streets,
Where the heavens are fair and the soft-breathing air
  Is laden with springtime sweets ?
All humanly walled shall the city be called
  The crimson heart of a maid ?
Where the blue up above is the deep eye of love
  Shall our wayfaring be stayed ?

In a city of thought, all of marvels wrought,
  Built as of bright moon bars,
On whose citadel's height shine all the night,
  Cold turrets topped with stars,
Where the nets of flesh can never enmesh
  The upsoaring wings of the soul,
Where in seraphs' communion the dwellers find union
  Is peace a possible goal ?

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Nay !—ye shall rock in the thunder shock,
  In the livid heart of the storm,
In the dull earthquake shall your city shake
  When the hell-deep chasms form.
It shall plunge in its flight through the elder night,
  Into primeval chaos hurled,
It shall bear the scars of clashing stars
  And the ashes of burnt-out worlds.

It shall vanish like mist by the dawn sun kissed,
  It shall be as a thing that seems
A figment of faith, your city a wraith
  By the architect of dreams.
Ye shall touch at Hell's bars, ye shall neighbor the stars,
  Wide wandering ye shall range,
Ye shall turn and return and at length ye shall learn
  That ye shall abide in change.

Stuart Pratt Sherman

BABBIE

On the 17th of September, 1896, the Empire State express towards New York city carried among its many passengers a young man named Austin Varden. He was not a student, like most of the young people in the car, and the anxieties of starting life in a great city as a journalist were constantly on his mind. It seemed years since he had said good-by to *her* in the dingy Chicago station, and he thought wistfully of the long, happy hours they had spent together in the cozy studio of their dear old artist friend. It made him laugh to think of the clumsy excuses he used to invent for always happening in on her lesson day, and he promised himself that if ever again he had a chance to sit with her, and watch the clay grow into graceful shapes and noble proportions, as of old, he would make no excuse but the right one. He wondered if he should ever have the chance. The only obstacle he could see was a young chap whom he himself had introduced to her,—a fellow with lots of genius in one direction but much to counterbalance it in another.

"Lord, I was easy!" he thought. "Girls rather like big faults in a man as long as they go with genius and a handsome face. Oh, well, if she cares for me she'll wait, and if I've got a real attack, I'll keep on wanting her to wait. I wish she were n't so young though and I might have fixed up a more comfortable understanding with her."

He looked off across the river at the Katskills, where the sun was beginning to fill the valleys with shadows. Suddenly his view was shut off by a tunnel, but the train quickly passed into the light again, and he found himself looking

over the edge of a stone wall, where, for an instant, he saw men in striped clothes, working at their Sisyphean toil among the stones. "Poor fellows!" he thought, "I wonder why it is that such things have to be,—men must be shut up by brother men,—and even if they outlive their sentence—! No, they never find freedom again. Jove, the mere thought is oppressing!"

The train was not many miles from the city now, and as it lurched around the bends, Austin saw a new moon hanging low over the sharply outlined hills. The sun had set long ago, and the moon was fast following. As Austin looked at it, and the great evening star near by, he said with relief, "That's worth while! The earth does n't seem so big when I think that perhaps they're looking at the same thing I am. Those hills are but a wall, and the home folks are just the other side! It 's a comfort to know the world holds such people as mother and Babbie." You see he had gotten so far as to have a pet name for her. "Yes, it cheers and broadens a man to look at the largeness and generosity of nature, and when thoughts of the hard things in life weigh us down, the beautiful will lift us up again."

He could no longer see the moon and star, but he continued to think of them and of her, with that far-away look, which his friends used to say foreboded some poetic effusion. And this time, too, he did not resist the temptation which always came to him when deeply stirred, of putting his thoughts in verse; so, just before leaving the train, he hurriedly scribbled in the back of his neglected book:

"A golden crescent yearns to reach the brighter star,
Which in the distance burns,—too far,—too far.
Low gleam the village lamps, while creeping darkness stills
The birds in woodland damps. And I among the hills
Am folded in the night: yet peace will still be mine
Though darkness steal my light,—if only peace be thine."

* * * * * * *

Six years later than this, if we had looked over the prison wall, as Varden did so long before, we should have seen little change in the men in striped clothes, as they filed out to their daily work among the stones. However, there was one man among them who seemed different from the rest. His stripes looked especially bright and new, and he shuffled along with a listless manner,—as if in a dream. When the fresh spring air revived him a little, it was easy to see by the way he stared at things that his surroundings were strange to him. He seemed to have forgotten his clothes for a minute, but at sight of them he muttered a curse. "I suppose they're on to stay,—but I'd do it again,—damn 'im. She was his wife,—but even so, a man of any spirit could n't stand calmly by and hear such talk about her. And the way he got her! While I was slaving over there,—and keeping away till she should grow old enough to make an honest choice,—he was hanging around practising his literary lingo on her. The coward! I suppose she thinks of him as a saint. Well, it's better she should."

He stood, lost in such thoughts, when the harsh command of a guard brought him only too quickly to a realization of where he was, and he worked with the rest as he was bidden. Soon the bursting roar of a train, as it shot from the tunnel, startled him so that he almost jumped from the ground. Then he stood looking at it with a meaningless stare, and the last car was nearly past before he realized what had happened. A shiver passed over him. For an instant he had seen, looking down at him from one of the windows, a woman in a widow's peak.

"My God!" thought he, "she's a widow now, too! It seems as if it were she that looked at me then. Oh, no, no, it could n't have been. But she's a widow, and I made her so. Yet she's better that way even if she does hate me for it.

Yes, she's better so, than tied for life to that faithless sneak." Then he pictured her to himself in a widow's hood, but the face he saw looked at him with such reproachful sadness that he tried to banish it again from his thought.

Suddenly he straightened up with a start. "What if she had loved him!" This had never occurred to him before. "She would n't have been the first to sacrifice herself to a man far below her. Yes,—she must have loved him; and if any one on earth could have straightened him out, she was the one to do it. Oh, but I could n't stand it to hear him air his views of free love and all his other rot, and know that she was at home, waiting for him. Yet he ought to have had a chance. Every man ought to have a chance,—and I took his."

The thought overwhelmed him. A short time ago he had almost rejoiced over that which now cast a gloom upon him, far blacker than the shadow of the prison wall. He saw clearly how empty was the love he had boasted,—how he had made himself equal to the Great Judge by judging his fellow-man, and he no longer tried to justify himself, but, pausing in his work, he stood with bowed head in humble repentance. Ashamed at the remembrance of how he used to kneel and ask forgiveness for petty sins, when but a boy, and purer far; he did not dare to form such a petition now, but was content with all the pain the world could bring, and prayed only for humility in bearing it. And as he looked into the pale sky the tears which had long been driven back by pride were loosened. "Like as a little child," he murmured, "Like as a little child will I become."

As he marched in that evening he saw a thin, gray moon above him, like a little white cloud,—so thin and gray he could almost see the blue shining through. "The gold is gone, now," he said to himself. "The gold is gone, and the

evening star. You, too, poor moon, cannot bear the sun's full blaze."

All during the evening meal he was subdued and kindly, and when alone that night he thought of many things; every happening, from the day he saw over the prison wall, and pitied those behind it, till now, when he was one of them. Then those dearer years, which lately he had tried to forget, came up before him, and he cried in his bitterness of regret, "Mother, you were ever my first love; I never thought I could be glad of your loss, and now—! You were always so good and tender! How strange that a son of yours is justly here! Well, since I failed in freedom, perhaps I can succeed now, and Mother,—for it was you who taught me to hope,—I may not be utterly lost to you."

He remembered how he used to comfort himself in times of gloom with thoughts of the beautiful, and said to himself with joy, "The hills and the river! They cannot take those from me. Those very waters may have been in the little brook and the great blue lake of home. Thank heaven, she has a home, and with the best mother that ever lived except mine."

Thus he wandered along in the past and present, and with thoughts of others came peace, such as had not been his for many days. In this frame of mind he fell asleep, and the moon came and cast its light upon him as he lay; but the light was crossed by shadows. The face the moon illumined was not that of a violent man,—quite the contrary,—and the well-shaped mouth showed a life of purity. How strange that such a man should thus be shut, where, if he woke from troubled dreams, he heard nought but the night-bird's calling, or the trembling wail of a river boat, like the cry of a lost soul fleeing. Suddenly he opened his eyes and looked up wide awake. With the habit of his boyhood, he breathed a

prayer, and then wondered what had waked him. He had been dreaming about something, and he tried to recall what it was. Slowly it came back to him. He seemed to have been back at school in the old clay-modeling room; and with the dream came memories of how he used to make little things and take them to his mother, and she would say, "Keep on, dear. It is a noble art, and you have talent." He wondered why he had n't kept on. It was such a good chance when they were together at the dear old studio, and how different it might have been now! Then a thrill passed over him. Perhaps the dream was a message! Was it too late to begin now? He knew it would lift him out of himself; and he had seen so much work done both in clay and stone, that he felt sure he would know how to do it. Then a subject came up before him which made him glow with eagerness to accomplish; and he said to himself, "I will forget that love which was not love, and I will show that there is freedom here,—yes, here."

When it was found that he was really in earnest, he was given a few tools and assigned a place where he could work comparatively alone. All through the summer months he toiled, and at night, if sleep left him, he would call up before him the image he was striving to make, till he could see it as though completed. He knew every line and proportion, and loved it the more he thought of it. When he worked it was with such a careful tenderness that it seemed as if it was some living thing he was rearing. The days wore on, and as the stone took more and more the desired shape, he used to watch with a childish delight the developments of his own creation. It seemed to him as if the figures were all the while within the stone, and he was freeing them, taking off the covering which concealed them from other eyes.

Not till the summer was gone, and the time had come when

Mother Nature weaves upon the hills her dying shroud in soft symphonies of greens and reds, did he come near the completion of his work. And then, although he had put the finishing touches on every other part, there was one place left almost in the rough. "To-morrow I must finish thee," he said one evening as he caressed it. "I hesitate to find thine eyes, for then thou wilt no longer be mine alone, but all may know thee."

Next morning he was out as early as he was allowed, working with an almost feverish haste, like one hurrying the parting with dear ones, yet noting each while going. He scarcely ate that day, and his mind was ever with his work. It seemed as if he put his soul into those last strokes. At length he turned away and looked towards the sun disappearing behind the hills. "The sun is setting early now," he thought, as he watched the river vapors rise. "And there is the evening star, yes, the evening star." He looked long,—then turned again to take in every detail of his work,—for it was done.

In the lower part was a convict, half rising from the ground, his right arm chained back, but his left stretching upward, where he reached for the hand of a being towards whom he looked in dumb, entreating love. The sculptor was satisfied with this,—yes, it expressed what he wished. But he almost feared to look at that other figure, through whom he had striven to portray only what is best in mankind. How many, many times he had pictured her face to himself. It was to be ideal. Sweet assurance, warm entreaty, ennobling love, must shine on him whom she lifted up to freedom.

The light was almost gone, when, at last overcoming his reluctance, he leaned towards her, now eager to see the measure of his success. Suddenly a golden beam, released by the passing of a great cloud, fell full upon her, revealing all

her softness in warm light and shadow. He started, gazing as though he could see deep within her eyes.

Then a cry rang out and echoed through the empty corridors,—

"O Babbie, Babbie!"

Ralph Child Erskine

A HIGH PLACE

On such a spot as this, in ages long, long gone,
We read that pagan men, grim worshipers of Baal,
Hewed out the native rock and carved the altar-stone
And made dread sacrifice, while many a stifled wail
Of children rudely torn from mothers awed and pale,
Went up with frenzied prayers to never-failing Sun.

To us, unbroken through the course of centuries,
A gentler, nobler, truer faith than theirs is brought:
We know in whom immeasurable power lies
To set the fierce might of the blazing Sun at nought,
By whose supreme command and sovereign will 't was taught
To swing obedient in its orbit through the skies.

But where more fittingly than on this rock-built hill,
Full 'neath the great blue dome of boundless firmament,
May we raise hands of prayer, responsive to the thrill
Of every gentle wind that o'er the earth is sent,
Laden with love and joy from God Omnipotent,
Who aye has blessed his children and will bless them still.

Madison Clair Bates

Jack Cross was above all else a shark. His hobby was physiological-psychology and after his four years' course at college he had gone abroad to continue his study along this line for which he showed remarkable ability. At college Cross had never associated with his classmates and was known to but very few of them. It was my lot to room with him during our Freshman year, and as he was quiet and uniformly courteous to an almost embarrassing degree I could find no good reason for refusing to room with him again for another year. But in spite of our being thus together it was not until the last part of our Senior year that I felt that I knew the man. The circumstance which brought us more closely together than anything else during those entire four years occurred during our Commencement week when the college town was filled with mothers, sisters, and sweethearts. Cross alone failed to enter into the spirit of the day. He had won graduation honors by a masterly essay on the human brain, but it did not seem to arouse his enthusiasm in the least. He was not "swelled headed," he was simply apathetic to everything except his hobby.

On the afternoon before the Senior Prom. Cross called to me from his room and asked me to come up. On joining him I was much surprised to see that his face was flushed and that he seemed to be excited about something which it was difficult for him to conceal.

Motioning me to a seat on the divan he began to pace up and down the room for some minutes before he started on

what proved to be a most peculiar recital of a peculiar man's ideas. He plunged abruptly into the midst of the subject by exclaiming:

"Hardon, I'm afraid I've fallen in love. No, don't interrupt me," as I started to my feet to congratulate him. "Wait until I finish. If you can conceive of something happening to you that would blight all your hopes, your dearest ambition, your whole future, you may perhaps imagine how I feel at the present moment. That I am not sure is the one thing that keeps me from giving up entirely. This may sound tragic to you, but probably you don't know that to become expert in the study that I'm pursuing it is absolutely imperative that you exclude every other lasting sensation from your mind lest you be prejudiced and unable accurately to analyze the brain of another.

"Now must I give up all thought of going on with my work because I know that I am hopelessly useless for such a profession all on account of my love for a girl which, despite all my efforts to fight it down, has made my bump of amativeness wholly unproportional to—"

"Oh, say," I ventured to interpose at this point, "you don't mean to tell me that because you're in love you can't go on with this brain study of yours." To speak frankly I was disgusted by this man's high-flown expressions, and I did not relish any long discourse from him with his technical terms interlarded in every sentence. His next words, however, proved to me that he was very much in earnest.

"Hardon," he said impressively, "that's just what I mean. I can't continue my study under such conditions. It is my own theory, and an original one, but look at the proofs. This is the age of specialization. To be preëminent is to be absolutely and indisputably correct as regards your question. You must acknowledge that to reach this high standard you

must devote your time and thought to this subject and to no other. I had hoped you could understand and, perhaps, sympathize with me, but you do n't."

* * * * * * *

Five years have passed since that day and I had entirely forgotten the incident and Cross as well, who, I had heard, left the university at Munich during his first year there and had not been heard from since. With the events of the past few hours still vividly impressed on my mind, I sit down to finish what may well be considered a most remarkable ending to a remarkable man's experience.

Six hours ago, or to be exact, at four o'clock this afternoon, I was seated in my office on lower Broadway wondering vaguely how long it might be before my next client would appear when I heard the door open. Facing about, I met the gaze of a well-dressed gentleman of perhaps thirty years whose face had a familiar look, although I could not place him. With professional affability I hastened to offer him a seat. My politeness escaped his notice, however, and he said shortly, but with a twinkle in his eyes:

"You do n't seem to remember that greasy grind of a room-mate of yours."

"Jack Cross," I gasped, "you!"

"And why not I?" he retorted smiling.

After a few moments of general conversation it seemed to follow naturally that I accept an invitation to dine with him. Jumping into a cab we were driven to uptown Delmonico's, where we arrived a little after six.

But not until our after-dinner coffee was before us did Cross speak of his whereabouts during the years since his sudden departure from the university. With a comfortable feeling of having dined well, I settled back in my chair ready to listen to the story which I felt was to be forthcom-

ing. He began hurriedly with a rather shame-faced look as though he thought I might laugh at him:

"In the first place let me tell you that I am married. Oh, yes, that happened only three months after I first reached Munich. Why I gave in and what made me change about so entirely from my former sentiments is what I'm going to tell you. If you wonder that I did change it will be because you can't appreciate my condition at the time. But the story.

"I started in at the university, as you know, and settled down to my life-work—as I supposed. The holder of the chair in physiological-psychology, Professor Weisskopf, was an enthusiast in his subject and seemed to take an especial interest in my progress. Many nights during that first term I spent with him in the laboratory, working over the brain of a calf in which he always sought to discover some one lobe more highly developed than any of the others. We were often partially successful in our endeavors, but it was due more to his perseverence and enthusiasm than to any help on my part, for during all this time, you must remember, I was fighting my desire which had grown stronger and stronger despite my honest efforts to hold it down.

"One night—it was in January—I lay on my divan thinking of Rowena, trying to overcome my foolish notions, and wondering what the outcome was to be. How long I lay there I do n't know, but soon I felt an uncontrollable desire to get up and walk.

"Out into the street I went. The night was clear and cold, and I was bareheaded. I met no one, however, and kept on. Finally I reached the 'labs,' and there in an upper window I saw a light. It was Professor Weisskopf's room. Still acting under an involuntary impulse I entered the building. Without knocking I pushed open the door of the

professor's room and found him bending over a retort from which arose a frightful stench. On perceiving me he said excitedly:

"'Ah, the very man I want. You can tell me if this dog's brain shows signs of abnormal caution. I'm disturbed to-night over an entirely business matter connected with my family—my daughter is ill—and I can't concentrate my mind sufficiently to measure accurately this beast's lobes. You, who are unbiased by any emotion, tell me what you find.'

"And then I broke down and told him the truth of my condition. How I felt sure that my mind must be horribly distorted and abnormal owing to the terrific strain imposed upon it by such a struggle.

"Remember, Hardon, the situation. Just I and that semi-crazed scientist. What followed my statement may seem entirely impossible to your idea of the possible, but again I say, remember the man who heard me tell him that I was a monstrosity; that I could control myself to such a degree that outwardly I was a calculating scientific machine, but that truly I was being torn by that most illogical of emotions —love. Here was a chance for the scientist, for Weisskopf. When would another such case be presented to him? His chain of thought showed itself on his features.

"From incredulity at first, he became interested, excited, and finally, grabbing my arm, he cried out hoarsely: 'Come with me to the laboratory. I'll soon know whether you speak the truth or not.'

"The professor's eyes were like orbits of fire which seemed to devour my soul. I followed him, hardly realizing what I was doing and yet against my will, to the operating-room, where he ordered me to mount upon the very place where I had dissected a calf's brain that afternoon. The profes-

sor, meanwhile, had been busily engaged getting together all the dissecting instruments, and soon coming over to me said, with a satanic grin overshadowing his countenance: 'If, as you say, your bump of amativeness is abnormal you will die. If not—if it is but the product of some halucination affecting only your imagination—the operation can be performed successfully, for I intend to make the first incision through the base of the skull and work upwards.'

"Bound and helpless, I had to let him go on. Full well did I realize the truth of his statements. Until now I had hoped that perhaps I might be wrong,—that I was not in love. But with this danger before me I knew that the result was to be my death. I *knew* then that I loved.

"Shaving off the hair from the back of my head, the professor began to cut into the flesh. With each stroke of the knife I felt that I must die from the exquisite pains that shot through me. Then, taking a fine-toothed saw, he began to cut through the solid skull. Imagine, if you can, that horrible, sickening rasp of the saw as he pushed it backward and forward. I felt blood trickling down my neck. My eyes were riveted helplessly on the face of the professor, who kept on, seemingly unconscious of my torture. Finally it was over and I could feel the comparatively cool air of the room beating against my exposed brain. The professor carefully lifted lobe after lobe until he came to the lowermost one—the deciding one.

"Until now his exclamations had been muttered, and I could form but a slight opinion of what was being done. At this point, however, his manner changed. Drawing himself away from me as though I were plague-smitten, he cried out:

"'Mein Gott, mein Gott, what a disappointment! Why could not he at least be saved for me—for my science, the greatest thing in the world? Knowledge such as no other

man possesses could have been his if it had not been for that sickening sensation, that infantile emotion—love!' And with that the little man—no, not man, rather say monstrosity with a semblance of a human being—ran out of the room and left me there alone.

"Still bound to the table, and knowing that death was but a question of minutes, I strived to collect my thoughts,—thoughts which were being fanned by the outer air. Was this, then, a pursuit so much better than any other? If love could so overcome every emotion and attain to such complete mastery of the mind—was it not a better thing,—this love?

"And further yet, this man, master of the greatest science in the world, he could not cure me of my love nor prevent it, despite his knowledge. Had he not given up—beaten? And love—what could that do? Then it was that I thought of Rowena; how one day she had begged a mongrel dog away from me that I was about to chloroform so as to analyze its brain; how she had gently nursed the dying thing back to health; and how she had chided me for attempting the poor creature's life. How I longed for her then! How I prayed God for her soothing touch on my forehead, which seemed ready to burst! How I swore that if I be but allowed to live I would give up the accursed study and seek my life's work in some more humane channel! How I would willingly, ay, gladly, submit to this love, than which nothing was greater to me!

"At this point my struggles to free myself became almost frenzied in their violence. I strained at the cords so that they cut into my wrists till the blood flowed. I felt one cord weakening—with one last supreme effort I freed myself, and half rolled, half fell, off the table. For a moment I stood unsteadily on my feet, and then gradually my senses came back to me.

"Long since the lamp in my room had gone out, and fumbling for a match I saw that it was one o'clock.

"Yes, Hardon, we have two children now. Come and see me. I'd like you to meet my wife. My disappearance? Oh, yes! Well, that was our—honeymoon. Prosperous? Yes, indeed. You see I've found the greatest thing in the world after all."

Hayden Talbot

GISMONDA

O have ye heard of King Tancred
  And of his daughter fair?
Bright were her eyes and bright were her lips
  And bright was her golden hair.

Guiscardo she loved, as love she must,
  Against her father's will,
And rough ran the course of their true love
  As true love runneth still.

For they plighted their troth in the whispering wood,
  They kissed in the tell-tale night,
The curious stars through the dim trees peered
  And the moon with her prying light.

King Tancred hath raged and sworn the death
  Of the base-born lover bold,
He hath locked his daughter, the bright-haired maid,
  In a mouldering donjon old.

Within her bolted chamber dark,
  Gismonda maketh moan,
Full hot her tears but her white cheeks
  Are cold as any stone.

"O what have ye done with my own true love?
  Bring him back, bring him back to me!"
And "O for the heart of my own true love!"
  She crieth piteously.

They have told the king that his daughter fair
  Disconsolate doth lie,
And for lack of the heart of her own true love
  Is very like to die.

The king hath sworn a dreadful oath
  To bend her to his will,—
All ghastly hushed the palace stands,
  God wot it bodeth ill!

King Tancred hath summoned a trusty knave,
  Hath spoken to him apart:
"Go fetch for me such a cup of gold
  As will hold a young man's heart.

"For my daughter doth peak and my daughter doth pine,
  And they say she is like to expire,
And all for the lack of her true love's heart,
  So I will that she have her desire."

The knave hath done his lord's behest,—
  What is there, then, to see?
Something red in a cup of gold
  That quivers ruddily.

To Gismonda's chamber the knave hath stept,
  Civilly louteth he.
"Fair mistress," he crieth, "thy father, the king,
  Sendeth this present to thee.

"To comfort thee he bestoweth the thing
  That thou dost love the best,
That having that for which thou hast pined,
  Thy grieving may find rest.

"And since it behooveth that such a heart
A chalice fair should hold,
He hath sent his daughter her true love's heart
In a sepulchre of gold."

Now fair Gismonda with tearless eye
Doth gaze as one struck dead,—
All vacantly on the fair cup of gold
And her true love's heart so red.

She maketh no wail, she maketh no sigh,
She hath snatched the cup of gold
And in with the scarlet hath poured a juice
That maketh the hot blood cold.

She hath raised the cup to her death-white lips,
She hath drained the chalice of gold,—
"Thou art cold, my love!" she whispers, and now
"Sweet, sweet my love, I am cold."

The knave stood dumb with mouth agape
And she all unafraid,—
Ah, muse how she sank in that donjon old,
Gismonda, the bright-eyed maid.

And this was the end of the lovers fond
That balked King Tancred's will,
For rough ran the course of their true love,
As true love runneth still.

Stuart Pratt Sherman

THE WAY OF BITTERNESS

It was a glad evening in St. Esprit. The little fishing fleet of a dozen schooners had come in that day from its long summer among the fogs of the Newfoundland Banks. Throughout the town you found rejoicing and satisfaction. On the long, winding street little groups of people sauntered up and down or stood chatting at the gateways. Now it was that tongues wagged in earnest, for many things were to be told and heard: Certain wee strangers had appeared in several families; a few more white wooden crosses there were in the churchyard on the hill; old Bettine, the village wise-woman, had found a piece of a silver ring in a mackerel's belly—bad luck in love she was prophesying for someone. Matters of interest lacked not, and voices of women rose high and shrill as narrative and description became absorbing. The men were for the most part content with occasional *Mon Dieus* and now and then a deep-voiced laugh.

Other groups consisted of two only. These most usually walked in the shadow and talked in cooing tones. To them the summer had seemed years and the home-coming the sum of mundane things. For one, Antoine Béjean had never felt so happy. Once more to feel Elise's little arm in his own big one and to feel her lean lightly against him, ah, it was almost worth the weary loneliness and desolation of the northern sea! They were discussing a new plan. Captain Boudrot, of the coasting schooner *Ste. Mère*, had delayed a week about starting on a last trip to Boston, in hopes that when the

fleet returned he might get another man on his crew. He had offered the place to Antoine. It would take but two or three weeks; the pay was good; it would give Antoine a chance to see the city; his mother was willing to spare him a few weeks longer from home.

"Elise," he said, "I think I shall go. You will not miss me for so short a time, and, think, we have the whole winter ahead."

"Yes, Antoine, but when I think of your going off so soon again, it—it makes me want to keep you here. Remember what old Bettine has been saying; how do we know what might happen? Still, no doubt it's a good chance to see the city. Antoine, you know best what's to be done. I don't think the two weeks will seem very long, because I shall know you're having a good time."

Then they fell to talking of other matters; how she had been at early mass every day for three weeks to say a prayer for his safe return from the Banks; how the kind sisters at the convent had been giving her music lessons; how Antoine's mother had entrusted her with a little holy-water fount that she had received on her wedding day. What is not of interest when beneath words hearts are speaking to each other?

And thus it was that one night, almost two weeks later, Antoine was on the deck of the *Ste. Mère* looking for the first signs of the new land. The voyage had been a long and a hard one. Light head winds and dense fogs had delayed them from day to day. Antoine had often repented of his decision. During the long, vacant nights he used to think of the other boys at home and of the good times they were having. He imagined the jolly crowds on the street in the evening; in the distance he would hear the squeak of a harmonica and the shuffle of heavy feet. It made him angry at himself to be out here day after day, with nothing to look at

but this waste of rolling waves. He was tired of ship bread, salt pork, and potatoes—that had been his fare all summer; he was tired of the ill-smelling cabin and galley. He longed to have this whole business over with. Even the anticipation of seeing Boston ceased to please him.

Slowly out of the distance a coast-light was coming into view. It shone an instant like a kindly eye, then winked and went out. A few more seconds, it was there again.

"We shall be in the harbor before morning," said the captain. "The wind has come 'round to fair."

Before very long other lights became visible far ahead, slowly they shifted to leeward, and finally one by one dropped out of sight far astern. Salem, Marblehead, Lynn, and then a reddish glow on the horizon and a low, yellow star in front of it.

"Boston Light," said Captain Boudrot. "We are making it fast."

In an another hour the glow had become a glittering crescent.

On a man who for many days has seen nothing but the sombre distances of sea and sky this agglomeration of distant lights has an almost magical effect. In little, glaring points they rimmed the horizon; they flashed and streaked over the water and were reflected by it in a yellow maze. Close ahead the red and green lanterns of hundreds of vessels swung almost imperceptibly to and fro with the quiet rocking of the waves. Everett and Charlestown lay off to starboard, Boston made an incandescent block straight ahead, and higher up Dorchester and Brookline showed glows fainter, but nearer the sky. Antoine, who had been on the watch, was now joined by the rest of the crew, as they came tumbling up the hatchway, half awake, but hilarious.

"Now we'll have a bit of fun," said one. "I guess per-

haps we're ready for it after a dirty trip like this. I never was so damn sick of a sea voyage as I am o' this one."

The others joined in with joyous profanity. For them a two or three days' spree was the only natural finale to weeks of repression and numbing isolation on the sea. Such an animal exhilaration of spirits is contagious. Antoine, used to the uncomplaining endurance of the Bankers—endurance that looks forward to a later home-coming and to the snug comforts of Acadian life,—had never met with it in this guise. But he could not resist the influence. There the great city lay just ahead, filled with lights, with good things to eat and drink, and with fine things to look at, and there, far behind, stretched the infinite sea, with its monotony and unchanging vastness. He found himself in a fever of expectation. Now he might see what life really was, now he should become a bit acquainted with the great world. The *Ste. Mère* seemed fairly to crawl up the harbor. Another hour passed, and a pale dawn began to reveal the shapes of things. One by one the lights disappeared and the big, dark bulks of the cities came nearer. Smoke began to rise from tall chimneys, and a low, dull voice, the voice of a new life, began to be heard faint in the distance. By sunrise the *Ste. Mère* was docked and the stevedores were getting ready to unload her.

The crew was free. Jacques, Jip, and Bill were already prinking up a bit. Antoine joined them in the cabin, and though he had been on deck most of the night, he could not think of resting now. He, too, put on his holiday clothes, and by the time the others were ready to leave the *Ste. Mère* he was with them.

"We'll get something wet first," said Jacques, as they left the wharf, "and then we'll show this young Banker a thing or two worth seeing."

* * * * *

The air was stale and heavy with strong smells—old, breathless air that must have been for years untouched by sun or breeze. The cabin was empty and almost dark, and everything was very quiet. With an easy, rocking motion the *Ste. Mère* was cutting through the waves, and from inside you heard the monotonous swish-swish of the water slapping against her planks. The long, black oblongs in the cabin wall were the bunks—four of them, nothing more than cupboards the size of a coffin-box. Each had in it a straw mattress and some soiled, untidy bedding, and one of them held a man. He lay in half-unconscious sleep, breathing slowly but irregularly, and now and then muttering words to himself. Occasionally he would roll over heavily and draw a long breath.

Up on the deck you could hear the voices of the crew.

"I wonder if Antoine's awake yet or not. I suppose he'll give us the devil of a talk when he comes 'round again. But I say it's a dirty pity he went into the thing so far. What's a fellow of his age got to do getting mixed up with a woman like that Bouchère, especially when he has a little girl of his own at home?"

"Awh, drop it, Jacques! You can't curse him out. You've been in it a hundred times deeper than he ever thought of being and you're a dozen years older. Why, man, he's only a boy. You might have known he'd lose his bearings in a hole such as we took him to. We didn't remember what a difference there was between us and him. He'd never seen anything livelier than the Grand Banks and St. Esprit. Say, Jacques, you know him best; go on down and see if he's awake yet. Don't tell him how we got him on board unless he asks."

Jacques's heavy boots creaked across the deck and then descended the hatchway. In the cabin he tried to step softly. He went to the bunk and looked in.

Antoine sighed deeply and opened his eyes. Then he started.

"*Hé, hé, mon ami*, are ye comin' 'round a bit?"

"Oh, that you, Jacques? Why .... why, where are we? .... I thought .... Why, Jacques, are we at sea again? How did I get here?"

"Never you trouble your nut about that, *mon homme*," answered Jacques, with small tact. "That's a story by itself. But ye're here, any how, and well under way for home, with a good sou'ester behind us. D'ye want anything?"

"No, Jacques, just leave me alone a while. I'll be getting up before long. Where's the rest?"

"All up on deck mendin' the staysail. She's all rotted away, but they're tryin' to make her go one more trip."

Jacques's boots clapped once more against the ladder, and Antoine was alone. He found himself listening to the steady swish of the waters close by his ear. He listened to it without any thought about it; as yet nothing meant anything to him. His mind was a miserable blank. His head throbbed fiercely. He began to wonder why. And then, too soon, he felt the answer take form somewhere in his brain. Ah, he had been in Boston, and —— he had been on a three days' spree. One by one the repulsive episodes of those days recurred to him. He could hardly believe that it was himself about whom these memories centred. Had *he* been drunk like that? Had *he* been in such a place? Had *he* been with —— that beast? He could not deny it though his whole nature refused to admit the truth. He lay still, stupidly reasoning with himself, when he heard the men on deck talking together again.

"Funny we should have run up against Elise Manot's brother, was n't it? What's he doing down in Boston?"

"Somebody told us he was studying to be a priest. He

looks like it, the old whiteface. But I'm sorry Antoine was with us, and it 's too bad he was so drunk, too. The language he threw at the old scarecrow fairly turned him blue in the lips. As I say, it was a dirty business all around, and I 'm glad we 're clear of Boston. There, let 's try that sail now; I guess she 'll go this time."

Antoine heard the canvas dragged along the deck; then his thoughts rushed back on him with more bitterness than ever before. Now he remembered the scene perfectly. He and the others were coming out of . . . *that place* just as Gustave Manot had happened down the street,—why should Gustave have chosen just that moment?—and in his tipsy bonhomie he had rushed up to him and thrown his big arms round him out of sheer joy. Gustave had shaken him off sharply and said something that Antoine could never forget, and then Antione had sworn at him, and then the four sailors had pulled him away and together they had gone staggering up the street. Then some one had spoken of having another drink. That was the last he recalled.

And now it was all over. He had seen the city and once more the steel-colored waves were outside there, stretching away and away forever against the great empty sky. He dreaded to think of them, cold and lifeless and measureless. He felt that they would stare out the blackness in his heart and that God would be there to see it all. However, it was getting unendurable down in the staleness and fumes of the cabin. He could stand it no longer. He flung himself out of his bunk, changed into his ship clothes and stumbled up on the deck. The wind had gone down and towards the south a whitish, indistinct bank of fog was gathering. It was still an hour or two away; but it was creeping imperceptibly nearer and eventually was going to overtake them. All sail was set and the *Ste. Mère* was still running at a good speed.

The men greeted Antoine without any waste of words and he set at once about helping them. A constrained and uncomfortable silence was upon all. It was impossible to break it, though each wished to do so. Antoine felt far too keenly the shame of his recent experience to wish to refer to it, and the others with the rough but genuine humanity of sailors, saw and respected his wish. But every one was thinking about it and no one could think of anything else to talk of. So they worked at the sail in silence, only using what few short words were necessary.

For Antoine the hours were filled with bitter thoughts and with helpless indignation at himself. All the little details of those three black days began hammering themselves with indescribable pain upon his memory. He could not divert himself from them. It was as if he were in a steel cage and all about it ghastly and obscene faces were mowing and leering at him. Escape was impossible. He tried once to sing; but his voice smothered itself and the words choked him. He could feel the rest looking at him curiously and pitifully. He determined that they at all events should know nothing of what he was suffering.

Before long the wet blanket of the fog shut down on them, a gray, impenetrable vacancy beyond which there was nothing and in which there was nothing save the *Ste. Mère* and five solitary men. Jacques brought up the fog-horn and set it on the forward hatch. The men put on their oilskins and resigned themselves stoically to what might be a week of anxious watching and damp discomfort. "Let me run the horn," said Antoine, anxious for any employment that might relieve him to some extent of his own thoughts.

He found a grim luxury of pain in the wild, blood-curdling wail that he was sending forth into the unseen, a cry that cut knife-like to his very marrow and irresistibly worked its in-

human spell upon him. It was like the sudden screaming of a wounded seabird in the night, only far more bitter and poignant. It brought into his heart an indescribable feeling of desolation and solitariness and of the dim vastness of the world. And then when it died out as suddenly as it arose, he heard once more nothing but the endless breaking of the water about the bow and the monotonous creaking of the great straining sails overhead. Antoine sat on the hatch with one hand on the crank of the horn. His watch was before him, for they were blowing at four-minute intervals, being but a little north of the course of the great ocean liners. Once during the afternoon a far, half-heard answer sounded back through the fog. Again it came, then went out as if blocked up by the wet wall between. One could imagine the looming hulk of a Cunarder and the belching smoke of her boilers.

Far into the night Antoine sat there by the horn. He dreaded going down again into the cabin. He dreaded contact with the men. Up above, the single masthead lantern made a yellow globe of light in the fog. The sails and rigging dripped water over the deck. Captain Boudrot stood at the wheel astern, silent and impassive. Finally he called out, "Antoine, you 've been at that business long enough. Go down below and get some rest. Bill can come up and take your place."

The murky cabin was lighted by a small tin lamp. The cook slept in the galley, and when Bill had gone on watch Jacques and Antoine were alone. Jacques was smoking a clay pipe of Black Jack. He leaned back against the bunks with his feet on the table. His big boots were steaming in the warmth.

"Antoine," he said, after a number of long puffs at his pipe, "Antoine, do n't ye be so blue over it. It was n't very

much, after all. Every boy 's got to have his first fling."

Antoine put his head down on the table and began to sob. "Jacques, Jacques, I can't stand it. I 've done nothing but think all day long. What do you suppose the little Elise will think of me when she finds out? How could I have forgot her and my mother? Oh, Jacques, everything will be different now; I never can kiss them again in the old way." He was just like a child in his grief. Strong emotions were new to him and he did not know how to control them.

Jacques came round and sitting down beside him began to pat his shoulder in an awkward but genuine tenderness. "There, there, *mon petit*, do n't trouble yourself so. Elise is too fine a girl not to forgive that even if she hears of it. And how do you know she will? Doubtless her brother is n't so much a fool as you think him. He knew you were just a little groggy and that you did n't mean just what you said." Jacques was like a mother crooning to a little child. "*Là, Là, mon ami*, do n't take it so hard. *Soyez bon enfant.* Just go to bed and you 'll sleep it over."

Antoine yielded and climbed up into his bunk. The *Ste. Mère* rocked quietly from side to side; the fog-horn sounded at intervals, but the closed hatch deadened the shrillness; Jacques continued smoking stolidly on the other side of the cabin. Antoine was more tired than he had realized and before many minutes fell asleep.

* * * * *

It was not quite a week afterwards, late in the afternoon of a glorious October day. The *Ste. Mère* had finished a second tack in order to make the entrance of the harbor of St. Esprit and was now bounding easily down the passage as if conscious of the fact that her last trip for the year was over. The little town stretched out its long, winding street close round the water's edge and behind it bright green hills

marked a low but sharply defined sky line. The fishing fleet formed a border to the water-front of internetted masts and rigging. Antoine, who had just finished packing his little chest, was on deck. The *Ste. Mère* had rounded the point and was now gliding up the harbor. Opposite, on the port side, lay the *Etoile du Nord*, his uncle's schooner, close against her wharf. Farther up the street he could see his own home, the small dimensioned picket fence that surrounded it resplendent in a new coat of whitewash. And there, yes, there was his mother, just closing the gate and setting off toward Captain Boudrot's wharf. "Dear mother," he said to himself, "you have been on the lookout for days."

The captain put the wheel down hard and the schooner swung around for a last tack to her moorings. A few minutes later Antoine was ashore. A bitter foreboding had been with him all the voyage, and now the sight of the little bent woman on the wharf filled him with a crushing anticipation of the truth. He hurried to her and putting his big arms about her slight form he drew her to him. She looked up into his face and her eyes were filled with tears.

"*Oh, ma mère, ma mère*, tell me what it is?" He never heeded the others who were standing about them on the wharf; he felt only the frail weight in his arms and a sickening dread of what must come. The sad, careworn face was turned away.

"*Mon pauvre garçon*, none of us know the reason or why it was, but our little Elise is gone. A letter came to her from Boston three days ago and the girls were teasing her about it, for they thought it was from you.

"That night, after supper, she came in, white and excited, with swollen eyes and a look in them that terrified me. She would tell us nothing, though we all begged much, and only said that she knew the Holy Mother wished her to enter the

convent and that old Bettine had spoken the truth. She had come to say good-by. Just think, our own little Elsie to leave us like that. We all have cried much; but there was nothing to be done. Her parents were willing; the next day she left us. The girls are in a great state."

The world reeled about Antoine. He felt himself totter, and thought he was going to fall; but the consciousness of his mother's presence kept him.

"Do you know anything about it, Antoine?" she asked.

"Yes, mother, but I cannot tell you now. Elise was right, no doubt . . . and yet . . . if she had only waited I would have told her all and she would have understood. . . . But it was my fault. . . . God knows what it means to me."

For a moment neither said a word. Then they slowly left the wharf and turned off up the long, winding street of St. Esprit.

Harry James Smith

THE MARSEILLAISE

There is a beauty in the frenzied fire,
Wakes a wild tune upon the spirit's lyre;
There is a wildness in the sailor's soul
That loves to watch the frantic breakers roll.

We heard the Marseillaise in tempest might,
Sounded by hurricanes from height to height,
Heard once by storm-souled French in whirlwind's breath,
Who struck it up for victory or death.

Bruce Wallace Brotherston

THE WIND'S LAMENT

When the armies left the fateful field,
And silence proved the strife was o'er;
The wind began a sad refrain,
As if dead men's souls its bosom bore.

It cried, it wept, it screamed aloud,
With piercing shriek it cleaved the air,
For it carried the pain of a thousand slain
And its breast was filled with wild despair.

All through the night this song it sang,
As o'er its grief it wildly wept;
But the morning's dawn came softly down,
And 'neath its calm the voices slept.

William Smith Pettit

AND WHY?

"A sower went forth to sow,"
But on the land where he had thought to cast the seed
He found an ugly, barbéd weed;
And seeing it he sat him down, and musing said,
"And yet the same God made them both,—

The grain that I shall sow,—this vile weed. And why?
To teach us to discriminate,
And seeing purge and purify?
Yet if 'twere never there, it had been better far—
Ah, me." Then slowly went and rooted up the weed.

Ralph Child Erskine

Sanctum

HOLIDAY FINERY.

Yes, even the LIT. has holiday clothes to don when the spirit and the season are actively influential. Sober green may be prodigious fine for humdrum, work-a-day issues, but it creates no psychological climate save that of decency and eminent respectability. In these days—days when a novel like "Sylvia" is bought and—maybe read— for the sake of a chance at $500 if one happens to light on a certain combination of twenty three thousand one hundred and ninety two possible ones—who shall say that any attempt to attract favorable comment is illegitimate? Who shall begrudge the LIT. the right to trick herself out in Christmas finery, if so by she may win another admirer or two?

THE FRONTISPIECE.

Our frontispiece this month is a view already familiar to many of us; but one which seems to express so well something of the dignity and steadfastness of our hills, that we are sure it will be well received. Some day we shall realize what the Berkshires have come to mean to us; some of us begin to realize it already as we think forward over the few months that are left before we must leave them.

THE SPHERE OF SANCTUM.

Exactly to define the scope of *Sanctum's* activity were a delicate task; whatever it may be, it is certainly limited. On the one side of its course there are the current editorials of the *Weekly*, a Scylla to be avoided. These treat of—well, you know what, and *Sanctum* would not dance in their socks. On the other side there is our own *Chat*, certainly not with-

out disloyalty to be called Charybdis, and yet fairly well supplying the world with matter after its kind. Between these two—and the *Stroller*—*Sanctum* must unassumingly steer itself. What wonder if at times it need to cast about and take soundings?

A CHRISTMAS MAR-JOY.

One subject, however, that touches the welfare of us all, the *Weekly*—perhaps because of the ethical exclusiveness of its policy—declines to approach. *Sanctum* is morally independent, for it is aware that few read its monthly bulletins and thus it need do no deference to popular opinion or to the Powers.

For our text, then, let us take an excerpt from page 265 of the 1902 Gul: "*Then he took Pilgrim by the hand again and led him into an eight-sided chamber with wings reaching out on two opposite sides. In this chamber they found . .* " well, all sorts of curious rubbish, and, I presume, a number of good things, too. Fortunate it was for Pilgrim that he sought only Moral Significance. Nowhere else could he so easily reap a full harvest of theme. They stare at you from all sides, they peer heartsickeningly into your face, they fairly assault you when you use the card catalogue. They ever seem to take the place of books themselves, in confirmation of which witness the experiences of one man among the many who have sought in vain for the intellectual and spiritual goods they were craving,

Ibsen	See Warner's Library.
Maeterlink	" " "
Paul Verlaine	" " "
Stephen Phillips, one volume .	
Loti, one novel and . . .	" " "
Maupassant, one volume and .	" " "
Jokai, one novel and . . .	" " "
Zola, no volume of the Trilogy .	" " "

These instances are taken merely by way of suggestion. It were a thankless stint to continue the list, but at the same time an easy one. Anatole France, Leconte de Lisle, Sienkiewicz,—and so far we have mentioned only classics. As certain also of our own poets have said, "And why?"

How we might enlarge on this too painful topic were we to investigate the periodical archives, any man who has ever looked up material for a debate could readily conceive.

But seriously, what is a college library for if not to supply one generously with what is best worth reading? Can it justly confine itself to literary antiquities when we are of the world of to-day? Who of us can even *talk* superficially about Ibsen after reading no more than Warner's Library? and yet a conversational acquaintance is the least one might desire. In all sooth such things make for rancor. It puts one out of the mood of the Christmas season, for instead of charity and good will one thinks vindictively of brick-bats and The Eumenides.

Then the interpreter said unto him, "Hast thou considered all these things?"

"*Yea,*" *answered Pilgrim,* "*and they put me in hope and fear.*" And he might well have added, quoting Rosalind, "*In a great dump.*"

Chat

"Who was that who came in earlier in the evening?"

"Why, do you mean the man in rubber boots who asked if I had read the stories in this week's *Youth's Companion* and *Saturday Evening Post*?"

"I do n't know about the boots,—you know I can 't see from here, but he asked about the *Youth's Companion*."

"Oh, that was a classmate of mine. We call him the Perpetual Youth. I asked him if he liked *Babyland*, just out for December."

It was not Chat's girl nor his pipe who was the partner in this conversation just now. On the desk in front of him is a little calendar sketch by Walter Appleton Clark of a man in a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers. His face, looking out from under a broad sombrero, is browned to swarthiness. A fishing-rod is in his hand and a game-basket is slung over his shoulder. The man looks so frank and yet so thoughtful withal that we have had several talks on literary subjects since he came last January.

"I suppose you think your answer was biting in its sarcasm and that it clearly revealed the intellectual pinnacle from which you spoke."

"Oh, no, one need not put it so flatfootedly as that. I may have reminded him, though, that most college men have got beyond some kinds of reading."

"Yes, and did you ever think what they have lost thereby? Really now, did you ever stop to consider some of the things you have lost by coming to college?"

Chat believed he had meditated on some of them, especially at the times when he made up his cash account, but did not venture to go into details.

"You ought to think of them as well as of the things you have gained. Among your losses, I see, is the ability to enjoy some kinds of reading. Run it over in your mind and see if the list of what you once termed 'corking books' has not materially diminished."

"I do n't suppose I do enjoy Jules Verne as much as I did once nor does "Ben Hur" keep me away from my meals."

"Probably not. And how about William Henry Matthews, whom you once considered the cleverest essayist you knew?"

"Well, I do n't admire him as much as I did once, but then you know the power of infinite enthusiasm for men, women, and books is one of the prerogatives of early youth. I do n't know as the number of 'corking books' has diminished proportionately any more than the number of 'bully fellows' and 'regular queens'."

"And you, let me see, you are twenty—, Mn–n–n. But they say that one enriches life by increasing the capacity for enjoyment and here your range of enjoyable reading has become restricted."

"Yes, but it 's a compensating loss. I can resign myself more easily than once to my inability to read each of the 'books of the year.' That 's a gain you must acknowledge."

"True, and ample amends would be made for the curtailment had your range grown to take in other books, but honestly, has it? Do you truly get as much enjoyment out of Matthew Arnold and Walter Pater as you did from Trowbridge and Conan Doyle? Weigh the sum total of enjoyment of reading which you had before college and now, and where does the balance lean? If you admit that you feel

shut out from the enjoyment of books like those you once 'devoured' are you certain that you would set up half the night to 'devour' any of the books which have taken their places in your intellectual buttery."

Chat mumbled something about hygienic principles, but the man in the Norfolk jacket went on.

"The trouble with you college men is—"

Chat brightened up in anticipation of hearing this seventy-ninth trouble with college men.

"The trouble with you college men is that you have let your education turn you into intellectual aristocrats. A few of you really have come to enjoy literary company of a higher type. The rest of you ape the few and when you approach a book which has not been recognized by the critical Four Hundred there is a great gathering of pharisaic skirts. Having lost your literary sympathy, you have failed to distinguish between the evolution of taste and the broadening of judgment. You forget that a man may outgrow blood and thunder and still be able to appreciate when the blood is artistically spilled and the thunder adroitly rattled,—that he may not care as he once did for strenuous cut and slash and still not look scornful at those who do."

"Looking scornful is in itself a pleasure to some," put in Chat.

"Chiefly dyspeptics. Now I have a couple of acquaintances who live on different principles—"

"Vegetarian and carnivorous, perhaps?"

"Both of them are teachers in a preparatory school. One of them seems interested or able to get interested in every thing he sees. If he is out walking and comes across a man painting a fence or mixing mortar, he will, if he has time to stop and talk, apparently be fascinated with the work. When discussing books, even with his schoolboys, the same inter-

ested manner is his. The other man walks out of doors somewhat, but I doubt if he could tell you whether he ever passed a fence or a mortar tub. When in the company of what he calls the 'pseudo-reading public' he seems rather proud of his ignorance of their favorite books. Both men in their slippered solitude spend their time with much the same class of books. Which of these men, think you, gets the most enjoyment out of his intellectual life?"

Rather than seem forward Chat will leave the question to you. *R. H.*

The Sign of the Shears

The Scribe finds that fiction predominates both in quality and quantity in the November exchanges. The verse is also good, but the essays are few in number and what there are of them are rather below the average.

The *Yale Courant* contains some interesting stories, the best of which is "The Explanation of Cousin Gabriel." Although it has nothing unusually novel in the way of plot, it is cleverly told and carries interest from beginning to end. In the *Yale Literary Magazine* the best production is "The Love of the Forest." Although a trifle inharmonious, the author has succeeded in portraying very well the inner feelings of two human beings under stress of emotion.

The *Vassar Miscellany* has a good story in "The Failure of It." It is the old tale of the cleared-up misunderstanding between a man and a woman; but it is well turned and shows decided ability. "The Major's Roses," in the *Smith College Monthly*, and "Jim's Madness," in the *Wellesley Magazine*, are both good stories.

The best essays of the month are "Walt Whitman as a Prophet," in the *Vassar Literary Monthly*, and "Burns and Scottish Song," in the *Amherst Literary Monthly*. The first is an appreciative study of a man whose work is, perhaps, too little appreciated, and the second views Burns in a manner out of the ordinary.

Scribe clips the following as the best of the verse:

ON CASCO BAY

Oh, the joy of a day on Casco Bay,
In a white-winged sailboat free,
When the white caps dance with the billows gay,
And the blue sea laughs like a child at play,
Dancing, glancing, glimmering so
In the warmth of the sunlight's gentle glow,
And the tiny craft bounds in wildest glee
O'er the restless billows of foamy sea,
And our hearts are filled with ecstasy
In the careless life of a summer's day
On Casco Bay.

Oh, the joy of a night on Casco Bay
In an airily-built canoe,
When the silvery light of the full, round moon
Steals gently over the gathering gloom,
Dancing, glancing, glimmering so;
And the strains of a mandolin, soft and low,
Are wafted over the silent sea,
And my thoughts—my thoughts are all with thee
And our hearts are filled with ecstasy
At the end of a happy summer's day
On Casco Bay.

—*Mount Holyoke*

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Drifting of clouds athwart the west,
  Gold of the sunset skies
Flooding over the mountain's crest,
  Softly the green day dies.
    With the perfect beauty all troubles cease,
    Sweet on my spirit the touch of peace.

Drowsy head on a mother's breast,
  Drone of lullabies,—
Guiding over the meadows of rest
  Light of a mother's eyes.
    With the perfect beauty all troubles cease,
    Sweet on my heart the touch of peace.

Wine of the cup His hand has blessed,
  Bread of His sacrifice,
Wondrous love of that last behest,—
  All that it signifies!
    With the perfect beauty all troubles cease,
    Sweet on my soul the touch of peace.

—*Smith College Monthly*

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OCTOBER TREES

In bursts of yellow, vital and intense,
Translucent 'neath the paths of late sunshine,
They cast rich yellow shadows on the earth,
Or, riotous in wealth of color, spread
Against dark pines in flaming forest fires.
Across the fields their masses green and red
Like gorgeous-figured Chinese lanterns glow.
The dripping color on swift scurrying leaves
Is painted with the life-blood of the Fall.

—*Vassar Miscellany*

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FAN

Within an antique chest it lies,
  Secure from meddling fingers,
And still among its silken folds
  The scent of rose leaves lingers.

The ivory sticks so quaintly carved
  Are yellowed now, and broken
Where Cupids smiled, proclaiming plain
  Some eager lover's token.

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But still upon the faded silk
  A merry rout is dancing,
And fair Priscilla scatters smiles
  With coquetry entrancing.

What tales this quaint old fan could tell
  Of other days and places,
Of gallant beaux in snowy stocks,
  Of periwigs and laces!

Of balls and stately minuets,
  Of maids in silk and patches,
Of whispered words in quiet nooks,
  Of love, and broken matches!

But now, alack! those merry days
  Are half-forgotten stories,
And naught remains but fading tints
  And dreams of ancient glories.

—*Yale Courant*

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Vol. XVII — JANUARY, 1902 — No. 6

MESSALINA

Messalina, the wife of Claudius, falls in love with Silius, a noble young Roman, and marries him publicly in the emperor's absence.

I. THE NIGHT.

Forth from the blaze and revel of the feast
Into the midnight cool she took her way,—
The mistress of Rome's master; now she seemed
To hasten, and to look behind in fear
Lest some one of the banqueters within
Should follow. But the red Falernian wine
Was coursing fire-like through their swollen veins,
They felt that they were stronger than the gods,
The master of the feast had raised his cup,—
"Long live the empress, health to Messalina!"
Madly they drank nor saw that she was gone.
So she went on and left them in the hall
High-columned, paved with polished marbles rare,—
On through the glory of the Italian night;

For as she walked, lo! the dim east grew bright,
And on her couch, with misty purple strown
High on the dusky Apennines, the fair
Moon-goddess woke, and sprang into the sky,
And all the stars grew pale before her glance
And shrank away into the aether far,
And Messaline saw, and cried aloud,
"So, Love, in my dark heart thou leapedst up,
And all the lesser loves, that were not Love
Trembled before thy gaze, and fled away
Into the dim recesses of the past,
Forgotten, or remembered to be scorned.
Then longed I most to rule and to be loved
Now but to love and to be ruled. And thou
Art rising ever higher in my soul,
And all things base flee from thy glorious rays,
And all things lovely grow thrice beautiful."
She spoke and hastened to the trysting-place,
And in her eyes a strange soft brightness shone.

II. THE GARDEN.

Under the spreading planes the empress walked,
In the great gardens that Lucullus made,
And with her walked her mother, gray of hair,
Whose face was like a parchment, wrinkled, old,
And hard to read. Beside them fountains tossed
Aloft their showers of sparkling drops; beyond
A marble goddess gleamed against the green.
Sharply the matron gray reproached her child:
"Why hast thou done this deed of madness? Now
Thou hast destroyed thy lover and thyself,
And me, thy mother. Why couldst thou not love
Him secretly? Thou hast had many lovers,

And never till this day hath Claudius
Suspected thee, for he is dull with wine,—
By thy rash folly thou hast ruined all."
But Messalina turned away, and cried,
"Thou knowest not of what thou speakest—nay,
Thy words are not all false; mine is
The blame; yet, I will save him still.
I'll go to Claudius; I am beautiful,—
And in my presence he is but a slave.
I will return, and he will soon forget,
And Silius shall live, though far from me,
From this our fiery crucible of pain,
Shall love, flame-purged, come durable and pure."
Even as she spoke, she hastened toward the gate.
Forth strode to meet her, ten prætorian guards,
Rough, hardened men, who feared not god nor law;
"Halt, mistress! Claudius bids me say to thee
Thy bridegroom's dead, and cursed thee ere he died.
They bade me slay thee; but by Hercules
Thou art too fair; if thou wilt come with me,
Mine shalt thou be, and I will treat thee well."
In anguish Messalina bowed her head,
Nor felt the insult of presumptuous words
More than a soldier, smitten unto death,
Feels the light sting of flies in his deep wound.
The chief stepped toward her; but she raised her head
Proudly, and cried, "Tis false! I know my love
Died like a Roman true. And I, his bride,
Shall I, though weak, shrink from his bitter cup?"
Then swift she snatched his sword from out its sheath,
And fell upon it there without a cry.
A crimson stream leaped forth from her white breast,
And stained the pure white violets below,

And with that flood her strong soul, throbbing fierce,
Sprang forth, and left her body cold and pale.
Silent the soldiers stood, and each man bowed
His head. Then one by one they slunk away.
But the gray mother came and saw her child,
And wept, and fondly kissed her o'er and o'er,
And they were left within the gates alone.

Homer Edwards Woodbridge

There is a figure of speech condemned by purists—the phrase "word-painter" applied to the artist in descriptive writing. In strictness of meaning the word-painter should confine himself to sketches of the visible world, passing over the vast realms of sense and imagination beside, and thus doubtless sadly limiting himself. Yet that writer who can reveal to others the greatness of the beauty of nature, without aid of brush and pencil, is adapted, in one direction at least, to attain the highest art—to sympathize most deeply with mankind. Still more divinely gifted is he, whose keen vision pierces the veil of the invisible and redes the mystery of human sorrow—the riddle of the Sphinx—whose facile pen can present in living colors the visions which he there beholds.

Such a master artist is Edgar Allan Poe. Hardened and shriveled indeed must be the soul of that man who has never been stirred by his rich imagery, his lofty flights of vision, and profound pictures in allegory. The taste of the veriest connoisseur in literary art is not satiated by his infinite variety of style, and technique the most telling and vivid commanded by an Anglo-Saxon author.

There is something in the nature of great poetry that weaves a spell of rhythm and rhyme over the reader's mind, transports him beyond the prosaic realm, and brings him into close touch and sympathy with the seer of visions. It is in Poe's poetry, therefore, that we find the clearest revelation of his own mystic world. *The Raven*, perhaps, has been so

often quoted, analyzed, and criticised that some of its pristine charm and freshness of motive is lost. But what an ever-powerful and striking setting for its grim melancholy is found in that dreary midnight in the bleak December when "each separate, dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor," and when the dark visitant, "perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—perched and sat, and nothing more . . . . and his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming, and the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor." The details of the picture are few, yet their simple isolation adds the more forcibly to the hinting of awful despair and impending doom. The same colors are on his canvas, the same tone and depth of shadow pervade his landscapes, remote aud weird, that we find in *Ulalume* and *The City in the Sea*,—

"Resignedly beneath the sky the melancholy waters lie,
So blend the turrets and shadows there, that all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower on the town Death looks gigantically down."

Although this note of melancholy is perhaps the most striking in his pictures, yet by no means is it always so deeply shadowed. His genius was not limited to one mood. Those whose regretful thoughts turn back to the classic days of the Golden Age, and who would love to linger among the relics of a glorious past, find in *The Coliseum* that the charmed atmosphere of the deserted ruins seems to steal over them, while flitting shades from the majestic age of conquest and strife of man to man take shape before their eyes. "O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee ever drew down from out the quiet stars."

Through the lines of *The Sleeper* is diffused an opiate vapor, in the mists and wreathing veils of which we are transported to the far, ancient land of that strange people

who forgot their homes and dear ones under the potent spell of the Lotos. For the lovers of faery there is prepared an ideal *Fairyland*, the vagrant fantasy of which seems to breathe the spirit of the fickle folk inhabiting these dim vales where are beheld scenes unimaginable save to the initiate. What happiness to wander unrestrained among these spirit-lands where earthly elements blend in combinations so beautifully unearthly as to lure the unwary soul on and still on until it becomes almost a native of the enchanted realms.

But the kaleidoscope turns. We sit in a mighty theatre and there are enacted on the stage the allegories, beautiful, dread, and profound, of *The Haunted Palace* and *The Conqueror Worm*—dramas of mortal life in which the doom of humanity is portrayed by scenes that are powerful and heart-gripping. Exquisite is the figurative imagery in which the human soul and body appear as "a fair and stately palace in the monarch Thought's dominion," and delicately, yet clearly, is traced the dire change in each feature of this picture till "round about his home the glory that blushed and bloomed is but a dim-remembered story of the old time emtombed." The depression of soul that lingers with us after reading these twin poems is perhaps but a reflection of their author's own psychic life on which "the curtain, a funeral pall, came down like the rush of a storm."

The sole element of poetry which is lacking in Poe's prose tales is the mechanical one of rhythm, and there are moods in which his prose has even a more powerful hold over our imagination than his poetry. In *The Fall of the House of Usher* appear again, in the picture of the house and its surroundings, the dark, stormy vagueness of background and bleak desertedness of foreground that give the key to the whole tale and prepare the mind of the reader for the terri-

ble final climax. It is difficult to remove the impression gained from others of the prose tales—*Ligeia*, *The Masque of the Red Death*, *The Assignation*—filled with the wildest and most unlicensed play of melancholy and awful fancy. We feel that the author's mind was assuredly unbalanced, and his reason shaken from its gloomy throne. Such truly must have been the case, had it not been for that versatility of his genius more strongly marked in his prose than in his poems. In tales of adventure he does not entirely escape from his dark mood. How blindly the most awe-inspiring forces of nature in the all-devouring sea obey the artist's will, and how vividly are presented the catastrophes of *The Descent into the Maelstrom* and the *Ms. found in a Bottle*. But in *The Domain of Arnheim* and *Landor's Cottage* we are introduced to an utterly novel and equally wonderful country in which Poe loved to roam. It is a most peculiar channel into which the stream of his visionary thoughts seems to have flowed—ideas unrealizable, and for that reason probably all the dearer to himself. The artist's love of beauty in the natural world has had rather a bizarre development. He theorizes on the subject of landscape gardening and portrays an ideal world in which all grass is green, all waters clear and sparkling, all flowers ever-blooming, and every evidence of decay and death utterly removed. Truly his strange soul was not saturated with dark despair, and he, too, had dreams of a land of perfect peace and happiness, a heaven upon earth. Indeed, in *The Colloquy of Monos and Una* his spirit leaps into a prophetic strain. Two individuals of this ancient and over-civilized planet meet in the future state within the "New Jerusalem," where they see realized the artist's ideal heaven or perfected earth, a reincarnation of those delightful days and far Elysian times "when *mirth* was a word unknown, so solemnly deep-toned was happiness

—holy, august and blissful days, when blue rivers ran undammed, between hills unknown into far forest solitudes, primeval, odorous and unexplored."

The hope wells up within us that the artist-poet's fair visions may have been fully realized to him, and that his shade, freed from its unhappy slavery on earth, may now be wandering in the fields of asphodel.

George Mather Richards

A SONG OF YESTERYEAR

Lightly the birds sang in the thorn,
  Sweet-voiced and clear.
With gladsomeness they thrilled the morn
  Of yesteryear.

Ah! sweet, sweet was the springtime breath
  Of yesteryear.
It woke a hope of life from death
  And love from fear.

Ah! blue, blue leaned the kindly sky
  Above the mere,
And warm, warm beat a true-love's heart
  Of yesteryear.

Why have you ceased your gladsome tune,
  Song of my heart;
Why did you dim and fade so soon
  And leave a smart?
Oh, song, glad song, that rang so clear,
  Where have you gone since yesteryear?

Why have you lost your joyful thrill,
  Life of my heart?
Grey loom the skies and winds blow shrill,
  And love must part.
Oh, life, glad life, that felt no fear,
  Where have you fled since yesteryear?

Why have you left me in my grief,
  Heart of my heart,
Only a faded crimson leaf,
    With heedless art?
Why have you gone, and I still here,
  Heart of my heart of yesteryear?

Harry James Smith

The first-class battleship *Massachusetts* was steaming slowly up through the lower bay. The early morning sun caused the polished metal of the big thirteen-inch guns to refract dazzling light into the faces of the forward watch, who were drawn up to hear the Sunday morning service read. Suddenly on the left the big guns of Fort Hamilton pounded out the captain's salute, breaking into the Sabbath stillness of that perfect June day. With all flags set and each jackie in his Sunday best, the monster fighting machine crept on into the upper bay, past Governor's Island, where again the air was smitten with the thundering reports. Under the bridge into the East river she picked her way. At last, arrived opposite the entrance to the Wallabout, the mighty mass of steel swung her nose around gracefully and with dignity, as though she realized her own importance, and ten minutes later her big steel hawsers were being made fast to Cob dock by some fifty barefooted rookies from the *Vermont*.

In this gang of rookies was one little fellow on whom the petty officer in charge heaped all his abundant abuse. Not that Stokes was lazy or impudent. He was neither. He was just *easy*, and the officer had found that out some time before, hence the persecution of Stokes. Small but wiry, with freckled face and almost tow-colored hair, he was not a thing of beauty. He had arrived at the Brooklyn navy yard three months before, having left the up-state farm at the beginning of planting season. He had n't run away, and he had never

seen more water at one time than the half-acre pond behind his father's house, so that it was no instinctive love of the briny deep that tempted the lad. He had left home, like hundreds of others, because he felt that his future needed a wider horizon than the narrow confines of a farm. He considered it his duty to prove to his friends that he was not a do-nothing, and he had decided that the navy was the place to prove his worth.

Miss Adele Westcott was another direct cause of Stokes's leaving his native heath. She had told him that he never would amount to anything. He 'd just poke along and follow in his father's footsteps—she had heard a campaign orator use that expression once, and she had stored it away for an appropriate time. The result was immediate, and far different from anything the girl had imagined.

Stokes had answered this challenge by quietly asking, "Will you wait and see, Adele?" And then he had gone.

Like hundreds of others, Stokes had received his pass from the sentry at the gate, had gone to the office of the captain of the yard in the commandant's building, where he had been given another pass, which carried him over the antiquated chain ferry, on to Cob dock, and to the dismantled, worm-eaten, roofed-over receiving ship, the *Vermont*.

Three months had done little toward putting Stokes at ease with his surroundings. He was still a lubber, and everyone knew it. Men in the service a week laughed at him. His time had been spent between mowing the lawn in front of the brig, where the officers' wives played tennis, and inside it for lack of obedience. Not that Stokes was disobedient. He was just easy.

On the afternoon of the *Massachusetts*' arrival at the yard Stokes was sitting on the tail-piece of the dock idly kicking

his feet against the spiles, looking out across the dancing waters of the river, and pondering over his present lot compared with what he had hoped for. He was not sure that he was any more of a man than before, and he could not see that he was better off than on the farm. To be sure he had done nothing to call down upon him the wrath of Captain Snow, than whom no man at the yard was more feared. His offences had been too petty for that. But he hadn't done anything worthy of mention in that same captain's reports to Washington. Here, as at home, he had shown himself to be a nobody—he was easy.

Sunk in his meditations, Stokes did not notice the big, broad-shouldered jackie from the *Massachusetts* coming toward him until he had almost reached him. To friendless Stokes the sight of this man was a godsend. Scrambling to his feet, he threw himself on the amazed tar's neck and almost sobbed in his delight: "Jack!"

The rest of the afternoon Stokes spent in a state of bliss. The shining river under the rays of the setting sun, the erstwhile despised lawn, even the detestable floating pest-house, the *Vermont*, all were transfigured in Stokes's unequaled joy. For he had seen and talked to Jack Westcott, the hero of his youthful dreams, the protector of his school days, his one friend in the little home town. And more than that Jack was Adele's brother. Stokes had heard and heard again just how she looked, how she felt towards him and all the other things that a brother can tell. Jack had been granted a furlough shortly after Stokes had left home, and for the first time since, Stokes had heard of his native town. And the joy of finding Jack the same loyal heart of old! To think that Stokes could tell him everything without being laughed at! And, to cap it all, Jack had asked him to go to glorious Coney Island with him that night. To be sure, he remem-

bered that Jack had not mentioned the trip until after he had told the big seaman that he had twenty-five dollars, his pay in full. But what did that signify? He would be glad to spend his share for the chance of being with his idol. Jack had said that he would have but a few days in the yard, as the *Massachusetts* was to join the rest of the North Atlantic before the end of the week at Newport for the summer manœuvres. Therefore they had decided to take the trip that night.

For once Stokes found no difficulty in securing his "twelve hour" leave, and seven o'clock found him waiting anxiously at the ferry for Jack. Presently he saw a crowd of twenty or more jackies run down the forward gang-plank of the *Massachusetts*, and in another minute he grabbed Jack's arm and sidled into the port side of the ferryboat. Somehow Jack did n't act as he had that afternoon. He seemed to be preoccupied and restless. His answers to his diminutive friend were all in monosyllables, and Stokes could find no subject which seemed to arouse Jack from his lethargy. Jack had brought along two companions from his ship and it hurt Stokes to see how familiar these men were with his idol. Several times Stokes was mystified at certain expressions which fell from his companion's lips. All he could catch was something about "buryin' the killy" and "doin' the skip," which seemed to have some hidden meaning, for they were spoken in a whisper by Jack to the other men who acquiesced or disagreed with energetic nods of their heads.

At last they reached the island. Stokes was hopelessly bewildered and Jack perfectly at home. Jack's friends still kept the odd pair company and together they sauntered along Surf avenue until they reached Thompson's Walk where they turned over to the Bowery. At Jack's suggestion they entered Koster's music hall, outside of which beside the

crier stood a burly policeman. The four men were quickly ushered to a table nearest the stage by a very tough but obsequious waiter who cordially asked the "gents what was their pizen." Stokes gave himself up to gazing fascinated at the stage. Never before had he seen such a performance. It was to him as if he were enjoying a glimpse of paradise. He forgot his companions, he forgot his surroundings, he almost forgot to breathe so great was his joy. Jack took no interest in the show and confined himself to ordering drinks in never ending quantities. There was a momentary lull in the noise of the orchestra. Jack leaned across the table and brought Stokes back to earth by exclaiming confidently as though sure that his request would not be denied:

"Stoksey, I want your money. I've got some hid away but it ain't enough for what I want. Now just chuck us your rumsy over and say nary a word an' you'll be all right. You'll get it back some day an' you can believe that."

For a moment Stokes was stunned by this proposition. He had never dreamed his companion capable of such a trick and even now he could not believe his ears. He looked into the faces of the other seamen, but he found no vestige of sympathy in them. Turning appealingly to his already muddled friend he said,—

"But, Jack, what do you want of it? It's all I've got since I started at the yard an' it's kinder hard to give it up."

"Never you mind what I want it for, young 'un. I just nat'rally want it and it's up to you to come over with the pile. See?"

Without another word Stokes stuck his hand into his blouse and pulled out the roll of bills neatly done up in oil silk. Still without a word he handed it to his companion, who immediately brightened up and ordered another round of drinks.

For the next five minutes Stokes remained silent while Jack and his two shipmates continued to drink. Stokes's brain was in a whirl. How could he believe that his model would do a thing like this? There was some reason that he didn't know. Jack was in trouble. And then the true reason flashed through his brain. It was the work of these others. Stokes was sure of that. He must find out and save his friend from something. He didn't know what it was, but he was sure that Jack was being influenced by these men to do something which could result only in his disgracing himself. Suddenly, as though he had made up his mind on a plan of action,—although in truth he had no idea what he should say,—he faced the hilarious seamen and said in a voice so calm that it frightened him,—

"Jack, I know what you're goin' to do. You're goin' to desert and—"

Quick as a flash the jackie's big right fist shot forward. Stokes got the full force of the blow between the eyes, saw the other two men overturn their chairs and make for the door, and then he lost consciousness.

* * * * * *

When Stokes came to, he found himself on a cot in a cell. Slowly the events of the evening came back to him and he wondered why he was in jail. Presently an officer appeared, unlocked the door of his cell, and told him gruffly to follow. Once before the captain's desk he saw Jack handcuffed like himself.

The charge was intoxication and disorderly conduct for both men, and they were quickly packed on to a car in charge of the policeman bound for the navy yard. During the first part of the ride Jack was sullen and non-communicative. At last, after Stokes had given up pleading with his

comrade to tell the whole story, the jackie turned to him slowly, and with a bitter smile said:

"Well, young 'un, it's all up with me now an' I s'pose I might as well let you on. You see me an' my friends pinched several articles of more or less value durin' this last trip in the Mediterranean. We buried the 'killy' yesterday morning as soon as we got in. But we needed twenty-five plunks to raise that 'killy.' See?" Stokes did not see and he said so. The jackie continued by saying,—

"Well, then, it's this way. The marine sentry up in 'Steam Engineering' who watches that back yard behind building 19, is a good sojer and an uncommon wise guy. He kindly let us bury the 'killy' but he wanted twenty-five to let us bring it to light again. Now, d'yer see?"

"But, why, Jack? How could you do it? It ain't like you. Think of the disgrace. Think of your sister. Think of *her*, Jack."

"Think o' *her*? My God, Stokes, I have. It's the old story. Cards did the business goin' over. I lost three times as much as I could pay, and jackies ain't the easiest of creditors. The rest—well, it took a good deal o' urgin' but I gave in at last. They talked about honor an' I could n't deny that. I'd a made them wait till I earned the money only I wanted to be square with all o' them before she came . . . ."

They had reached the yard. In a short half hour Stokes found himself in a cell he had never been put in before. It was one of three that were reserved for desperate cases. So that's what he was. A desperate character, a man to be afraid of, to shun. Already he had pictured in his mind his sentence—dishonorable discharge—and he was only a rookie. He wondered how exaggerated the rumors were. Perhaps he was believed to be a would-be murderer. Only too well did he realize how distorted facts became after being handled

by nine hundred rookies all eager for a diversion of any kind.

He could n't know that every cell in the little brig was filled with a batch of "six months" men en route from Philadelphia to the Roanoke prison. He had no way of knowing this, and besides, as it has been said, he was easy. All these combined circumstances hurried Stokes on to a decision he had known he would make almost from the time of his discovery of Jack's crime. He would sacrifice himself for the brother of the girl he loved. Not now for his idol, but for her.

The weekly court-martial did not convene until Thursday. The *Massachusetts* was booked to sail that day. Stokes had hoped that he might exonerate Jack before his ship left, but in this he was doomed to disappointment. His four days of confinement had enabled Stokes to form a definite plan of procedure in the trial. He was sure that the attempt at desertion must have become known, the killy was surely unearthed and Jack's guilt firmly established. Stokes was going to disprove this. His friend, her brother, must not be disgraced. There was no one to care what became of him.

The day of the trial dawned bright and clear, and from his cell window Jack Westcott could see the white-suited jackies aboard the *Massachusetts* hurrying over the decks of the battleship, making the final preparations for the three months' cruise. He turned abruptly away and threw himself on his cot, his face buried in his hands. And this is what he had written his sister to come and see. He remembered grimly how he had made all the arrangements for her to stay with their city relatives. What a glowing picture he had drawn of the wonders of *his* ship! How glad it would make her to see her own brother at his place beside the "thirteen inch forrard." Well—she would see these

things, some of them. Of course he 'd get the full penalty, six months in the Roanoke prison. He would probably be sent down with the batch of prisoners in the brig. But Stokes would n't suffer. He 'd tell the whole business—if it was n't known now it would be then—and he 'd clear himself.

On the way to the Paymaster's Building where the court convened Jack was almost startled into shouting out in his delight at the message whispered to him while on the ferry. It was the marine sentry of Building 19 who imparted the glad tidings by saying cautiously: "They got it. Came round Sunday night. Gave me the twenty-five and lifted the killy. Everything 's all right. Keep your mouth shut and you 'll get out of it. Nobody 's on."

* * * * *

The yard discussed the strange developments of the court-martial for a week. Never had a rookie been known to be so utterly gullible and disgracefully easy as Stokes. From an ordinary spree the affair had been made to assume the proportions of a serious case—serious only in that it brought to light that the government had been harboring an insane man among nine hundred rookies. These nine hundred rookies were, perhaps, the only ones who insisted that the case *was* serious. Most of the officers laughed over the queer actions of this rookie who seemed to be all imagination and no reality. The rumors which leaked out through the closed doors of the court-martial were something as follows:

Stokes had taken the stand first. He had talked wildly—paying no attention to the repeated efforts of the judge advocate to make him stop—about his attempt to desert with the two seamen from the *Massachusetts*, whom it was shown that he had never seen before. He had continued in this strain and had told some story about his having hidden money

behind Building 19 in Steam Engineering. The place was searched and no "killy" found. It was proved that he had never even asked to leave the yard during his three months' enlistment, and that it was impossible that he could have secured any such booty as he spoke of. It was clear that he was laboring under some delusion that his friend Westcott was in danger of being charged with attempted desertion, although there was absolutely no ground for his thinking so.

The key to Stokes's apparently unfounded suspicion was furnished by Westcott himself, who told the court in a few words that he had meant to have some fun with his rookie friend by telling him a "yarn" about desertion, the time-honored custom of "burying the killy," and applying them to himself; that the rookie had fiercely assaulted him with no further provocation; and that he had only defended himself. He testified as to the rookie's sanity, and declared that Stokes had never been actually crazy but that he had always been queer; that most people called him easy; and that that was his idea of his friend's exaggerated notions displayed in court.

It was universally agreed on Cob dock that Stokes was not fit to associate with his former companions. No sane man would try to incur imprisonment for attempted desertion—not even to save a friend. That wasn't the way the rookies regarded friendship. They figured that it was hard enough to take care of themselves without looking for other people's troubles. Any man that could be taken in as easily as that was a disgrace to the service.

Westcott's sentence was as light as possible under the circumstances. He was given three days to join his ship at Newport and deprived of shore leave for three months, a purely nominal sentence, as the fleet would be at sea during the summer manœuvres. For contempt of court and assault

of a fellow-seaman Stokes was sentenced to thirty days in the brig and given a fourth-class rating.

* * * * *

The sweat rolled off the rookie as he trudged back and forth over the lawn in front of the brig, painfully toiling at his old task—pushing the hated lawn mower. Four days had gone by, and the trial was already forgotten in the yard. Stokes could see groups of rookies off duty lying under the shade of the trees, and he felt some satisfaction in knowing that they were not talking about him.

There was a party of officers and ladies standing on the tail piece of the dock, and as he neared the western end of the lawn he could hear them talking and laughing together. Every one seemed happy except Stokes. To be sure Adele had spent long hours with him on that afternoon of the trial. She had sat beside him on the cot and had let him hold her hand. Jack had told her everything, and she had said that she was proud of her rookie. *Proud* of him! But—and at the thought of this Stokes grew melancholy again—it would never do for them to make an announcement of their engagement. The people at home would laugh at such a preposterous idea. Stokes must do something. Even with such a possession as her love he was still a rookie—rated fourth class.

A shrill cry from the party on the end of the dock caused Stokes to turn quickly in that direction. Inspired with some new born impulse he fairly flew over the ground toward them. He heard the officers crying "Man overboard!" and he knew his chance had come. Without any hesitation the rookie threw himself head first into the water. Twenty feet away he saw a woman struggling madly to keep herself afloat. With powerful strokes he fairly lifted himself out of the water in his endeavors to reach the woman before she

drowned. It seemed to Stokes that it was all over in a minute before he was picked up by the crew of the *Vermont's* first cutter with his unconscious burden. The girl was quickly bundled off by sympathetic helpers to a warm berth in the *Vermont*, and Stokes went back to the brig to change his wet clothes.

* * * * *

Three days later Stokes received the following telegram, sufficient explanation of his reward:

"To Captain Snow's Orderly.

"Town sings praises of the rescuer of Captain Snow's daughter. Easy Stokes exists no longer. Telegraph announcement. Coming on first train.

"Adele."

Hayden Talbot

NIGHT FARING

Ah, weary-limbed ye sink and mope,
  Forspent with stumbling through the dark,—
"Give o'er the quest," ye cry, "nor grope
For hidden paths devoid of hope
  Till there shall gleam some guiding spark."

Thick darkness rests upon our eyes,
  Yet bide we not till break of light;
No star stabs through the muffled skies,
Yet heed we not your fearful cries,—
  We take the hazards of the night.

The dawn shall say how wide we've erred,—
  It may be, lost in barren lands,
We shall recall your warning word;
Let come then rue,—aye, we have heard,
  But cannot sit with folded hands.

"Astray to perish one by one?"
  But how if we be in the right?
Against the splendid chance to run
Eastward and meet the rising sun
  We take the hazards of the night!

Stuart Pratt Sherman

THE EDUCATION OF FRED

Fred Nelson was just leaving for college. The summer, filled with preparations for this great event of his life, had passed quickly by and now all was done and he was ready to start. Every one of his classmates at the Osburne High School envied him; every one of his teachers and older friends had presented him with gratuitous and earnest advice which he had accepted with what grace he might. It was a little annoying to be thought incapable of looking out well enough for himself; but he resigned himself to it in the anticipation that in a little time it would be over.

Besides, his own intentions were of a high character. He had made up his mind that when he got to college he would study so faithfully that he would not once fail in recitation; that he would attend loyally to every duty of a Freshman; he would not learn to smoke, he would be extremely careful that each cent went where it would count most. In fact, that he would be such a man as the faculty would be proud to have under their care. And furthermore he had made these resolutions with a determination to keep them; let others break theirs if they wanted to do so.

Now the wagon was at the door and his mother was saying her few last words to him.

"Good-by, Fred. I'm glad you're going to college for your sake, but don't forget us. We're going to work and save that you may enjoy it all. Study hard and stand well and be my own brave boy just as you have always been and I shall be happy. But there, your father is waiting for you, good-by."

Then she kissed him, and at the same time slipped into his

hand a gold dollar, saved for some time as a pocket piece. The tall young fellow simply said, "Good-by, mother," and turning, sprang into the carriage beside his father.

The mother was slight in form, somewhat bent, gray-haired and feeble, but the expression of love shone on her face through all the wrinkles of care. She stood leaning against the door-post, her hand before her eyes to shield them from the bright September sun, and looked longingly after the buckboard as it dropped out of sight down the hill. At last, when nothing more was to be seen she went into the kitchen to finish her morning's work.

Fred and his father talked much over the short two miles to the station, the latter, however, doing the greater part.

"You know about how much money we have on hand, Fred, and if you can get the ninety dollar scholarship, you will be safe for the first year; that is, if you will stint yourself a little. Of course, if you have to use more than we are reckoning on, I can sell the wood lot; but I don't want to unless it's necessary, for you know I can get more for it next year. However, see Dr. Parker about that and then you 'll know how much you can spend. I want you to have a good time, my son, but don 't carry your fun far enough to interfere with your studies."

"Yes, father, I'll try and get along as cheaply as I can, and I'll bone hard to get good marks and keep my scholarship, if I get one. I guess I'll be able to do that. Good-by."

Fred stepped on board the train with a sensation somewhat akin to relief. He felt rather glad to have left North Osburne behind him, and to be for a time at least free from the old, narrow restraints. A new chapter of his life was opening. He looked forward into it with eagerness.

* * * * *

It was something more than two months after the opening

of college. Fred sat in his room thinking. This had of late become more or less of a rare occupation for him, and he found that he had plenty to think about. College had turned out to be so different from his old notion of it. Already his early intention of "boning hard" and of taking all the honors in scholarship appeared somewhat infantile to him. How fortunate it was that he had got in with a bully crowd of fellows who understood him and were able to show him that a college education was something more than a long grind. Yes, they had understood him and had been more than good to him. To be sure it had used up his money pretty fast. Someway he had n't been able to make them understand how little he had and how carefully he ought to spend it. He found it a difficult subject to broach with them, and anyway, until now he had only to send home for a check and it had come.

"Well, old man," he said to himself, "you'd better begin to economize pretty soon. This ca n't go on for ever, I suppose, even if it does look like it now. To be sure they've got to give me my living and I suppose I can live as I please; still, when the bills come in—why, they'll come in, that's all."

The subject was not exhilarating, and he decided to drop into Bill's room across the hall. He decided that he would not trouble with money matters at present. He was very low, too, in his studies, but it was already too far along in the term to make his marks much better, and it was much easier to let them go.

His application for a scholarship was in, but what good did that do? He was failing right and left. Christmas came and he went to New York, merely sending a note to his mother saying that he would not be at home for the vacation. When he returned mid-year's were approaching, and all too rapidly for him; he could not even enter the exams. "Oh,

how I wish something would happen so that I'd have to go home before those confounded exams. come off. Anything, I don't care what, if I could only go without having to be sent. I've been having a good enough time, so far, but it can't last long now."

So it went on until late in January. About a week before mid-year's he gave "the fellows" a final treat at the Center. He had just finished dressing on the evening of this event, when his room-mate came bounding up the stairs, and rushed into the room. Handing him a letter he said, "The fellows are coming right up, Fred, but here's a letter which you ought to have had day before yesterday, and I thought perhaps you'd like to read it before you go out."

"Nothing much, I guess. A letter from home," and he went to his desk, sat down, and read in an indifferent way:

MY DEAREST SON:

I am very glad to know how nobly you are doing. I trust you are still working hard and getting good marks; the scholarship will help out a great deal, if you can only get it. A hundred dollars means so much you know, Fred.

Your father and I have not heard from you lately. I understand how very busy you are, you have so much studying to do and you are so happy with your new friends. But, Fred, will you not for my sake, write a short note to your father to comfort him during this long dreary winter; the first you have been away from us? We never dreamed how much it was going to cost, even when you are working your way through college. Where can the money go? but if you can only stand high and learn enough all is well.

Your father's health is failing, he has been working so hard for you all this fall. He has poured out his very life-blood for you, Fred, the only one in whom we hope now. I myself am far from well and feel very weak with my heart trouble, which seems to be coming on again.

Oh! how I wish you were here for a few minutes,—but you are my brave, noble boy and I will get well to work all the more, that you may be able to stay on through the year.

Wishing you the best of success in the examinations, I am,

Yours with love and fondest blessings,

MOTHER.

"Gad, man! Guess I've changed a little bit since you saw me last," he muttered, trying to swallow a lump in his throat.

* * * * *

About three o'clock the next morning he stumbled upstairs to his room, fumbled around, lighted his lamp and saw a yellow envelope of the Postal Telegraph Co., with his name on it, lying on the table. "Plague take these confounded folks," he grumbled as he tore it open, "al'ays wantin' dough and sendin' after it in this way. Goin' to get out o' here pretty soon, then there'll be the devil to pay, that's what I'm thinkin." But, owing to the dimness of the lamp or the great dimness in his eyes he could not make it out, and so throwing himself into his chair, he held the bit of paper to the light and read there, "Mother had another attack this morning. Will not recover. Please come at once. Father."

John Adams Lowe

THE BIRTH OF SONG.

This stream, that yearns unto the sea,
  Where stony barriers oppose,
Pours out its song more merrily
  Than where down swift-worn paths it flows.

Dost thou unknowing, little brook,
  Thy sorrows so despise
That thou dost sing a sunless nook
  Into thy Paradise?—

And mine! when Love, not satisfied
  With loving, flees to thee,
And thou dost drown my lover's pride
  In thy brave melody.

When Pan pursued to Ladon deep
  A nymph, and found beside the shore
Only a tall green reed, to weep
  And flee among the trees no more;

He pressed it to his lips, forlorn;
  And from a lover's agony,
Sweetest of Music, thou wert born
  'Mid echoing hills of Arcady.

Could I not find thy sacred art,
  O joyous Brook, and might it be
That Love, chained down within my heart,
  Bear Music there, to comfort me?

Max Forrester Eastman

PAULINE, JOHN, AND HENRIETTA, CONFEDERATES

John and Pauline were in love. There was not the least doubt on that score. One day after school he had told her the state of his heart, and she had admitted to him that for some two or three weeks she had considered him the nicest boy in the sixth grade. Both of them were very happy; but they had decided that it was best not to break the news to the world until after they should be married—which was to be in May. There were several reasons for waiting until May. John expected that on his birthday, the twenty-ninth of April, he should receive a five dollar bill from his uncle—his uncle was very good about such things—and he thought that with that it would not be difficult to furnish a modest little home and to buy quite a quantity of provisions, especially gum drops and ginger-bread. Pauline, on her part, felt that her mother would miss her less as the warm weather came on, and she was provident enough to realize the advantages of housekeeping when most of one's work could be done out of doors. So they had decided upon May first as the wedding day, and were making arrangements therefor. It was all very fine—this anticipation and secret planning, the unguessed conclaves that met under the verandah of Pauline's house on Atchinson street, the mysterious gestures and signalings that might have been perceived at convenient moments of the day in the school-room of the sixth grade. Not a child in school had an inkling of what it meant, though many, they suspected, were well-nigh mad with curiosity,—not even the teacher guessed that when Pauline Ferguson idly tied and untied her hair-ribbons she was saying, accord-

ing to the hair-ribbon code, "Meet me under the verandah after school."

It was now late April. The engagement had been on for three weeks. Its beginnings had been on this wise. One day at recess the children of grade six had been playing "Wild Animals" in the basement. You may remember the game. Each player is assigned the part of some beast of the field or fowl of the air, and each in turn represents that creature by his gambols and weird vocalizations before the eyes of all until its name is guessed. Henrietta had been chosen to assign the parts, and Henrietta had gone the rounds whispering into each one's ear her allotment. Now Henrietta was Pauline's bitterest enemy—how it came to be so is another story and need not be repeated here—and she was full of joy at this opportunity of "giving it" to her. So when she bent low over Pauline she hissed in a hoarse whisper, "You can be a nasty little hop-toad and give people warts. You are a hop-toad anyway so you won't have to be any different from usual." At this Pauline had burst into hot tears of indignation, and the game would have ended disastrously had not a champion appeared. On the other side of the room John jumped up.

"Henrietta Fitzsimmons," he said in the voice of Judgment Day, "Henrietta Fitzsimmons, you said something mean, and your'e a bad, wicked thing and we fellers won't play with you any more unless you'll take back what you said and tell us what it was."

Henrietta hesitated a moment with fatal diffidence, for Pauline spared her the trouble of confessing and repeated the hateful words herself. At this disclosure a chorus of hisses and "rotten eggs" arose, and Henrietta fled from the room with all the jealousy and rage of Ortrud depicted on her face. Then the game proceeded, Pauline being allowed

to take the part of a bird of paradise, her favorite rôle, and one in which she was very expert.

From that hour a recondite attachment had grown up between John and Pauline, and by the end of a fortnight friendship had ripened into love. As we had said it was now late April, one of the first warm days of spring. The teacher's desk was decorated with long twigs of pussy-willows and with two chipped cups stuffed with short-stemmed hepaticas. The A class in geography was reciting on Patagonia. The B class was supposed to be studying. Pauline, however, was bent on no such prosaic occupation. Her small mouth was tightly puckered, her yellow hair fell unevenly over her face and in her small hand she cramped a stubby pencil. As you may have guessed Pauline was courting the fugitive Muse:

"Oh, thee I love
My tertledove,
And I hate Henrietta.
I wish some bear
Would tare her hair,
And then would take and et her."

This was not altogether satisfactory but it was better than nothing. Pauline folded it carefully into a very small wad, labeled it "For John," and started it down the row. With anxious eyes she followed its precarious course. Once the teacher looked up and almost caught Elihu in the act of covertly tossing the little missive across the aisle. At last she saw it reach its goal. Pauline looked very studiously at her book while her heart went pit-pat. It seemed hours before the answer came, but the tone of it made up for any delay:

"Oh, where will we meet,
Under the veranda or on the street,
Pauline, my dear,
Aged 10 yere?
What can we do to henrietta
To punish her and make her better?"

That was of the right sort. It put the Henrietta business on the proper footing; yes, Pauline saw it all clearly now, they ought to do something to discipline Henrietta, they ought to try to help her become a kinder and less hateful girl. She thought hard for a few minutes, then once more she began composing:

"First we can pray
All through the day
That she may grow mild
And be a nicer child.
I think it would be nice beside
Her new rubbers to hide
Away from her sight
And let her look for them all night.
That will teach Henrietta
She's got to grow better."

When this was done Pauline passed it to the little girl who sat next her, and the little girl who sat next her sneaked it diagonally across the aisle. Just then the class in geography was dismissed and packed off noisily toward their seats. Down came Henrietta, just in time to see the note cross in front of her. She guessed whom it was from; here was a good chance to get back at Pauline. Quick as a streak she snapped it up and sat down in gloating triumph to read it. Pauline was in torment; but she felt cruelly helpless. Immediately, too, the B class was called up to recite and she must needs lay aside hopes of vengeance until later. It was a bitter hour for her. She imagined the brazen joy that Henrietta was drinking in there behind her on the back seat. But now she dared not look around. The hour dragged on endlessly. Ten o'clock, five minutes past . . . would the period never end? "The class is dismissed. . . ." Pauline flew to her seat. On the corner of the desk lay a little white note. She opened it with anxious interest:

DEER PAULINE: I can't right poetry; but I thank you for wanting to help me. I know I am a bad girl. I want to be good. Will you teach me how?

Yours truly,

MISS HENRIETTA FITZSIMMONS.

Pauline was staggered for the moment. What could it mean! She had not supposed it possible that such an abandoned little wretch as Henrietta could ever desire to be regenerated. She thought about the matter during the rest of the morning, longing for an opportunity of talking it over with John. Such opportunity came at noon, for John had an errand down on Atchinson street and so it fell out that he and Pauline strolled home together. In as few words as possible Pauline narrated the shock of the morning. "What do you think we 'd better do about it, John?"

"Blamed if I can tell. I did n't know as she was that sort, but p'raps she is, though, and if she really means it, I s'pose we 'd better make up with her."

"I 'll ask her to-night," said Pauline, "and if she means what she says, I 'll make her say:

'Honest and true,
Black and blue,
And if I 'm a liar
You may cut me in two.'

She would n't dare tell a lie about that, because we really *could* do it, you know. Eleanor told me so."

The matter was therefore left in this way, and that afternoon Henrietta was invited to come to an examination at half-past four under the verandah of Pauline's house. It was evident that Henrietta was in earnest for she accepted the offer with gratitude, and at the appointed time—in fact a minute or two earlier—she crawled through the little lattice door, termed by the children the "Wicket Gate," and found herself on the high road to salvation. It was all very lovely; at least

Pauline and John thought so, and when the proper preliminaries had been gone through with and Henrietta's sincerity been approved and she had given them each two gum drops, they decided to tell her about their engagement and their plans and hopes for the future.

"We expect to be married on the first of May," said Pauline. "That's Saturday, and I can get through my dancing lesson at ten o'clock if I'm good. I never have been good yet, but I can be if I want to. We think we'll go out into the country to live because it's cheaper there and John does n't expect to have but five dollars to begin on. But of course we can get more there when we need it. I think I shall give music lessons, and then he's so strong he can do 'most anything."

Henrietta found these plans too lovely for anything. She said she should often come out into the country to visit them and wanted to know where they were going to live, and what train were they going on.

As to location they had decided on Willowville; they had found the name in the geography and were sure it must be a nice place. About trains they had not thought as yet; on the whole it would be easiest just to go down to the station and wait till one came along.

Henrietta thought that these plans also were too lovely for anything. She was so glad that they had been kind enough to tell her about them and promised that if she could do anything to help them she surely would. But now she must go home. So she said good-night and ran off.

John and Pauline agreed that they had been wise in letting Henrietta into their good graces, especially as her father kept a candy store and she almost always had a goodly stock of gum drops or fifteen-cents-a-pound chocolates in her pocket, which, by the way, she told them she used to take when her

father was n't looking. John did not approve of the means but the ends appealed to him.

The remaining week passed quickly by. Pauline sometimes felt sad at the thought of leaving her mother so soon; "but then," said she, "it 's got to come some time, anyway."

She had not thought best to say anything of her plans at home. Something seemed to tell her that it would be unwise, and in this John agreed with her. Once he got so far as to ask his mother how old a man ought to be before he married, and she had said that he need n't trouble his head about that yet a while. He knew that he could not make her understand and so he, too, had given up the attempt. But on his birthday the long-expected five dollars arrived, and with this in his trousers pocket he felt able to grapple single-handed with the world and adversity.

On the night before the first of May the last plans for the home-leaving had been made in conclave under the verandah. Henrietta was present as a sympathetic adviser and participant. As soon as Pauline should be through with her dancing lesson, which took place in a house on Chestnut street down town, she was to leave as if for home. But of course this was only a blind, for John would be awaiting her on the corner of Winter street and together they would start for the station. John was going to try to fill his pockets with hard gingerbread if he could get into the pantry without arousing suspicion. That would surely last them until they should arrive at Willowville. Henrietta suggested that if they would entrust her with a quarter she would gladly make a few more purchases for them, and these she would bring down to the station soon after ten o'clock.

The council now being over, the children bade farewell to one another and separated. An hour later in a small room over the candy store of Henrietta's father, you might have

seen that sharp-witted young chit intent upon the inditement of a note. It was as follows:

MR. FERGUSON—*Dear Sir*:—If you love your family and would save it from ruin, be at the station soon after ten o'clock Saturday morning, May first. I am not able to tell you more now.

from a frend.

This labor completed and the missive directed, she slipped out of doors and dropped the envelope in a neighboring post-box. Then, well content, she returned.

Why should she not be well content? Had she not been planning revenge for a week, ever since she had seen the note in which the scheme of discipline for her had been suggested? Had she not been doing the penitent to the very best of her ability and should she not now justly reap the rewards thereof? She fingered her new quarter greedily and thought over all the nice things it would buy for her. Amiable Henrietta felt that her hour of glory had come.

* * * * *

Saturday morning about half-past ten two tearful children left the station in the wake of a large and somewhat excited-looking man. They regarded each other shamefacedly, but said never a word. The little party was just turning the corner into the street when Pauline and John heard a voice from somewhere behind calling out softly and caressingly, "Rotten egg! rotten egg! Did you ever get rubbered before?"

Harry James Smith

Suggestions

HER CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

It was the day before Christmas. The hustling town which was the railroad center for miles of surrounding country presented the usual glare and bustle of the season. The streets thronged with men, women, and children laden with parcels large and small. Inside the *Emporium*, a department store in miniature, the busy clerks were rushing hither and thither to wait on anxious and not easily suited customers.

I was standing in front of this store watching the crowds of passers-by when I noticed a strange team coming down the street. The horses were skinny, the harness mended in many places with bits of string, the pung little more than a rough, unpainted box on runners. On the backless seat sat a much be-whiskered man, his old coat tied about the waist with a dingy, red scarf, and a wan woman, her head shrouded in a hood and her shoulders covered with a checkered shawl. This odd vehicle drew up before the *Emporium* and the woman got out. She was much stooped and certainly looked fifty, though I overheard a bystander remark, "Why, there's she as was Ann Bailey! Who'd think she was barely twenty-five?"

The woman entered the *Emporium*. A rustle of silks as women moved away and looked askance. A long wait and then a clerk approached.

"Anything for you, madam?"

The woman hesitated. "I wanted to get a Christmas present for Johnnie. He 's most five," she added proudly.

"Something in the line of toys?" said the clerk turning toward the heavily-laden tables.

"He wanted a drum an' a train of cars," said the woman, "an' some candy, too. But I s 'pose fifteen cents won't buy so much, will it?" And the pinched face took on an earnest, beseeching look that showed the awful poverty of her life.

A. R. L.

WINTER'S GIFT

Alone upon a treeless hill I stood.
My heart was filled o'er-full of nature's love.
I looked on snowy plain and sombre wood,
And peace came with the snowflakes from above.

R. C. E.

NEMESIS

The storm-spirit shrieked and moaned in varying cadence through the dark firs. The thick, white flakes swirled and eddied around a struggling man, who huddled something to his breast as he plodded on, breathing in gasps and clutching about him the rough wolf-skins. Catching sight of the branches loosely piled before the opening to a low cavern, he plunged through them with a gutteral cry of joy and relief. Fumbling in a crevice he found two flints and struck them viciously over a pile of dry wood that quickly sputtered and crackled into a flame. He cast a nervous, furtive glance around and raised cautiously the skins over his breast, drawing out an axe of rough-hewn flint, stained with dark

[illegible] His little, red eyes gleamed with delight as he fondled the prize. How long he had coveted the weapon and envied the cunning worker on the other side of the valley, who had made and possessed it. But now it was his—his! He was lord of the primeval forest. He chuckled in glee. The vision of a pallid, twisted form, lying face down in the drifting snow, a red gash in the back of its head, flitted no more before his gloating eyes, nor did he hear the thin wails of a deserted child in a bleak cave beyond the river.

A harsh rustling startled him from his dull dreams of power. Glancing up, his eyes met two glowing balls of flame in the darkest recess of the cavern.—There was a quick, eager growl, a black form hurtling through the smoky glare, a choked, despairing cry, and a tearing and crunching of bones. After a while the great cat stretched himself by the fire, licked his jaws sleepily, and began to purr softly in deep content.

G. M. R.

TO SIDNEY LANIER

Thy name is not the highest in thy art,
  Though music sweet thou singest in thy songs
  That unto thee alone of all belongs,
Uplifting Love in every burdened heart.

Thou hast not left us perfect poetry;
  But thou hast left by far a greater thing,
  A poem such as man did never sing,—
Thine own brave life, a lifelong victory.

M. F. E.

Sanctum

Henry Loomis Nelson. Those of us who last winter heard Mr. Nelson's lecture here in Williamstown need no introduction to him, even if our acquaintance has been limited to this. Mr. Nelson was a member of the class of '67. His life has been a very active one, filled with editorial and political interests of different kinds. Editor for a year of the *Boston Post*, and for four years editor-in-chief of *Harper's Weekly*, for a long time Washington newspaper correspondent for various journals, his life has been spent always in the very centres of our national activity. Mr. Nelson has felt a deep interest in politics, and has written more than one book on political questions. In '96 he published a little work on "The Money We Need," which is, as far as we know, his latest book.

A Word to the Wise. It may be worth while to remind those who are trying for positions on the Lit. Board that they will have but three more opportunities to hand in their work before the election in March. As has been said, there are to be six vacancies upon the retirement of the present Senior editors. There is an opening here for any man possessed of some measure of ability and of willingness to work. We need not here discuss the value of literary work in college; the theme has been often dwelt upon. We need not here exploit the honor of a position on the Lit. Board; that were scarce becoming,

and, furthermore, we believe that most men in college appreciate it.

It is not yet too late for new men to try for the Board. Men who have already had one article or more accepted have a good chance before them. But one word of kindly warning to those who are working. Let all your work be *careful*. Quantity of work does not of itself win the favor of the Board; quality does,—*originality*, style, selection. The first of these hardly requires mention. Few acts can be more dishonorable, it seems to us, than that of submitting material which is not one's own. Williams men need not be preached to on this subject.

Too little attention, however, is often paid to style, and style is a most important element of composition. A thoughtless, devil-may-care bunching of words in sentences has absolutely nothing to recommend it. Yet such sort of work is continually submitted to us, and of necessity only to be rejected.

Closely allied to this is selection. The merit of a successful story as often lies in what it leaves out as in what it contains. Nothing is easier to write than pages of padding. Details in a story frequently make one wonder whether the psychological process of the author did not resemble that of "total recall." My brethren, such things ought not so to be.

Chat

One day, not very long since, I was following out the directions given in that pamphlet, "Vagrancy in the Library." The library in this case was that of my maternal grandfather, and the afternoon was a gray, lifeless one with occasional splashes of rain. The library of one's grandfather is usually, I imagine, an interesting place to browse about in, especially if you have a liking for uncompromising pig-skin backs, yellow, musty-smelling paper, and old-fashioned wood-cuts, fearfully made. There you may find Paley's *Evidences*, White's *Remains*, Pollock's *Course of Time*, *Nelson on Infidelity*, Wendell's *Nurture of the Pious Youth*, and many another good book whose day is no more. I dipped idly into this and that, mixing here a bit of antiquated dogmatics with there a little of *Coelebs*, or for variety with a taste of sober hymnody. I was just dropping off into the shrivelled dreamings of a book-worm when I happened upon a little tome that set me thinking. It was bound like all the rest, and the little gilt title on the back gave small suggestion of the contents: *Opie on Lying in All its Branches*. But I soon found that I had lighted upon a treasure-house. Nor was I the first discoverer thereof, for liberal thumb-marks on every faded page bore witness to the repeated perusals of other generations. I could imagine my little mother in pantalets and short frock poring over its moral tales, hidden away, perhaps, as I was now, in some secluded and dusty nook, and wondering how soon she should be called down to practise her scales on the harmonium.

The scheme of the book—if perchance you do not know it—is something as follows: The authoress proposes to discuss and to illustrate the sin of lying in all its varied phases, hoping that by such analysis and illustration the gentle reader may be led to abhor all the abomination of it. For this purpose she divides the whole vice into ten branches, of which the following are samples: "Lies of Vanity, Lies of Flattery, Lies of First-rate Malignity, Lies of Second-rate Malignity, Lies falsely called Lies of Benevolence, Lies of mere Wantonness." Besides this, each main division has two subdivisions. Never before now had I realized with how complicated a phenomenon I had been dealing throughout my conscious life. My interest was quickened. Here was a text-book to the whole art, and one that evidently would repay perusal.

For two hours I read and when I closed the book I was a wiser man, and a sadder one. I had seen great things. Here I had followed the fate of a certain Annabel who sent all her family to financial and moral ruin because in a malapert vanity she had boasted of wealth which her father in reality possessed not; there giddy-tongued Jemima became mocked and jeered at by all her friends when her flattering ways had reaped their just rewards; in another place whole-souled Fanny brought herself fame, fortune, position, and a husband, because of her strict, undeviating, and uncompromising regard for the truth. That was very nice.

The room was darkling and I fell a-musing on those things whereof I had read. Wherein consists the false, whence comes it, how acts it? Is truthfulness a pearl of too great price to be acquired? And even the paragons amongst us, are they in all things truthful? Were all of us absolutely veracious what sort of world would this be in which to live?

Thereupon I considered my own case. I made no pre-

tenses at paragonity—if I may coin a word—yet in a humble way I had tried to live uprightly with my fellow-men. And yet——. I thought of my friend, the Sportish One. I remembered that when in his company I usually tried to be a bit of a pseudo-sport myself. I myself enjoyed a little fun now and then, I said; I myself had a loathing for Digs and Sharks. I looked somewhat askance at the Good One, and rather enjoyed stories in the *Smart Set* and the *Decameron*.

How different it all was when I happened in upon the Sharky One. Curriculum obligations now loomed up as the *summum bonum* of life, worthy of supreme attention and enthusiasm. Discussion hinged on iota subscripts and irregularities of conjugation. The benighted ones who had lacked appreciation for these deep-souled delights were *οἱ πολλοὶ*, sports were but mire and dung on the face of the earth.

With a little shame for myself I continued this train of thought over my relation with the Athletic One, the Good One, the Musical One. The conclusion seemed forced upon me that with each friend I knew, I deliberately tried to be to some extent different from what I was. But what was I? If none of these rôles were I, where was *I* to be found? Was I all of them, or some of them, or none of them? I had tried to be all things to all men; was there anything left of myself?

The question was not pleasant, but I felt that it was eminently wholesome. If I were to meet myself on the street some day I wonder whether I should recognize me or not? Or should I have to look for some old birth-mark, or to sound myself on some old-time recollections in order to test my identity? And if I met myself I wonder whether I should be myself with myself, or whether immediately I should not try to change myself to somebody else and prefer to pass by on the other side? Or if I chose to converse with myself

what rôle should I try to assume, knowing as little as I did the nature of myself? I now felt that the discussion was becoming unpractical and concluded to abandon it. And (not being New Year's Day) I made a resolution that I intended to keep.

H. J. S.

The Sign of the Shears

The perusal of a month's exchanges from the four corners of the college world has brought home to the wielder of the Shears one very clear conviction, namely, that the editors of a college magazine have a big responsibility on their hands. There is a tendency to underrate the importance of these publications; they are generally supposed to be run on practically the same lines, to contain approximately the same proportions of good writing and drivel, and to offer little which is either highly meritorious or reprehensible. Now this general supposition is an egregious error. As a matter of fact a reader with no pretensions to acuteness nor penetration gets from the reading of an exchange, willy nilly, a number of ideas which were never set up in type. These ideas relate in the main not to the exchanges but to the institutions which they represent. To put the matter more concretely,—California and Massachusetts are not farther apart than is the character of two of the December magazines. One is a model of good taste from cover to cover, and possessing distinct literary merit, is elevated in tone throughout. The other is poorly arranged and printed, distinctly lacking in literary merit, and pervaded throughout by bigotry, bad taste, and vulgarity. The other exchanges range between these extremes. The impression made on the reader is immediate and unmistakable. We believe the publications tolerable reflectors of the institutions which they represent,—the inferences are obvious. While the wielder of the Shears was drawing some of these inferences it seemed to him that there

would be greater seriousness, energy, and purpose among writers for college magazines, both editors and contributors, if they had a clearer conception of the responsibility, and, it should be added, of the *opportunity* of their position.

No exchange has come to us this month which approaches more nearly our idea of what such a publication should be than the *University of Virginia Magazine.* Irreproachably printed and arranged, it contains in due proportions thoughtful and well-written essays, interesting stories, and verse of a high order. Among so much that is good we find it hard to discriminate, but from the verse we clip the epilogue to "A Ballad of Beautiful Hair," which easily outranks all the other poetry of the month.

EPILOGUE

But life is real now as it was of old,
Beauty still potent in the hearts of men.
Then may the song that ages since was rolled
Forth from those Dorian lips now sound again
As beautiful in praise of you, as when
Callimachus the hair of Berenice sung
In Alexandria, when the world was young.

And this dainty Christmas poem:

THE MISTLETOE

I see two forms—both fair and tall;
  I hear—what do I hear?
It is my Lord of Montfort Hall;
  It is my Lady, dear.

The fire gleams upon the hearth,
  The yule log's all aglow,
Its light leaps out to aid the mirth,
  And plays among the mistletoe.

Ah! do I see? or do I dream?
  Where hangs the mistletoe?
See I the real, or things that seem,
  And were but long ago?

Is love a dream? is beauty fled?
  You answer me, Not so;
Then why should beauty's flower lie dead,
  Or love forget the mistletoe?

Among the few good stories of the month are "A Maid of Merry Mount," in the *Wesleyan Lit.*, "Eunice" in the *Smith College Monthly*, a beautiful little story in the *White and Gold* entitled "At the Christmas Mass," and last, most delicious, and most incredible, "The Story of a Diamond Ring," in the *Harvard Advocate*. "Most incredible," we say, because long ago we had almost given up hope of reading anything really humorous in a college magazine.

The *Yale Literary Magazine* contains two unusually readable and entertaining essays, "George Cruikshank" and "Arnold Böcklin." The writer of the essay on "Samuel Peters and his History of Connecticut" in the *Wesleyan Lit.* has given us a most tempting glimpse at a book which we shall be constrained to look into. The author of "Balzac as a Dramatist" in the *Columbia Lit.* evinces a familiarity with his subject all too rare among college essay writers.

The search for quotable verse is always long and rather disheartening, but he who fainteth not can usually find at the end something good enough partially to redeem the wretchedness of the rest. The excerpt from "In the House of the Poet" and the following piece, "The Way of the World," show the beneficent influence of Stephen Phillips.

II.

A maid there was of tawny hair
Like burnished portals of the sun.
  Her eyes were wide and débonnaire
Like one whose joys have just begun,
  To whom the world is fair.

She leaned upon the carven stone
On which my hand was careless laid,
  And seemed to think herself alone,
Nor of my presence grew afraid.
  —Her hair was past me blown.

I kissed her hair, I felt her breath
Upon my eyelids and my cheek;
I felt a faintness as of death;
My soul grew thin like air, and weak.
With surging joy too great to speak
I clasped, I drew her to my breast.
—Ah, love, so far, so vain to seek,
Here ended all my quest.

A moment on my bosom
She leaned her slender arm.—
And then, as if aroused to fear
By some unseen alarm,
She faded from my wild embrace;—
I saw a bright tear stain her face;—
And her hand in mine was warm.

The Harvard Advocate

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THE WAY OF THE WORLD

Aloof by something hidden held,
  Though yearning for companionship,
He toiled; and need, that so compelled,
  Wrung no word from his lip.

Some said he scorned the human part;
  Others, that self was all his care;
A few saw suffering in his heart,
  But shrank from entering there.

They let him tread his lonely mile
  And toil apart as best he might,
Nor sought a meaning in the smile
  He wore into the night.

He died one day and when they found
  Him smiling in his final rest,
An old, immedicable wound
  They saw within his breast.

And those who oft with eye of stone
  Denied his soul their comfort's bliss,
Said, "Why, if we had only known!—
  We had good anodynes for this!"

Minnesota Magazine

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SIR KENNET'S RIDE

"What exile from himself can flee
To zones though more and more remote?"
CHILDE HAROLD, Canto I.

Rowland of Kennet sped out of the west
As fell an autumn day,
He had turned his back to the sun's bright crest
And he wildly rode away.

There 's a lowered brow and a scarlet face,
And grimly his lips are set;
Who passes Sir Kennet in this wild race
Must the steed of a demon get.

"Oh! hear you a calling from out of the west,
A voice of the live-long while?"
His wife and his children came weeping in quest,
And followed a dreary mile.

"But the thud of the hoofs is a musical sound,
And fleet may my black steed be.
I must go, I must go, I am onward bound,
He must fly who would ride with me."

The sun has dipped in the misty cloud
And it scatters a crimson glare;
The hills in the east have a crimson shroud
To answer the steed's wild stare.

The dwellings of men are afar in the wake,
Nor a hut nor a hovel is nigh,
In the marsh and the brake are the toad and the snake,
The jackal barks on high.

Now the sun is gone by the western height
And haze-streak spreads in the east,
The sky is bright with a steel-hue light;
"Haste thee, my gallant beast."

"Oh! hear you a calling from far in the west,
A voice of the live-long while?"
His wife and his children came weeping in quest,
And followed a dreary mile.

And the sun has gone, but above the black height
A dull moon dies in the haze;
And it casts but a wan and sickly light,—
The courser slacks in its rays.

Oh! hie thee, hie thee, my gallant steed,
Oh! slack not ere thou 'rt dying.
Thou canst not back at the same wild speed,
Oh! run with the wild wind flying.

They have reached the foot of a mountain wide
And the moon is behind the west,
The steed falls down by the mountain-side;
"Farewell, my jaded beast."

Oh! closely beside him a heatless glare,
All in the pitch-black night;
A head without body or limb was there
Besmeared in a foxfire light.

It peers from the foot of the mountain's lea,
And a glance at its glare is death;
For woe is he who comes near to see,
And is caught in the monster's breath.

He has passed the fangs and the glaring eyes,
And it shines with a blood-red light.
Ah! narrow and long and gruesome lies
The path of that earth-born wight.

Bruce Wallace Brotherston

CHRIS YOUNG OF EMPIRE

Ten years ago the little mining town of Empire was new. People were flocking into it each day and digging thousands of dollars out of the rocks. Half way down the ramshackled street stood the only saloon, with empty kegs around the front door and its gilt sign swinging overhead. When there is only one saloon in a new mining town it is worth more than the best mine, and in this case the owner would have been a rich man to-day had it not been for his faculty of getting into trouble. He was an Irishman named Young, who could boast of having killed a panther with his bare hands, and when he put his fingers to his hip pocket there was pretty sure to be a general movement among the bystanders. Now the whiskey that he sold was home-brewed from a little colored water and much alcohol, so that an evening spent in his place usually contained enough excitement to satisfy an ordinary man.

One night, Larson, a big Swede miner who had been married the day before and was celebrating, got a bit too much of this whiskey to know what was the safe thing to do. He staggered up to the bar and said, "Look a' here, Young, you low-down Irishman, you ain't got any right to charge this much, and I'll see myself shot before I'll pay for it."

"Then get out o' here," said Young, and he started to push him toward the door. It was an ugly fight and the bystanders were interested and drunk enough to let it go on. They stood around in a circle roaring with laughter and yelling encouragement. "Now you got him, Bill; choke him,

Bill." "Watch his gun, Chris, watch his hand; don't let him get it back there." "Show the d—d Irishman how to do it, Bill." Neither of the two said a word while they struggled, each trying to prevent the other from pulling his gun, and the blood from their faces made a nasty sight of them as they wrestled on the floor together. Young finally got his hand on his gun and everybody made a dive for safety. It was all over after his two shots rang out. A fight was no unusual thing in those days, and when the others had climbed out from their various places of shelter, they cared for the dying man. He lay on the floor with the life blood gushing over him and quietly asked the men near him to look after his wife. "Don't let it go hard with her," he said, and those were his last words.

Young never forgot how they carried the dead man out that night and he never forgot those last words. All his property was sold to pay for his defense. Ten years was all he got, for they looked on things differently in those times; but ten years may work wonders with a man, and they did with Young.

If you had happened through Empire on a late winter night last year you would have found much the same scene. The old saloon is still standing, and its bar does the same rushing business. Outside the bitter cold has frozen everything stiff, and the wind bangs the saloon sign back and forth, and whistles as it whirls the snow through the chinks of the windows. From the side rooms where the gambling tables are there comes the clink of glasses, an occasional low curse from the players, and the noise of the chips as they move from one lap to another. Leaning against the bar are a coarse looking lot of miners, with unkempt beards, flannel shirts, and dirty high boots. The air drifts thick and blue with bad tobacco smoke, and smells of cheap whiskey.

Behind the counter works a large, brawny man of perhaps forty. His hair looks as white as the tops of the near-by mountains, and he goes quietly about his business with a word to no one except now and then a "thanks," or a "good-night." It is Young, but not the Young of ten years before. Only a few of the older men in the room remember him as he used to be. All sorts of rumors have been whispered about since he has taken up his old place. Some say that he got religion in the "pen," and others that he is n't quite right in his head; but all let him alone and are satisfied that he is honest and makes good drinks.

Suddenly the door bangs open upon this scene and a man stamps in, covered with snow and red in the face from cold. All in the room turn to greet him and a hundred questions are fired at him at once. He has just come over the range and brings the only news that they have heard from the other side during the last two weeks. "Well, boys, I aint got much news for you," he says, as he kicks the snow off his boots, "'cept that it 's almighty cold on the range. Guess we 'll have a reg'lar blizzard to-night. I heard widow Larson was a dyin' of fever up in Grand county and did n't have nobody to look out for her. Everythin' else is just the same over there. Lots o' the cattle dead from cold. Give me some whiskey, Young; I aint had any since my bottle give out comin' over this mornin'."

A quiet has fallen over the little group at the name Larson, and they are all looking at Young. He stands, very pale, staring at the new-comer, and nothing breaks the silence except the noise of the men gambling in the next room. In his mind there is a picture of that same room ten years ago, of a man lying on the floor, bloody and dying; and he hears those words, as distinctly as he did then, "Don't let it go hard with her." Then he turns to his jacket on the

wall, and puts on his gloves and cap. "Jack," he says, "tend bar for me to-night, will you? I 'm going over the range."

"The devil, you say, Young!" put in two or three of the men. "Do n't you try anything like that till mornin'. It's blowin' like hell let loose up there," but before they can finish he has shut the door behind him. The wind gives a long, low howl which rises to a shriek and tells that one of the early spring blizzards has set in. "D 'ye hear that wind?" one of the boys remarks as he washes down his whiskey, "I tell you that man 's dead crazy," and then the playing and the profanity and the laughter begin even louder than before, as if to keep all signs of the bleakness and cold outside.

Three days later a sled with a driver and widow Larson in it came down the divide toward Empire. She was still very sick, and was wrapped up in heavy robes, but Young had reached her in time, and had started back alone the next day. The sun shone brightly in the blue sky, and the high peaks glistened and sparkled all around.

As the sled slipped quietly down over the smooth snow the horses suddenly stopped short in their tracks, and the driver looked up just in time to see a lone coyote slink away from something black ahead in the road. When the sled drew nearer, the two saw that the black object was the half-buried body of a man, frozen stiff, lying face downward in the snow.

Henry Hopkins, Jr.

THE LONG SOLITUDE

Onward and onward through the dimming day,
  My boat is driving o'er the vacant sea;
The far-born waves, innumerable and gray,
  Upon the bow are breaking endlessly;
And, far behind, an ever-fading wake
Marks on that sea the nameless course we take.

The sea-mist clings about me like a shroud—
  A shroud of hopes that lie there stark and cold,—
And through it naught there sheweth save the crowd,
  Life-long and restless of the waves untold.
Alone I sail beneath the sky
And guess not whence . . . nor where . . . nor why.

O God, what lies beyond this sightless mist?
  And are there goodly lands, and fair, and free?
And are there joys and sorrows all unwist
  By one who drifts and dies upon the sea?
Ah, God! I cannot bear to be
Blindfolded so of Destiny!

The Dark is closing down its shadowed might,
  And from its grip the boat shrinks fearfully,
Far on the sea from solitary flight
  Some night-bewildered bird screams drearfully,
—A cry that shudders towards the dying light
And sounds the bitterness and pain of Night.

Harry James Smith

It had just grown dusk and the struggling rays from the single grime-covered lantern of the little mountain station cast a sickly light into the surrounding shadows. The solitary figure of a man closely muffled in a great coat loomed out of the darkness and stood within the yellow circle. He peered at the standard time on the station wall, then pulled out his watch, and with an irritated gesture snapped it shut. The express for the north was due in six minutes, and still no sign of the ticket agent or of his baggage!

He strode to the end of the platform with nervous, jerky steps, and murmured a sigh of relief. A mixed chorus of "Back up there! What's the matter with you?" and "How *are* you, Mr. Gladding? Goin' to take the express?" fell pleasantly on his ear from out the sober stillness of the night.

"Hello, Ed! Yes, and it'll be here in three minutes. Is this my trunk?"

"Yaas, sir, I've got her right here. I callated to fetch her in time for the train, and I reckon I did, too," came from Ed's companion, a lanky, raw-boned hulk of a youth.

The sharp night air caused the traveler to raise his collar, and as he did so he gave a rasping hack or two that shook his whole frame. He drew forth a roll of linen from his pocket, and as he gathered it up a distinct odor of creosote came floating to the nostrils of the agent, who looked at him not unkindly, and half-apologetically inquired:

"Are you feeling better, Mr. Gladding? Yes? Well, I'm right glad to hear it."

A shrill shriek gave warning that the express was drawing near. The train rumbled up to the station; Gladding and his baggage were taken on; the conductor shouted "All aboard," and the clumsy machine whizzed on to the next station. The agent on the platform was silent. He liked Gladding, and who could tell when he should see him again?

Evart Gladding was the only child of a New York attorney. His mother had died when he was an infant. His father's business kept him from home a great part of the time, and the boy had lived, as it were, in the family of Mrs. Lydia Shirley, his mother's closest friend. Mrs. Shirley had an only daughter, Gladys, in whose companionship Evart spent the greater part of the first twelve years of his life. He had graduated from Princeton at twenty-one, *cum laude*. At college he had not been distinguished among his fellows by any special gifts. On a certain occasion a drum-head court martial by some roystering students had convicted him "of priggishness and of being a damn good stewjent," and thereafter the college in general identified him only by these attributes of character. The few acquaintances he had gave him their marked respect and strong friendship, and to these he devoted himself. At twenty-three he was a man of medium height and slight physique. He had a crown of light brown hair, which was parted at the middle and combed well back from a high, retreating forehead. He was slightly round-shouldered, and stooped student fashion.

At the time we see him he was leaving a health resort, where he had been for five months. Five months ago a celebrated alienist had found, upon examining him, the symptoms of tuberculosis. He had ordered him at once to the mountains. At the end of three months the specialist there had given his opinion that Gladding would have to live thereafter in the mountains.

Oh, cruel destiny, that hopeful Youth should have to shake hands with Death at every meal of the day! Our young friend received the verdict calmly,—nay, even cynically. What doctor could convince him that his health, up to this time a perfect stranger to illness, now, when a little run down from a cold and too close confinement, should continue to be impaired—should even grow daily worse, until that eager brain should stop its work; that tender heart be stilled forever? As well say that Youth and Health and Life and Hope could never change when once possessed; that what one has he always has—that nothing in Nature could take it from him!

There is no need to blame him for his wild scepticism, or to pity the frenzied lad, protesting against a custom-made doom, promised to fit him in a few months or so. Would you, Master Charley, or you, pert Susan, standing there in the warm sunlight,—your care-free young bodies pulsing with strength and happiness—believe the hobbyfied Dr. Thomas, were he to clap a stethescope on you, thump your chest, and bid you make ready for the end? To be sure not! You'd "bid" him (under your breath) go to the devil, or meekly suggest that he finish the act, and seated on his throne of Physic, render the Awful Judgment!

Alternately, in both these moods, Gladding took his sentence, now angrily, again in jest, but always with supreme contempt and disbelief. It is one of the most striking characteristics of consumptives that they are never ready to believe they must die, nor, in consequence, are they ever prepared to die. So it was with Gladding.

Without doubt the reader has divined a tender passion on the part of Gladding for Miss Shirley, and his conjecture is a reasonable one.

Most men agree that the candid intuition of youth is more

to be trusted in questions of sentiment than all the tests and all the doubts of experienced elders, and Gladding thought them not far from the truth. He knew but few women besides Gladys Shirley, and would have been pretty nearly satisfied had he never met *them*. When at college, he still thought of Gladys as the fairest of all the graces, and modelled his life in simple, loving faith after the mould he thought she admired most.

On the part of Miss Shirley, with the added dignity of years, a slight change in her treatment of Evart was manifest. Of course she sympathized with his ambitions—he was too sure of her to notice that her interest was less personal than impersonal—and blushed prettily under his compliments, and showed in a thousand little ways her regard for him; but I fear the demure Gladys was still heart-whole, at least in regard to Gladding. And what young lady is not fond of debonair collegians, and who of your Miss Marys, Miss Janes, and Miss Elizabeths have not an ever-ready supply of roses in return for Bertie's flatteries?

So what more natural on the advent of the Shirleys to Wyndover, their back-woods camp, than that Pyramus should so arrange his lodgings as to be near his Thisbe. Thus it happened that we met Evart on his way to Wyndover, and with best hopes for a bon voyage, we will leave him until needed again.

We are standing on the edge of Lake Lucretia whither Gladding was journeying some seven weeks ago. The summer season is short-lived and speeds swiftly. In the meantime many parboiled city folk have hastened to the cooling air of the Adirondacks, the nation's pleasure ground and sanitarium. We find a goodly number of them quartered at Kushaqua Lodge, in front of which we stand drinking in the

beauties before us. The last sun of a torrid July has sunk far into the west and left behind it a many-tinted sky with a rich golden halo momentarily looming in the middle. A purple flush is suffused over the thickly wooded slopes of Mt. St. Regis, and reflects a delicate suggestion of color on the mirror-like surface of Lucretia at its base. The first breezes of evening are gently borne to us and we are thankful for the end of a rather warm and dull day.

Little knots of people are scattered over the broad piazzas at the lodge, and by the by we will stop and listen to the chatter of one of them. They are discussing a camp-fire to be given at Wyndover this evening.

Elsie: "Are the Works asked?"

Flora: "Those parvenus, I should *hope* not."

Elsie: "So do I, Dot might kidnap Artie."

Mabel: "Snappy work, Elsie—Dot, the body snatcher." (Almost chokes from mirth.)

Mabel: "I 've heard that Miss Stackode can't go because Jack is *persona non grata* to Lauren."

Flora: "That 's mean. If I were she I'd pull some of the wool out of the little snake's head!"

Mabel: "My! Flo, you look as though you could chew wire tacks."

Flora does n't trust herself to reply. (Mabel has great social attractiveness, and consequently many admirers, and is decidedly worth cultivating.)

A young man lounges over to the group and is smilingly greeted with an "Ah, here comes Reggie!"

Reggie (to girls): "Why, girls, what *fun* we 're having! How d'ye like me this evenin'? Best ever, or only somewhat rococo?" (to Elsie) "My, what a face!"

The rest of his discourse was no more edifying than the above; but then I suppose circumstances somewhat extenu-

ated his faults. Unless one be of finer clay than the majority of his fellows, he is generally conventional during vacation, and easily falls into the life about him—the monotonous round of fun; the light (may I say vapid) talk of his summer girl, and so on down the list of uninteresting occupations; and the easy-going Reggie was no exception to the rule.

As he sauntered down the rolling greensward to the lakeside he looked to a T the part of a great, big, good-natured, well-dressed "lobster." But even "lobsters" (of the higher order) are delectable in season. An ancient saw relates that "a man in love is like a lobster out of water." Time has changed all this, for our "lobster" was both in his element and in love at the same time. Yes, Reggie loved, and Gladys Shirley had to answer for this love, too.

He was a funny fellow with faults as petty as his virtues. A chronic "pigritia" commended the latter to the former, and reconciled the former to the latter. He affected a swellness of dress from the loose-fitting Norfolk which hung well from his ample width of shoulders to the tight-fitting riding boots encasing his muscular legs. His features were singularly regular; eyes rather dreamy; nose slightly retrousée; hair carefully oiled and parted far over on the side. In fact he's an old acquaintance. You meet him every summer under some name or other—in outward appearance an original Gibson or first class copy.

After dinner the fortunate ones leisurely bent their steps to the launch waiting to convey them to Wyndover. They were met at the camp by the young hostess and her parents, and indulged in small talk for a quarter of an hour or so. Then the guests were conducted to the cosey "lean-to" in front of which stood an elevated log structure, hissing and crackling with flame. The mother of the hostess then paired

off couples amid some little confusion from "misallianced" ones, during which your foxy Evart corralled Miss Gladys, and curled himself comfortably at her side.

The night was delightful, "aromantic some," as Reggie expressed it, and what with story telling and some college songs the time was quickly whiled away. While the songs continued and the sweet words of praise were spoken to each speaker in turn, Evart Gladding pleaded with Gladys to be his wife. He spoke of his ill health, and laughed to scorn the theorizing specialists. He spoke of their youth—how as children they had played and wept and grown up together. He argued the knowledge that each had of the other, and his eyes shone feverishly as he poured out the glad message of his heart. When he had finished Gladys could not look into his face, did not speak a word, but rose and was gone.

The party in the "lean-to" broke up, and after a few polite mouthfuls were on their way back to the lodge. Gladding left a few days later and went back to the health resort —back to the land of the kindly station master and its restful quiet. And as the lumbering wagon rattled over the deep-rutted road, it shook him as the night air when he left for Wyndover.

On the porch of one of the cottages the patients are taking a sun bath—some dozing, some talking, and one intently spelling a letter spread on his knees. The sparkling September sun has climbed high into the heavens, and beams on the land from an almost cloudless sky. Sweet-smelling balsam fills the air with fragrance, soothing man and beast, and granting fresh reprieve to a suffering people, for this is a stricken land, a mountain retreat for consumptives. Here flock the victims of the white plague, and here the victims' children. The one to gain time to prepare for death, the other to recruit strength, baffle heredity, and meet life. The

streets of the settlement bustle with people—gaunt, grim-visaged men idly walking into a store or inn; frail, sweet-faced women stopping here and there like fair flowers blooming over night in a waste, rank with weeds and noxious herbs.

There is an opera house in the village, two general stores, and several drug stores. Should you investigate you would find that every inhabitant knows every inch of the settlement, every soul in the place, for they rarely leave it—alive. For the most part they are brought in on cots—and out in coffins. For all the bright sunlight and healing breezes there is a gloom like a pall over all the place, over the people, the calm despair of children marked with death.

Gladding folded his letter and crawled out of the odious sunlight. Boldly written on the sheet before him he had read these words:

" . . . . . Of course you have heard of Gladys's engagement? We have been having a great joke over it. She is so foolish over Reggie that she barely suffers any man to come and see her. The silly thing must be afraid that all the world of man is conspiring against her love. She sends affectionate greeting to you and sincerely trusts you are improved. I join her in wishing for your complete recovery, and am honored to subscribe myself

" Your foster mother,

" LYDIA SHIRLEY."

When a few days later Evart Gladding was gathered to his fathers, little comment was excited. Who knows whether a shattered hope hastened his melancholy fate? The end was a foregone conclusion and a calloused world does not stop to look when the doomed go down the heart-breaking way to dusty death.

Thomas Woods

AT THE ROCK

Where a river of the Northland,
Rushing down in whirling courses
From its far-off mountain sources,
Pours into the home of rivers,
Stands a rock.

Here the Spirit of the Ocean,
Rough, with hair and garment whitened,
Greets the torrent, wild, half frightened,
In a song of boisterous welcome
At the rock.

"Welcome! welcome!" is his greeting,
"Rest in peace, thy journey ended,
For thy soul, by whirlpools rended,
Here, upon its rest shall enter,
At the rock."

And the Spirit of the River,
Supple, lithe, with blue eyes gleaming,
And her fair hair, gaily streaming,
Shouts her answer, full of gladness,
At the rock.

So the song goes on forever,
And the river still is singing
To the Ocean's welcome, ringing
High above their flung caresses,
At the rock.

William Smith Pettit

WILSON SPEARS, "UNMITIGATED BOOTLICK"

Wilson Spears was one of the most popular men in his class. How could it be otherwise? His generous disposition, his easy-going way, made every one his friend. His genial presence made itself felt everywhere, and all went right when Bill was around, because he had the faculty of taking things so good naturedly. He allowed nothing to trouble him, although if any man had enough to worry about, it was he. He was always failing in examinations, for work he would not. His friends used to tell him that the secretary had more work in warning him, and sending him appointments for exams. of extra work and make-ups than he himself did in getting his lessons. How he had remained with his class until Senior year was an insoluble question. His name was in the catalogue, but his real connection with the college might almost be said to end there. This story, however, is concerned only with his last attempt at bootlicking.

One day in March Bill was lying on his divan smoking, dreaming—his usual attitude while reading Marlowe—when the door was kicked open and Hal Hutchins tumbled in.

"Glad to see you, old man," said Bill, never stirring from his comfortable nest of pillows. "Hang yourself on that Morris chair. Got something to tell you. Here's a letter from the scribe and he says that Langenscheidt warns me that I've got to do perfect work in German, from now to June, or I can't take the finals. Darned hard luck I'm thinking. I've tried to bootlick that man in every kind of

a way, but I flunk right along. Don't see how Anderson gets along so well. He's my pattern in this business."

"Well, why don't you do as he does and may be you'd get the same marks? That man grinds harder than any man in the class. Bootlick? Guess again. He's trying to become acquainted with the *men* on the faculty, not to have his mark raised; he does that himself by studying. What do you do, man? You read a trot and then go over to Hastings, and your whole shooting match don't amount to a row of pins, and that slip-shod work won't do in a college of this kind. You've got to work if you want a good mark. If you spent in working the time you spend in trying to think up some way to get through without work you'd amount to something. Do you hear that, old man?"

Bill did hear; he was beginning to think so himself. After a few minutes' silence he said, "Say now, seriously, do you think that if I did plug it would amount to anything?"

"Did you ever know good, honest work to fail, Bill?"

"Oh, Hal, you know study isn't in me. I guess I'll have to try a bootlick just once more, and if I flunk, why, I won't have lost much time working."

A few days later, four or five of Spears' friends were sprawling idly in Hal Hutchins's room in North Middle, talking over the condition of their friend, when Bill bounced in on them.

"Say, fellows, I just dropped in to tell you my latest stunt. It's the greatest out yet. You know how fond old Dutchie is of his *vaterland*? Well, I've been down there in his room talking for two hours, telling him how my doctor suggests an ocean trip for my health. You know I've been all run down lately—see me out sprinting on the track yesterday?—And you know my father always wanted me to

travel in France—I never heard of it before—but no, I am more fond of Germany just now. Dear old man, told me all about his friends over there. You see I told him I'd better take this bully chance to go to Germany even if I had to come back next year and finish up. Have to do that anyway. He did n't know how I'd get through his course, but he said that the work I'd do on the water and the knowledge of the language I'd get over there would pass me. Bless his old hide, I'm sure he'll let me through after I get back from Germany. Everything's ready and I guess I'll sail from New York on Saturday."

Professor Langenscheidt was strolling across the square from the post-office, some three weeks after, with a small package in his hand. He was musing curiously about it to himself, turning it over and over. Suddenly a happy smile flashed across his face, and quickening his pace, he trotted over, puffing, to get a stein he had ordered there. He did not seem to notice the fellows who filled one side of the shop, but laying down his package on the counter and snapping the string he tore open the paper in eager anticipation. Inside he found eight envelopes exactly alike, tied together, and loose on top another from his old friend, the dean of the Universität Von Leipzég, which read:

"My Dear Friend: These envelopes came to me as you see them, addressed to you. I think, however, they were intended for a student of my name, now traveling in Italy. I cannot imagine where or who they came from as the note with them was signed, 'Your old pal.' The note also contained some bills which I will use as the sender wishes. I can explain no more, but I forward you the letters thinking you may have the complement of the joke, if such it be.

"Most sincerely yours,

"WILHELM HOFFMAN."

What was this mystery? The professor studied his name on the envelopes. Ah, he began to understand; had he never seen that writing before? Quick as a flash he tore open the first in the pile, determined to solve the hidden problem. He read there:

"LEIPZIG, May 3, 189–.

"My Dear Professor Langenscheidt: I've been wondering how you are getting on with your classes in America. It seems so long ago since I was with you; life in a gymnasium here seems so different. Yes, I begin to feel as if I had had but a short visit with you in college. How these people do work! I never saw anything like it. I believe if the American youth could apply themselves to their studies as I have seen the students do here, they would equal this race. When I return to my own college again, I hope that the inspiration I have received here will make me want to do more earnest work than ever before.

"Yours most respectfully,

"WILSON SPEARS."

He took up the next.

"BERLIN, May 6, 189–.

"My Dear Sir: I am up here to spend a few days. I have been studying very hard in Leipzig, and Herr Schmidt said that I had better take a few days' vacation and go up to get a sea breeze. Some way or other the winds of the ocean seem to brace me right up. I feel like living again, like working and accomplishing more. You cannot imagine what great pleasure I have taken in the work in the gymnasium. The Germans put their whole soul and body into the work, and I am becoming stronger daily. I am glad I've taken your good advice. . . . . ."

Perhaps the next one would explain all.

"DRESDEN, May 9, 189–.

"My Own Dear Friend: Herr Hoffman at the University, an old friend of yours, has told me that this is your birthplace, and so I am stopping on my way back to Leipzig.

What a beautiful, quaint old town this is; the mountains seem to shut out all that is worldly, and shut in all that is good and pure. I wandered into a small shop near your home this morning and purchased a stein and pipe, which I hope you will receive by express as soon as you do this letter. Trusting they may serve to recall the peace and comfort of your dear old home, I am

"As ever yours,
"WILSON SPEARS."

The professor, who had been constantly growing more excited, threw down the rest of the letters and bolted through the door and down the street to the express office. He found there a wooden box waiting for him, which, in his excitement, he put on the floor and seizing a hammer pounded off the cover, pulled out the excelsior, and lifted up a beautiful stein. As he opened the lid a card fell out; snatching it from the floor, he said as he looked at it, "Ach, du lieber Herz." He picked up the box, excelsior and all, and as happy as a child, he went back to the store. "I vill not haf der stein, mein Herr," he said to the clerk, who was showing the one he had ordered to the boys. "Herein I haf one von mein frient in Germany. He is always careful to think vell of me, but I think he would do better to do someting else than write me letters and send me steins. Der stein ist peautiful, is it not?"

The night before the first of the final exams. Hal Hutchins's room was full of Seniors. Two were sitting on a cushioned radiator, some were sprawling on the divan, and others lolling back in Morris chairs. Hal, himself, was sitting on his desk, surrounded by a rampart of books.

The gaslight seemed dim in the thick smoke, but why should it be otherwise? The fellows needed no light, they were simply waiting. Dutchie had told Hal that he had a

telegram from Bill, of his arrival in New York on the *Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse*, and that he would get up to college on the late train. So he would be here soon. Why had n't he written to some of them when he was in Germany? Where had Dutchie's bootlick come in? He was probably going to bring him something pleasing when he came. While they were thus talking, something banged at the door and as they all jumped to their feet, a suit case spun across the floor, and Bill bounded in. A shower of questions struck him and continued to rain heavily upon him until he threw himself into a chair, saying, "Give me time and I 'll tell you the whole biz. You see I 've worked old Langenscheidt for a fair. I was n't going over to Germany just in the midst of baseball season—I guess not—too much doing in Boston and New York. But I thought of a way to fix old Dutchie. I have a friend, Bill Hoffman, studying in Leipzig, and so I sent him some letters to send back to college just as if I were mailing them all over Germany. I sent some money, too, for a pipe and stein. You see Dutchie told me so much about his friends and country before I left here, that I had it all fixed. So Bill sent the letters and stein. Hope he got them all right. Told him, you know, how I was studying and how much I liked the true scholarly methods in the schools over there. He told me to-night he had a letter from the dean. Gad, if I do n't get an A in that course, I 'll, well—I 'll go back to New York and finish out my fun. I 've got one pinched. A stein from his old home, and those letters would soften any heart. Sure I 'll get through, and more than that I 'll get a good mark."

A few days after, Bill found his exam. book at the post-office, and still confident of a good mark,—although he knew his paper had been poor,—he opened it and was surprised to find written in red ink under the statement:

"MY DEAR MR. SPEARS:—It causes me great regret that I am unable to give you a more satisfactory mark on your examination. Contrary to my sincere hopes your trip abroad seems to have brought you little of real benefit. I trust that the enclosed note which came to me some weeks ago along with a parcel of entertaining letters will not be without interest to you.

"WM. LANGENSCHEIDT."

The note began as follows:

"DEAR OLD PAL:—Just a bold bootlick. Help me out this once. I 'm on my last legs in this college life. Here are some letters for Dutchie from me. Mail one in Leipzig, one in Berlin, etc., so that they 'll get back to college just as if I mailed them on my trip. I 'm afraid my college course ends here, old man. I've got to do something, and so I 'm supposed to be traveling in Germany and these are my letters to my loving professor. . . . ."

John Adams Lowe

PYGMALION AND GALATEA

White and pure she stood as the sun-kissed wave-foam
Shining on the purple Ægean's bosom,
Purely white and blinding in perfect beauty
Stood Galatea.

Tireless had the ivory-carver striven,
Travailed morn and eve on his dream's conception,
Long besought Olympian Aphrodite,
Prayed for revealing.

Veiled and dim and fair in his soul the vision,
Mist-enwrapped and shimmering through the glory,
Passing like the goddesses when they visit
Awe-stricken mortals.

Loved he now with passion the tender outlines,
Whitely-gleaming roundness and cool, blue shadows,
Pure as driven snow; as the stars; yet seeming
Farther and colder.

Were she but the maid of his heart's desiring—
Flesh, the slender limbs, with the pulses throbbing,
Heart of love but under the sweet breast beating,
Calm, now, and death-still.

Crouching moveless, heavy his eyes and grief-dulled,
Sat Pygmalion waiting for black Death's advent,
In despair and passionate wish for what his
Own hands had fashioned.

Darkling thus came Fear on the sculptor's spirit,
Deemed him even now in the house of Hades,
Where the haunting phantom of his desire should
Follow him alway.

For a wave of quivering crimson life-blood
Flushed and fled apace in the wondrous figure;
Flashed a life-flame under the dark-fringed eyelids,
Spirit-awaking.

Molten-golden rippled the curling tresses;
Rose and fell in tremulous inspirations,
Straying golden threads on the heaving bosom,
Moulded divinely.

Fear and joy in silence a moment bound him—
Eager, then, he sprang to his dream incarnate—
Closely clasped in tender embrace the maiden.
Hail, Aphrodite!

George Mather Richards

Fred Atherton had loved Lydia Rhone ever since he could remember and for an equally long time he had never received any encouragement. Until the time of his departure for college he had never failed to pay her a call regularly each Sunday evening, and he had been received as graciously as the other men who made their regular calls on the other nights of the week. During this, his Senior year at college, he had redoubled his attentions to Lydia. It was New Year's eve and Fred's vacation was rapidly drawing to a close. He knew that if he were to make a declaration of his love it must be soon, and he had planned that the girl was to hear him now whatever the result might be.

The joy of New Year's was reflected in the faces of all the guests at the annual ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Atherton. The big ballroom of the Atherton mansion was resplendent with myriads of electric lights artistically hidden beneath the boughs of hemlock, with here and there sprays of holly which were used in lavish profusion on the walls and ceiling. It was eleven o'clock and the ball was at its height. As president and owner of the largest coal mine in eastern Pennsylvania, Mr. Atherton's position in society was secure, and all Vanity Fair were present at this ball.

For the first time since he had known her, Fred noticed that Lydia acted ill at ease as if she were not sure of herself, and at times he thought he even saw her watching him closely as his attention was drawn elsewhere. These signs, which he decided were encouraging to him, hastened him in his de-

cision, and after they had finished a waltz together he suggested a stroll into the conservatory. For some minutes they stood in silence, the girl listlessly toying with a jack rose and he watching her every movement.

"Lydia, what I have to tell you must be said now and here, and before I say anything I want you to realize that my whole life depends on your answer." The girl drew herself up slightly and a sigh of relief escaped her lips as she looked at him and said calmly, "Well?"

"It has been my one dream, my one ambition for years, to have you for my own. I love you, Lydia, and God knows that I've striven to make you believe it. I know I have never done anything to prove what I say is true, but it is only because I have never had a chance." The girl had once more resumed her mantle of self-possession, and said slowly without once looking at him to see the effect of her words:

"Well, how can I be sure you do love me? Isn't it because we have grown up together and are such good friends? What do you know of love when you say that you have had no chance to do anything? What does it matter to me that you are a rich man's son? That's only one qualification that I demand. I acknowledge, Fred, that I had hoped that you might prove worthy of my love—but it can't be. For me to give the greatest gift a woman possesses—my love, myself—a man must win me with worth. How is a girl to know to what extent a man would go for her until he has shown her? What have you ever done but drift along in an aimless sort of way, and fool yourself into believing that you love me? No, Fred, if you really care for me you must do something, must amount to something more than merely stepping into your father's shoes when he is through. After you have done something, when you can come to me and show me some results of your own efforts, then I will give you my answer."

The girl stopped for an instant and then seemed about to say something more when the strains of the orchestra broke in on the silence and she said gently to the man by her side:

"Come, I have this next dance, and we must not stay here."

Who first brought the news none seemed to know, but of a sudden it spread through the guests like wild fire. There was trouble at the "Empire," the Atherton mine, and the old gentleman was now in the library prostrated by the shock. What this great indefinite *trouble* was could only be guessed at; but the men had sense enough to calm their partners' fears with assurances that the report must be untrue, and that surely it could be nothing serious—and the dancing continued.

Fred had gone immediately to his father, and now as the guests were seated about the room he appeared in the doorway. He gazed about excitedly until his eyes met Lydia's. She was sitting alone, the one outwardly composed person of all that assemblage. She eyed him calmly as he strode over the polished floor toward her, but there was a suppressed anxiety in her eyes as she noticed the man's clenched hands and flushed cheeks. He wasted no time in unnecessary words, but bending low that she might catch his words he whispered:

"The 'Empire's' busted, petered out, and it means ruin to my father. The mine's been running night and day to fill a big order for a Western railroad. There's nothing but slate left in the mine, and the order is only half filled. A forfeit contract calls for a thousand dollars a day for every day the coal's overdue, and we can't buy coal at any price. There's only one way out of it, and perhaps you can guess what that is. The pillars have got to be cut away. There's enough coal in those pillars, twenty feet square, and it's pure. You know as they 'work' the passage they leave these pillars in the middle of the vein to hold the roof up.

"You told me a little while ago that when I had done

something, to come to you and you 'd give me your answer. Well, this is my chance, Lydia. I 'm going to try. But it is n't for you alone, Lydia. It 's for father and the Atherton name, too. I've got to go, for it 's my duty to him." He spoke with startling earnestness.

"You must know what we have to do, for you have been brought up in a mining town, Lydia. As fast as we work away these pillars the roof has to be propped up with hemlock spiles. It is n't any more dancing or college idleness now for me. It is n't much I can do, but I 'm going to lead the gangs of men down into the mine. Probably we 'll fail. You know what that means. Coal mines are n't very charitable to failures of that sort. And even if we do succeed, it 's only doing what other men have done before. Nothing very much. But tell me it will count, Lydia, I want to hear you say that before I go."

She rose excitedly and gazed at him in bewilderment. For a moment the man and woman looked steadily at each other, while the guests watched with breathless interest. It was remarked afterward that never had she seemed so beautiful. Her eyes were lit with an unnatural brilliancy, and she seemed even more haughty than ever as they turned as if by mutual impulse and walked towards the door. In another moment the strains of a lively two-step caused the dancers within momentarily to forget the strange behavior of the two, and the vague rumors of trouble at the "Empire." Fred gave a sigh of relief as they passed into the empty hall where they were free from the politely staring eyes of his father's guests.

He turned toward her and she was trembling. Before he could speak she had come close to him, and her hand crept over his arm as she said softly, while her face became radiant with pride,—

"Fred, tell me that you 're not sorry that I do want you to go. You 're going to try yourself. Tell me that you will come out of this thing covered with glory and success. No one would blame you if you did n't go, Fred, but tell me your love for me and your hope of claiming me won't let you withdraw. I know your terrible risk, but I can't help but think you 'll come back to me." Her voice had grown into an appeal, and he looked down on her with a calmness that surprised her.

"Do n't fear. I 'll go. But I 've no time to waste. They 'll be waiting for me at the entrance to the mine. All those men will think I 'm afraid if I 'm not there on time. I can't say good-by here, Lydia. Throw on your cape and drive in the carriage to the shaft with me. I want to see your face the last thing above ground. When I 'm way down a mile below you in that darkness with five hundred men at work on what may be death to all of us, I want to think of you, —not as we are here now, but out in the open, walking on the top of God's earth with His limitless heaven above you. You can't refuse. Come. We must hurry."

All the womanly softness and tenderness of the girl vanished. Again she became the society belle, the admired, courted, and distant reigning beauty.

"I had hoped to find you stronger to face your fight. I am disappointed that you should be so weak. No; I 'm not going to the entrance. We can say good night here as well and better, for I hate the damp air, and besides I can't stand contamination with those common laborers. You must n't be so melodramatic. Come to see me in the morning, Fred; you will have your reward then. Good night."

She stretched forth her hand with a little imperious gesture he had known from childhood. Without a word, but with a set face, he coolly took it for a moment, and was gone.

She stood with amazed eyes gazing at the door through which he had made his abrupt departure. For an instant she felt sorry that she had not called him back. But a man would n't go that way if the risks were really so great, she told herself. Why, he had even neglected to change his evening dress! Probably he exaggerated the danger. There was really no great cause for alarm, after all.

A voice from behind her, saying, "Why, Miss Rhone, I 've been looking for you everywhere. Is n't this our dance?" roused her, and she faced an eager partner.

"Yes, indeed. I 'm very sorry. But, come, if we hurry, we can still have the last half."

Everyone remembers reading of the Empire mine disaster, where five hundred men gave up their lives to save their employer's wealth. Everyone remembers reading of the gallant efforts of the citizens of the town to rescue the entombed heroes, buried by tons of solid rock, and how the women—the wives, daughters, sweethearts of the buried miners—huddled about the entrance night and day for a week, waiting and praying for the deliverance of their loved ones. All touching scenes, and well deserving of the sympathy extended by the readers of the press far and wide. But there was one event in connection with the Empire mine disaster which all the reporters missed.

In the gray light of that first morning after the news of the cave-in had spread, a woman closely veiled approached the entrance and worked herself through that crowd of tortured waiters. Near the front row of the watchers she stopped and slowly sank to her knees. The women closest to her saw her throw back her veil, and those few who gazed on her face will never forget the sight. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and her sensitive lips quivered as she

clasped her hands together and sent a prayer to the blue vault of heaven, which was just becoming tinged with the glorious gold of a rising sun. And as she prayed they saw her face relax, her eyes fill with tears, and repentance written in every line. None in that suffering group could have discerned anything of haughtiness there. And then, as she turned to go, she bent over and kissed an infant in a woman's arms.

Hayden Talbot

WAD YE BE MY DEARIE

O Lotta wi' the flaxen braids,
  Wha trips sae like a fairie,
Wi' a' sae bonny, winsome ways,
  Oh, wad ye be my dearie?

An' sic a form as Lotta has,
  It 's modest baith an' gearie;
Her bonny e'e's o' darkest blue,
  An' it 's baith deep and cheerie.

But sic a lass an' sic a smile,
  Gars baith my e'en gae tearie;
I vowed in verse an' syne in prose,
  She winna be my dearie.

Bruce Wallace Brotherston

Suggestions

WHY FAREWELL?

Yet why "farewell," e'en for a little while?
A thousand leagues away, still art thou near,
In absence present—not a whit less dear
For widening gulf and multiplying mile.

M. C. B.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

The circus tent is filled with its usual enthusiastic spectators, who sit with bated breath and staring eyes as they watch the skill of the gaily-colored acrobats and the tricks of the trained animals. The air is foul with the smell of a circus. The noise of the peanut boys and the roars of the beasts in the cages outside are drowned now and then by a burst of applause or the clapping and laughing of the many thousands of people. Everything before them is in motion. Above are men swinging, at a dizzy height, from long trapezes. The audience watches them with open mouths, and their hearts seem to stop beating as the men, falling down, down through the air, seem almost lost, then are caught up by the hands and whirled back in time to catch their swinging bar and throw kisses to the audience. Below are men and women on galloping horses, jumping through paper circles, and playing with trick animals.

One clown in particular seems to hold everyone's atten-

tion. Everything he says brings forth roars of laughter. He is making fun of the riders who are performing in his ring, and the heart of many a small boy thrills with excitement as he thinks of the time when he, too, will run away and be a circus clown. The man steps out to meet one of the riders as she passes around the circle. She kneels to give him her hand, and he springs for the saddle; but some way he misses his hold and falls back under the hoofs of the next horse. A hush comes over those many thousands as he lies there unconscious, with the blood trickling on the sawdust. The attendants rush to his side and bend over him. Some in the audience rise to go. A woman screams, and one or two faint away at the sight of the blood. The rest are silent and still, awaiting the outcome. Soon the manager leaves the group at the side of the clown, and tells the audience that the man is only stunned; that in a few moments he will be able to continue. He is carried out, and after a little the people have forgotten and are on their feet cheering and laughing as they watch a chariot race of monkeys.

The clown is just outside in a tent, and is conscious once more. The doctor has told him that he cannot live, and a priest has come in. The tent is hot and smells of the animals. The pain is sickening. Everything swims before his eyes. His prayers he cannot say because the roar of the people near him and the rumble of the chariots make sharp pains shoot through his head, and everything turns red in front of him. The priest's voice sounds loud and then far off, and the tent seems turning upside down upon him. He closes his eyes, and then the thoughts come more clearly. He thinks of all the years he has been a clown, of how hard he has worked, and of the little he has gained. And now he is dying, and none know and none care save a priest who is trying to hurry him with his prayers. He thinks of the

audience and of how they have forgotten him. They did not like the sight of an injured man and the blood, but when another had taken his place they no longer remembered him and his pain.

He tries to pray, but a roar of applause blots out his thoughts and makes him feel faint and weak. So he is dying, with no friend near, with none to help him in his last moments and hold his hand.

"Father,—" he begins. His voice ceases, and a thunder of cheers comes from the big tent, as it seems to shake with the laughter and the stamping of feet.

H. H.

AT DAPHNE'S HOME

The violets are blooming there,
The breath of rose is on the air
And all the world seems blithe and fair,
At Daphne's home.

The house is large and quaint and old
With curious nooks, which figures hold
All strangely wrought, and manifold,
At Daphne's home.

And Daphne always is as fair,
As archly kind, as debonair,
The queen of all that beauty rare,
At Daphne's home.

So often 't is my great delight
To leave who will to strive and fight,
But go myself where all is bright,
At Daphne's home.

W. S. P.

TWO PICTURES

It was night, but the full moon shone down upon a little cottage which seemed to seek a retreat behind sheltering elm trees. Through one of the cottage windows the moonlight found its way and shed its rays upon a scene whose nature is almost too sacred to bear disclosure. The path of that quiet light lay across a cradle within which a little child was peacefully sleeping. Near to the cradle the shining course revealed the bed of the mother. She could not sleep, for she had dreamed a mournful dream. She thought she saw her child grown to be an old man, weighed down with the double burden of poverty and obscure old age, and he was living out his life in the same humble cottage. Silently she arose and knelt beside her babe. "Oh, Lord," she prayed, "grant that this my child may become great among men!"

Upon another night the cold moonlight discovered this little dwelling and again found its way into the quiet chamber. The cradle was gone, but the mother's bed was still there and within it she slept quietly, for she would never wake again in life. Her white hands were folded on her breast and her beautiful silver-white hair seemed a part of the moonbeams.

Beside the bed knelt a man who was in the prime of his life. He had come from a distant land, and he hid his face in his hands, for he could not weep. "Oh, Lord," he cried, "would that I might live my life over again, in poverty with her."

H. P. E.

LAST NIGHT

Last night I filled his glass.
  And clinked a flowing brim,
And to-night, to-night a vanished face,
An empty cup, a vacant place,
  And thoughts, thoughts of him.

Last night I heard his voice,
  The halls caught up our glee,
And to-night, to-night the rivers run,
With sombre sounds from hollows dun,
  And thoughts, thoughts for me.

B. W. B.

HORACE ELISHA SCUDDER

Through the kindness of Mrs. Scudder and of Mr. Bliss Perry we are enabled to present for our frontispiece a portrait of Horace Elisha Scudder, L. H. D., who died at his home in Cambridge on January the eleventh. By his death Williams College has been deprived of one of her most honored and most loyal alumni, an enthusiastic promoter of all that was for her best welfare; and from the community of American men-of-letters a kindly and generous spirit has gone out. A man who loves children as Mr. Scudder loved them, with the sympathy and comradeship of one who ever kept his childhood with him,—such a man it is easy to speak well of.

It is needless here to give any account of Mr. Scudder's many years of active literary life. His work has been especially brought to our notice since his completion of the Larger Work. It is only left for us to express the hope that this name, newly enrolled on the list of Williams's noble dead, may with them be to us all a growing inspiration to a life of truest service.

Chat

Some of our esteemed contemporaries who have not yet learned the duty of being pleasant in print have worried us much of late with assaults on the narrowness of the college man. We are told that we neglect the outside world, that we close our eyes to the iniquitous politics of New York city, that we are oblivious to foreign affairs. Very true, but do they ever stop to consider that the outside world, New York city, and foreign nations are deaf, dumb, and blind to us? "The world is too much with us," says the poet, but, as far as we are concerned, give the devil his due, only, when we are so situated as to escape the necessity of paying tribute to His Nibs; it is well with our soul. If it would really avail for us to lie awake nights fretting about the foreign policy of this country, do not doubt that the college men would head the volunteers, but just *entre nous*, gentle reader, do n't you think that Mr. Roosevelt can captain the ship of state very nicely without us? There are safe hands at the helm, dear saints, never fear. Our rough-riding president may proclaim the glories of the strenuous life to his broiling, quarrelsome, disagreeable constituency; let us forget the *New York World* and the rest of the world,—come, you and I, let us trail our clouds of glory a bit, while the evil days come not in which we shall say, we have no pleasure in them!

Every little while it becomes necessary to rebel against the earnest man. Ballington Booth of the Salvation Army, being asked what he thought of the celebration of April

Fool's day, replied that life is too short and too serious for such levity. Bah! Say, rather, life is too short and too humorous for such seriousness. If outsiders were the only ones to exhort us to the strenuous life, our mutiny would be an assured success, but what can we hope when one among ourselves turns traitor and betrays our fortress to our foes? "College men should be broad, cultured, concerned desperately with the coronations, wars, revolutions, and scientific discoveries in the great, teeming world." Such are the formidable words with which a Benedict Arnold in our very midst surrenders us to the enemy. But once more, dear reader, we take you into our confidence and inform you that this modern Arnold is not only a traitor but a most outrageous hypocrite as well, for if ever a man among us took life with a "frolic welcome" it is he, and the motto emblazoned above his door is *Dolce far niente!*

"College men should be broad and cultured"?—then the clerk should be learned in astronomy, the housewife a mistress of statecraft, and the Boston babe should lead them. No, the word for college men is not broad and cultured, and if we cherish that idea we should best dismiss it quickly and, in great humility, recognize that we are but recent, inexperienced tenants of a wretched mass of protoplasm, at the mercy of an elaborate system of chemical reactions, involved in a perilous network of nerves, now led peevish captives by a thin, white thread in a tooth, now made to shudder with a starry rapture, nay, deified with transcendental ecstacy, by the journeying moon and progress of the suns. We are busy stepping into our physical and psychical inheritance, with the upheaval of the ancestral residuum, with the exciting influx of new material, with the plowing and harrowing of our own gray matter, "Wi' word of Spirit and Ghost and Flesh, and man that's mazed among the three." "We are wrapped

up in ourselves," complains the aforesaid Arnold, and well we may be with all this hot ferment going on within. Breadth and culture may come with the years that bring the philosophic mind, but, in the meantime, disturbed contemporaries and hypocritical Benedict, leave off girding at the college man's narrowness; do n't ask him to be broad and cultured, but frankly confess him to be what he is—a tempest in a teapot.

If you can bring yourself to this admission, it will be easy for you to go on with us and discuss what some one has called "profitable idleness," which is the genial wisdom of fools and the sovereign balm for the strenuous life. You will desist from your mad desire to drag the future towards you headlong and octopus-like to hold the earth in your grasp; you will be content to let the world roar on for a while outside the walls, and cloistered by the quiet hills you will give yourself up to the present and the here and will trust the present and the here to requite you. You will never incur the curse of the man who, when the evil days come, vainly beseeches his imagination to "beget that golden time again." You will possess your soul in quietness and blow the froth off. You will rid yourself of the idea that you must be crammed brimful, and, best of all, you will no longer worry about what you do or what you do not do. For the powers now operative in the universe will not let a man wholly sacrifice himself to folly; however hard he may try to throw himself away, they insist on his getting something in compensation. Every piece of foolishness, even, is paid for cash down in a kind of psychic gold by no means to be sniffed at. The loiterer by the tavern door goes home at night with a bit of wisdom beyond the reach of the diligent. The good-for-naught, who did not enter the vineyard even at the eleventh hour but dawdled all day by the roadside, finds in his pocket at night

these coins of psychic gold—"fool's gold," you will urge—it will not buy him bread or ale, to be sure, but with it he can hold commerce with the gods, what though it be a petty traffic. And this is the wisdom of fools and some of the fruits of "profitable idleness"; to learn how not to be that odious thing called "smart"; to learn how not to be that uncomfortable thing called intolerant; and thus to learn how to be a man fit to meet and bearable to have around.

Rich, then, are we who can indulge in the fruitful luxury of idleness, in the priceless indolence of those hours in which, by the will of the gods, there comes about within us a gradual subsidence of the yeast and bubble-mass of youth, a readjustment of relations engendering new charity and sanity of spirit until at last as our highest guerdon are called forth a few tentative strains of the final harmony.

S. P. S.

The Sign of the Shears

In the college magazine for January a few essays are to be found that are worthy of note. This is not saying that all, even of that few, are interesting to the casual reader. To demand that were perhaps to demand too much of the more serious work of a college writer; yet Scribe can but feel that in one's choice of subjects and in one's manner of treating them it is only just to keep the casual reader charitably in mind. A college magazine should be something other than a storehouse, wherein a few may lay away solid and ponderous chattels; rather should it be, or strive to be, a market where the college literary mind exchanges goods and where every comer may find wherewith to refresh himself.

A long essay in the *Vassar Miscellany* is decidedly scholarly in character: "The Development of English Satire to the Time of Addison"—even the title rather discomfits the browsing reader. It discusses soundly and soberly the growth of satire literature from *Piers Plowman* to Addison and Dryden, and one feels that the writer has no superficial grasp of her subject. To the Scribe's mind, however, it is still found wanting; it lacks the personal coloring, the sympathetic feeling for the subject, and the subtle *rapport* with the gentle reader that should and does characterize the best of our college work. It is not a possible thing, even were it desirable, that a college writer should treat such a subject with scientific exhaustiveness—that is the work of a specialist; but it may be within his powers to help interpret the subject to others, to throw an illuminating side-light upon it, or to clothe it with the flesh and blood of appreciative enthusiasm.

We have read college essays that do possess this difficult and elusive charm of personality. Two such we have

found among the January exchanges. "A Study in Influence," in the *Mount Holyoke*, is a comparison of the effect of the Renaissance spirit upon two English men of letters, Pater and Browning. The writer feels the suggestiveness of the contrast she draws, and she lends herself to the task with enthusiasm and conviction. A brief quotation is worth while:

> A philosophy of action against a philosophy of passivity, soul against sense, the eternal against the finite, such is the sharp antithesis. The individualism of the Renaissance is, on the one hand, an opportunity to enrich life, to get "as many pulsations as possible into a given minute"; on the other, to "perfect the cup as planned." Freedom of action for good or ill is priceless, since it is proof of the assertion of the soul of man not for the moment's enjoyment but for a spiritual and eternal issue. Individualism for one is active; for the other, passive.
>
> Pater's interpretation of his material, then, is based on its immediate value as producing pleasure; has for its keynote, beauty; for its aim, the enlarging of our capacity for intelligent enjoyment. In short, it is the interpretation of the æsthetic critic by whom the spiritual is regarded as a factor in beauty. Browning looks through art and life to the infinite, urges progressive action, and has for his aim the widening of its outlook, the clearness of its insight.

In the *Yale Lit.* Scribe has found a charmingly-written appreciation of "Hans Christian Andersen," and cannot resist the temptation to quote once more, in the hope of better illustrating his dogma.

> The great charm of these stories lies in the fact that they are so well imagined it never occurs to one that a pin or a needle is not a real person. What a conceited little thing is the darning-needle, who, when she falls in the gutter, thinks herself better than a chip or a straw, because she does not float along the dirty water into the street! . . . He entices us back to our childhood days, and under his gentle guidance we imagine, as we did in years past, that needles could walk and tin soldiers march and flirt with staring wax dolls; that the moon could tell stories from India to England, and the old church-bell hum rich tales of joyous marriages or mournful funerals.

Story-writers must be taking a rest after their Christmas exertions; at any rate there are few stories that demand notice. "The Painting of the Iliad" in the *Smith College Monthly*, "Old Timmie's Girl" in the *Wellesley Magazine*, and "The Rôle of Martyrs" in the *College Folio*, are certainly of this number.

Of verse Scribe clips the following:

JAG ALSKAR NORDEN

I love the North, where the bold rocks rise
  Up from the shore, where the sea-mews play,
Swinging high up in the cold, gray skies,
  To the horison far away;
Far from the South, where the summer lies.

I love the North, for its frosty air
  Is wine in the early morn.
The hunter chases the game to its lair
  As he sounds his bugle horn;
I love—I love the North, for there
The heart of the hunter is free from care.

I love the North when the warm winds sigh
  Through many a wild and rocky cave,
In the summer night, when the moon hangs high,
  And all is gloomy and sombre, save
For the lavish tints of the opal sky,
Where the amber stars, imbedded, lie.

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I love the North, with its breath that chills
  And blights in the silent night;
The wind that blows with a blast that kills,
Where the frost has mantled a thousand hills,
  And the pines are gleaming white.

Land of the burning midnight sun,
  With sea and sky aflame;
When his toilsome race is nearly run,
  And the Norseman comes back again,
With dreams of glory and dreams of fame
  All shattered—and hope undone;
Will you bid the Vikings of old stand forth
To welcome the wandering son of the North?

—*Bryn Mawr Lantern*

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

One great star burns low in the sky
And over the ocean the moon
Moves still as the silent deep,
While the soft, sad voice of the sea
Whispers and dies away
Like the sob of a child in sleep.

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Far, far out where the night is thick
And the sky bends low a sail
Drifts idly over the swell,
And a wandering breeze from the shore
Sweeps out into the dark
With the clang of a buoyed bell.

Past the rip of the harbor foam
The twinkling lights of a town
Are glimmering deep in the bay.
While the fishermen smoke their pipes
The faces of women are bright,
And the children laugh at their play.

Calm lies the ocean and seems to dream
As it crouches low to wait
In a hideous hungering glee,
And a sad, low moan from the surf
Whispers and dies away,
The warning voice of the sea.

—*Smith College Monthly*

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BY THE HALL CLOCK

It's nearly twelve by the hall clock, Jack,
The coals are dull on the black hearthstone,
The wind blows cold on the passing year,
Empty glasses are mocking our cheer;
Come close, old man, for I feel alone.

It's striking twelve by the hall clock, Jack,
There's life and death in that vibrant chime.
The old is dead in the new year's birth,
So stay, old man, our flagons and mirth,
'Till we honor the passing of time.

It's after twelve by the hall clock, Jack,
The dying flame still lives on the hearth.
Hope and song will lighten the night
While you and I, old man, will plight
The love that is dearest to us on earth.

—*The Adelbert*

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Vol. XVII — MARCH, 1902 — No. 8

BUILDERS OF TOWERS

Far in the darkness of the earliest age
They lived and fought and bred
Amid hoarse cries of brutish rage
And shrill-voiced wailings shed
Over their unloved dead—
Men, yet not men, and dark their heritage.

Ah! hard and wearied hands of ages gone,
Ye builded on in fears,
And fitted upward stone to stone
Through bitterness and tears
Of the dark, aching years,
Until ye dropped at last, unkissed, unknown.

Dim eyes and weary of the long-gone past,
Ye peered into the night,
Into the yet unreded vast,
Nor guessed that once the light
Should bring a larger sight,
And glimmering dawn should flush the sky at last.

Ay! savage-visaged men of ruder ways,
For you it was to bear
The travail-pains of later days,
To maze and stumble there
Upon the blood-stained stair
And ne'er to climb the towers ye helped to raise.

—Towers that were built and shapen in the dark,
And on whose tallest stay
We stand and scan the east to mark
The first far break of day,
Where the sky is coming gray,
And ours the first low calling of the lark.

For out of pain and death we clutch the air.
Though night blind still our eyes,
Yet all the pain and death ye bear,
Your dayward-yearning cries
Have raised us toward the skies
And some day we may find the morning there.

Harry James Smith

PETER KROPOTKIN, REFORMER

There was a time not so far back but that any of us might remember it, when the world's eyes were slowly opened upon Russia. They saw there an absolute monarchy ruling with a hand of cruelty and terror which would have done credit to the worst of the old Italian despots. Unjustly and greedily it forced its power, and those that dared ever to complain were sent into a distant purgatory of suffering and grief. Over eighty per cent. of the Russian population could neither read nor write and the government was keeping them in this bestial state that they might not know what were their rights and wrongs.

But there were human beings in that great and corrupt country and they had the courage to fight for their liberty. They made the rest of the world notice their grievances, and it is due to them that to-day there is less to complain of in the Russian monarchy. In the struggle which followed between government and people, there were brought forth not only great problems which every government might take to heart, but also characters of a wonderful type—men who have been willing to lay down their lives if their country might be bettered thereby. By some they are thought madmen whose sole object is to overthrow peace and order, to tear down law and to give rein to crime; by others they are considered martyrs to a cause which has for its basis only the love of mankind.

Perhaps the best exponent of the Russian revolutionary movement has been Peter Kropotkin. He was born at Moscow in the year eighteen hundred and forty-two, and

spent his boyhood amid all the luxuries which the wealth of a Russian nobleman could afford. His education began when a little later he was sent to the College of the Pages, a school meant to teach the sons of noblemen how to become chivalrous and skilled in the arts of Russian government. At this time there was a spirit of revolution in the country and it permeated the school. From it Kropotkin got his first ideas of reform. He began to show the power of his personality by his leadership over those around him and by the ease with which he brought men to his way of thinking.

So interested did he become in this subject that he did the unprecedented thing of applying for an appointment to Siberia. He was given the charge of making a report on certain Siberian prisons. What he saw during the fulfilment of this duty sickened his soul and opened his eyes to monstrous scenes of injustice and cruelty. He has written a book called "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," in which he gives us a vivid picture of the sights he saw in Siberia. Hundreds of thousands of people were being dumped into that desert country every year and then the curtain was drawn so that the rest of the world might not see how this hell worked itself out. Consumption relieved many of the prisoners. Loathsome diseases ran riot and hand-in-hand with suffering and torture. The guards were mere strong beasts with uncontrolled animal passions. All was filth, cold, hunger, sorrow. The prisoners traveled barefoot, floundering through the snow and bleeding over the sharp rocks. They were driven along in hordes chained to one another—the mother with the new-born babe, the sick man dragged along by the rest. Of those that fell by the way, some were left with a kick, others were thrown in a heap on top of the wagons and strapped down with the other corpses.

Then Siberia was not what it is now. It was a real hell

on earth and no man knew when he might be thrown into it,—a careless word in a forgetful moment was enough. And when a man went to Siberia it was the end of his world. None dared ask questions for fear of following after and so he was doomed to suffer in filth and torture, to die in disgrace and pain, forgotten by all and with a heart full of bitterness at the injustice of his God. Surely it is not strange that those who have seen such sights have been turned away sickened by them and that they have been inspired with a great hatred for the wickedness of it. Nor should we wonder when we hear of the terrible attempts at vengeance of these people, when we see them committing the most outrageous deeds to overthrow a government capable of such injustice.

All this Kropotkin saw and he thought that he was uncovering truths which none knew but he. He rejoiced that he could thus benefit his country by merely calling her attention to the unconscious crime that she was committing. His report was full of vivid descriptions and valuable suggestions, yet the only sign he had of its reception was a distinct coldness which his superiors evinced toward him.

Kropotkin was then a young man in the first vigor of his manhood. He was already well-known through several scientific books which he had written, and no one was more in demand among the educated better classes of Russia. Yet he began to feel a hatred for this kind of life, for the selfishness in it, and this hatred grew stronger as he saw more of the outside world. While on a commission to survey Finland he met with still more perplexing problems. He saw there living forms of anarchy, starvation, crime, and ignorance, men and women working and willing to work for ten cents a day, yet dying by thousands because they had no food or shelter. Then it was that Kropotkin became inspired with a mighty

love for these downtrodden people and a powerful will to avenge their wrongs. He saw that the trouble must be at the bottom, down in the minds of the people, and he knew that education alone could save them.

Disguised as a doctor he taught every night down amid the filth of the city. Up in the crowded tops of tenement houses he gathered around him all the simple, the ignorant, and the angry elements of this poverty-stricken class. By the light of a candle, in the midst of crime and dirt, he taught them the questions of the day and how a government should be conducted. He soothed the angry, he enlightened the ignorant, and he stirred up the indolent. Slowly it dawned upon these poor creatures what were their rights and what were their wrongs. In their souls a fire was kindled which burned brighter and hotter, spreading from one to another until the whole city began to feel the heat of it. Their teacher was not always careful in speaking of the high officials, and his eager pupils were sometimes rough in their games of hide and seek with the police.

Very soon Kropotkin was suspected and a month later was thrown into the prison of St. Peter and Paul. Here he was to await the trial which he knew would never come, and for two years he wasted his life away in the dungeon of that prison. No one might see him, no one might speak to him, there was nothing to read and nothing to do. The water oozed through the walls and gathered in stagnant pools on the floor. People moaned, and went mad, and died around him, and he sickened with disease. How this great mind and this enthusiastic energy must have suffered, thus cramped and pent up! And this man degraded and treated like a beast had as a boy been one of the body guards of Alexander, and a page standing by the side of Emperor Nicholas.

His brother dared to plead his case before an official and he too was arrested. He endured the same agonies. Once word was brought to the brother that his little son was dying and was calling for his father. The boy was only a few blocks away and the father begged the guards to go with him if only for five minutes. And they mocked his pleading as he knelt there praying for his dying son.

The story of how Kropotkin escaped from this prison is one of the most dramatic and interesting in the history of Russian prisons. It was a bold, well-laid plot, and Kropotkin took it as his last chance. Though he nearly lost his life in the attempt, it was successful and in a short time he was in Sweden disguised as a laborer. He knew no one, spoke the language poorly, and had not a cent. Here we see the perseverance and fortitude of Kropotkin's character. Though day after day he knew the pangs of hunger, the bite of the cold, and the discouragement of his struggles; though his health was still poor and sickness laid her feverish hand upon him he never gave up his high ideals, nor begged nor borrowed help. Slowly he mastered the language, and slowly he began to earn his living by writing for the papers. Just as he was gaining enough independence to afford a renewal of his fight for the Revolutionists, detectives were put on his track and he fled to England. From then on, Kropotkin and the Russian officials have had a constant war. He has been driven from one country to another, with human hounds on his track striving for his life-blood. And never has he forgotten his purpose nor ceased to show the Russian government in its true light. In France he suffered in prison because Russia asked France to keep him there. Yet he has gotten the better of the fight, and to him we owe largely the knowledge which helped bring about a change in Russian affairs.

Last summer, just before the death of President McKinley, Kropotkin visited this country, and some have put upon him a share of the blame for the awful crime of last fall. It may be that a few were ignorant enough to misinterpret his teachings, but it is certain that Kropotkin would have desired no such thing. He sets forth no violent methods and shuns a criminal revenge. At one time in Paris he addressed a meeting of three thousand anarchists. They had their grievances and their just complaints, and they stood before the meeting with wild eyes and words of vengeance. When Kropotkin arose and, stretching forth his hand over the vast audience, said, "My friends," a spirit of quiet and rest came over his hearers. All the blood-thirstiness went out of their hearts. When those men disbanded they felt soothed and held a quieter, stronger determination.

The fault which has helped prevent the realization of Kropotkin's schemes is the lack of the practical in his nature. He cannot materially aid the revolutionary movement because he is not a plotter. He believes in war on a large scale, and cannot adapt himself to the views of an ally. It might also be said, in criticism of Kropotkin, that he suggests more easily how to tear down than how to build up. His teachings are mainly destructive.

However much we may disagree with the sentiments and methods of Peter Kropotkin, we cannot but admire the manhood in him. It has lost none of the refinement and learning of his earlier days, and has added much to endear him to the hearts of his fellow-men. He and Tolstoi stand out to-day as the two great friends of the Russian people, as the champions of the oppressed and the interpreters of the lowly. Kropotkin is a mild Revolutionist, yet he is one of the greatest fighters for freedom that any country has ever produced. We must recognize the fact that he loves man-

kind and has sacrificed himself in a noble attempt to help it. Bribes, threats, tortures, and dungeons have not swerved him from his faith. Laying aside a brilliant diplomatic and literary career, he has preferred to live, hunted from one country to another, always staring death in the face, but always trying to right what he honestly thinks wrong.

Henry Hopkins, Jr.

ON READING THE OEDIPUS OF SOPHOCLES

We read the tale of Oedipus the king,
  That lofty, frenzied soul, who shuddering fled
  From crime to crime till all the sky flamed red,
And glorious earth became a loathsome thing;
  Then plucked he tortured eye-balls from his head,
And staggered on through doom and gods' deep hate,
'Mid whirling darkness of the winds of fate,
  Led by his daughters' love to join the dead.

The tale was done, and homeward trod we late
  The village street, antithesis of strife,
  But low the eyeless clouds with ambush rife
Their silence dumb and dread maintained,
And in our hushed and sobered spirits reigned
  The old night-shrouded mysteries of life.

Stuart Pratt Sherman

If you will come with me along the old road which lines the Treviot mountains through the town of Cainsburgh, lingering a while where the cross road starts for The Mills, I will show you the grave of a home. Upon a slight eminence and back a distance from the road it lies, a mere hollow in the earth; but the decay of three quarters of a century, with the aid, perhaps, of a hastening fire, has carried down beam and board that once gave shelter to human hearts who cherished this spot. The honeysuckle runs wild at the front and down into the hollow, where a tall blackberry bush has officiously taken its stand, an emblem, perhaps, with its thorns and berries, of the sorrows and joys of the former occupants. Beneath an old and shaggy apple tree standing near are three graves, which have been grass-grown for years.

There is a story in connection with this place—every such place has its story if all were known—: that hollow was dug and a house was placed above it when Klinnbury was but a village. The two who came to live there were happy for about a year. Then one came whose remains fill that third grave; all three had been playmates together.

The little house was very neat, and painted snow white with dark green blinds. It was in the month of August that John Lyal arrived upon the road from Klinnbury. The flowers in the front yard were in full bloom, honeysuckle was climbing upon trellises on each side of the door, and a large green of short-cut grass slanted down to the gate.

Only a year ago he had bade farewell to his brother Lionel, who with Nora, his young wife, was starting westward, and now John had followed them. His brother had always exercised a fascination over him; that impulsive nature of Lionel's often called out the most generous side of his own. He had sometimes, even since they were grown up, yielded to Lionel's request, and they two had gone walking out over the farm in the evening. As they talked with each other at such times John felt in his heart that he could pardon Lionel for all his lack of industry; in his generosity he could share all with him. It was on such an occasion as this that he had advised Lionel to go to Boston and study the laws of the music for which he had so much natural ability; he would work the harder that their father might be satisfied to do without his brother. Lionel had gone, but he learned nothing, for he liked better to play by his own wild ear. Now he was married and gone West, and John had missed him.

But another loss troubled John still more. The thought had been constant with him since his seventeenth year that he should be master of the farm and that Nora should be its mistress. This consideration had weighed upon him while Lionel was away until he had influenced his father, in making his will—the last one, as it turned out—to sign the farm and buildings to him, while the comparatively insignificant bank account was left for Lionel. To be sure he had worked all his life more constantly than his brother, and for the last three years had taken complete control. He had never thought seriously of Lionel as a rival, for he attached too much importance to his own superior wealth and industry. But now he knew that there was something bound up in a single word of Lionel's which was more to Nora than the industry of his own lifetime.

It is a proof that he heartily wished them well, however, that he had a most expensive piano delivered at Klinnbury, with the simple words upon a tag, "From John." Then he had doubled his industry, but half the old pleasure in the increase of possessions vanished, and he became more and more lonely. So when there came the double opportunity of selling his farm at a good price and buying extensive lands in a promising Western township of the state, he seized it, and now we find him at his brother's home.

A week later he had been to Klinnbury and had purchased a large tract of land close upon the village. He stated his intention of going immediately to work to make a section of it tillable, but two more weeks passed, and yet he lingered. Lionel was doing some clearing upon the hillside at a distance from the house, where he intended to have a pasture; he was carrying the timber he felled to the Beaver sawmill, and John had done two men's work in assisting.

Although Nora would not have admitted it even to herself, John's departure would have been a relief to her. He had never had much to say, but now his silence was oppressive; she never raised her eyes to him as the three sat in silence in the evening looking out over the valley, but his were fastened upon her with a look in which longing was mingled with something like despair.

On that last night all three were sitting thus and Lionel was playing. If you have any touch of wildness in your nature you would have been stirred by his music. He could catch the keynote of a storm and fit it to its melody; he knew what it is in the distant scream of a hawk and the evening call of the jay that stirs wild chords in the heart, and their tones flew from his bow at every stroke. Here, surrounded by the wood, his music seemed to be the voice of its spirit. While he played suddenly a black form moved from the

gloomy wood, below; a large bear walked boldly into the open. Nora started up and her husband, immediately ceaseing to play, stepped before her. The bear turned and slunk away. It seemed as if he might have been drawn out from his den in the woods by the music; and now that it had suddenly ceased had gone off again, disappointed.

"It's a grisly," said Lionel, "we must be on the watch for him."

In the moonlight John walked up and down before the house. It was strange that their music had never affected him before. Down on the old farm he had whistled his own tunes and cared nothing. But to-night as they played together within, he could not resist fleeing from the sound. He followed the wood road and wandered on weaponless in a land of wild beasts. The moon was shining down into the clearing as he wandered through. He had reached the far end and was just passing an old oak which Lionel had marked out that very day for the coming winter's firewood; it was to be felled in the morning. Suddenly he heard a low growl; behind a large rock which stood near the tree was the den of the grisly. He was able to retreat unmolested, however, for old bruin was too well fed at that season of the year to seek a quarrel; but to fell that tree were death to a man without his axe at hand and a steady nerve.

Evil thoughts will come to the best of men, and the best of men drive them quickly away. But a picture fascinated John; to be the only friend of the woman he had loved for years, to be her support and protection, to see and to counsel with her every day. Then came another picture; a deadly fight with a bear. All the generous thoughts he had ever had of his brother came up before him and he drove both from his mind. But ever in that long night walk a face returned, the face of Nora, sorrowful indeed, but with eyes

resting trustfully upon him. At times would come again the picture of the bear; but finally he was using all his force to drive it from his mind and he used the ancient argument upon it, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and he said to himself, "Lionel will kill the bear."

Very early in the morning John was walking far down the road toward the mills. It was half-past six when he turned around. Even as he drew near the house his pace quickened until finally he was running. His face was pale, his eyes were staring, all his limbs shook, as he opened the door and broke out, "Where's Lionel?"

Nora's face reflected the whiteness of his own as she looked upon him. "In the clearing," she cried.

"The bear!" he muttered, and dashed down the wood road.

There are times in the lives of men when an intense passion tears from them all the hamperings of a limited nature and makes them geniuses of a period. Then they see the full bearing of human life. As John ran down that wood-road he knew himself as he had never known before. The joy and generosity he had felt in his best moments with Lionel sprang up within him and burst the external crust of his other nature, until, now, when perhaps too late, he was overflooded by the realization of the full stature of a man. Oh! that he could save him. Then there came the deadening assurance—he had not dreamed of it in all his last night's walk—that *he* should know the curse of Cain.

All was over when he reached the spot. There had been a deadly struggle, the man clutching the axe near the blade had buried it in the throat of the bear and they lay folded together in the death clutch. What would he not have given at that moment to have been in his brother's place! He shrank from the spot for he knew that Nora would soon be there.

Long after he returned, peering among the branches; a plaintive crying had rung through the woods and now he saw three cubs mourning over their dam. They ran away as he stole nearer and kept up their lamentations from a distance. The axe had been taken from Lionel's hand and with its aid he had been extricated from the clutch of the bear; Nora's head was pillowed upon the breast of her husband, and they lay there together, the two playmates of his childhood forever at rest. The young wife's apron seemed to be wrapped about something which she held tenderly at her side. The apron moved and he heard the faint cry of a babe. Gently, oh, so gently, he raised the little man-child and looked upon its face. There upon its forehead, clearly delineated, was its birthmark, the figure of a bear.

There are three graves beneath the old apple-tree, and in one are the remains of a man who took his own life. That very afternoon the owner of the sawmill, coming to treat for some timber, found the babe in its parents' bed; its uncle lay in an adjoining room. Then the whole matter came to light; and, after an inquest, short because decisive, a triple funeral was completed before the week ended.

This does not end the story; surely to a living world, no unimportant partaker in the little tragedy was that child. But who can tell what became of him? He was taken away by an unknown woman. Did he live? If so, where and how did he grow up? Have you, reader, in any of your travels met with a man who bore upon his forehead the birthmark of the bear?

Bruce Wallace Brotherston

THE FLIGHT OF THE LARK

It is not mine, O tameless bird,
  To wing my way like thee along
  The sky, and glorify with song
White clouds, where traffic is unheard.

I cannot with thee buoyant ride
  Upward to greet the lordly sun,
  And see the aged world as one—
By mist and distance beautified.

And yet I think that thou canst not
  Traverse with me my loftier sky
  On Fancy's wings, or guided fly
Through the eternal realms of thought.

I have had part in giant wars,
  Outwinged the planets in their race;
  I've fluttered into some cold space
Which hangs beyond the outmost stars.

That my frail flight surpasses thine
  Thou dost not know; and I know not
The Infinite— the flight of thought
  When its strong pinions are divine.

Max Forrester Eastman

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE LOST

Joe Bedley was a very ordinary countryman living near a very ordinary country town. So ordinary were this man and town as to be almost extraordinary in their commonplaceness. His horizon was bounded by three meals a day; its horizon was bounded by nothing. The sun rose at Wayville in the morning and set at night. That was all. I use the past tense, for this once flourishing town very probably no longer exists but in certain dusty, dog-eared geographies. After the Civil War it began to shrink, and only lack of substance, no doubt, makes the continuance of that performance a physical impossibility.

In his early youth Joe Bedley had mastered the rudiments of the "three R's," but now at the age of thirty it is doubtful if he could be called proficient in even these. His humdrum life of solitude on a small farm offered little opportunity for broadening his intellectual scope, even had he so desired. Of history, geography, or the world at large, he knew almost nothing at all.

Had not Benjamin Castle, professor of psychology, spent his Christmas vacation in Wayville, the occasion of this narrative would never have arisen, for it was he who unwittingly sowed the seeds of sedition in poor Joe's barren mind,—seeds which took root and bore amazing fruit in the form of an open rebellion of unique conception for a mind possibly never before productive of an original idea. The professor, shocked at the moral and intellectual apathy of his native town, announced a free lecture. Such an announcement, and

so qualified, could not but meet with an unqualified success in Wayville, at least in point of numbers. Just how Joe Bedley happened to drift into the town hall that night we do not know. Suffice it that he had never before been to a similar gathering, and in consequence sat spell-bound as the lecturer, with the "Art of Life" for his subject, carried him, open-mouthed, through a fairyland of great, throbbing cities and a world of life and action, by contrast to his own little sphere wonderful almost beyond belief. The moral and intellectual lessons were for the most part lost on Joe, but the general effect was magical. Having his imagination aroused for the first time, he became dimly conscious of his own self, its value, and his responsibility to that self; and above all, of an indefinable feeling that his life was disgustingly humdrum and sordid. To what magnitude the feeling grew and what came of it is the purpose of this story to relate.

Though Joe never uttered a word of what preyed incessantly on his mind, it was soon whispered in Wayville that Joe Bedley was going crazy. Soon the little children shunned him on the street in awesomeness and fear, but he noticed them not. He was always broodingly occupied. One evening, as the usual discussion was in progress around the stove of the village combination post-office-store, the door opened and in came Joe.

"Evenin'," he curtly said, backing up to the stove. A general silence ensued, for as Joe had never shown any liking for society, something unusual was expected in view of this departure. Indeed, one youth even placed a finger to his head and smiled significantly. The discussion, which was on the relative merits of city and country life, a reflection, by the way, of the recent lecture, soon waxed hot again. But finally, when Peter Sawyer said that he would rather live in Wayville than in the finest house in Boston, Joe, who

with difficulty had restrained himself so long, now burst forth with "Pete Sawyer, you 're a blamed fool, an' Wayville 's the gosh darndest town that ever was. Aint bigger 'n a mole-hill an' never will be. Never did nothin' an' never had nothin' to be proud of, an' never was heard of by a dozen people outside o' this county. I 'm goin' out into the world an'—an'—yes, git lost so as I 'll never hear of the blamed place again."

Such treason was never heard before in Wayville, and coming from Joe Bedley, who had never been known to open his mouth in public, was almost incredible. All eyes were fixed on him in dumbfounded silence; then slowly turned from him to Joshua Simpkins, who in the double rôle of postmaster and village storekeeper was indisputably the town Oracle. But even the Oracle was nonplussed. His face worked convulsively for a moment, until, with a final and peculiar shift of his jaws, which was as indicative to his familiar audience as is the usual curtain signal to those in the pit, he spoke:

"Joe Bedley, be ye crazy!"

"No, I aint crazy, Josh Simpkins! You all be the crazy ones to stay here in this old place an' never see nor know nothin'. I 'm goin' to get out so as I won't never hear o' it again."

"Joe Bedley, this be one o' the best little towns in the state," the postmaster affirmed with pride in his eye and indignation in his voice, for the better times Wayville had once seen were never in the past to this loyal Oracle. "Ye can 't go where ye won't hear o' Wayville agin', an' you might as well be reasonable an' stay here. Besides, it all comes from hearin' that old professer o' Skyology, an' areadin' them tom-fool books you 've been agettin' from the city, an'—"

"Josh Simpkins I said I was agoin',—an' I 'm goin',—next

week, too, an' what 's more, I 'm goin' to get lost so as I 'll never hear o' Wayville agin." With that he marched haughtily out of the store. For once the Oracle was defeated,—but the defeat was only temporary.

Since Bill Acres had attempted suicide, Wayville was never so thoroughly aroused. More wagers were laid by the town bloods as to whether or not Joe would really go, than they ever made at the Plimpton County Horse Fair. Smarting under the defeat, the town Oracle after long thought and much aid from the clever little postmistress hit upon a plan which, judging from his repeated smiling and chuckling, he regarded as a masterly *coup*.

The night before Joe's departure found an unusually large crowd around the stove in the village store. The postmaster kept an anxious eye on the door, and smiled with satisfaction when finally Joe Bedley marched in.

"Waal," he said gruffly, approaching to the postmaster, "ye sent fer me, an' I 'm here. Now what do ye want?"

"Joe," he replied kindly, "since ye 've got that fool idea fixed in yer head an' be determined to go, I 've a proposition to make yer, an' I 'll leave it to ye all here if it is n't a fair one. Joe, ye say ye are goin' where ye won't hear of Wayville. Well, sir, I say ye can't do it. An' if ye 'll agree to my little plan, an' do what ye say 'bout not hearin' o' Wayville, why I 'll give ye $200 to start yerself in the world." Before Joe had time to interrupt he continued, addressing the postmistress, "Mary, hand me that paper ye drew up fer me." Taking the paper he opened it with complacent and evident pride.

"This is my proposition, gentlemen," and after his usual facial contortion, that final and peculiar shift of his jaws, he read as follows:

I, Joshua Simpkins, do hereby agree to pay Joseph Bedley the sum of $200 on the first day of March, 1885, provided he signeth and fulfilleth the following contract, and succeedeth in his determination to lose himself so that he won't hear of Wayville.

(Signed) JOSHUA SIMPKINS.

THE CONTRACT.

I, Joe Bedley, do hereby agree to start from Wayville on the first day of February, 1885, and travel by train no more than four hours each day for the rest of the month, or 28 days. Every fourth day at 8 p. m., wherever I happen to be, I agree to ask ten men if they have ever heard of Wayville. Since I make a trial every fourth day and since there are 28 days in the month, I have seven trials. If on four of the trials, that is, a majority of the seven, I find any one of the ten men questioned to know of Wayville, then I lose my wager. Should I lose my wager I agree to return to Wayville and work out the debt, in Joshua Simpkins's store, that I incur on the sum he advances me for my railroad fare, hotel expenses, etc. I further swear that I know nothing of geography, and that I will make no attempt to travel in any one direction, but just as chance directs.

(Signed)

Witnessed by,

Before the audience could fully grasp the idea or recover from their surprise the postmaster continued:

"Gentlemen, this may seem a queer bargain in which I place so much confidence in one man's honor, fer ye see I leave it all to Joe's honesty; but I aint worryin', fer I've hed my eye on Joe Bedley these thirty years, an' I know he would n't so much as steal a quill off the back of a dead goose. I 'm a-givin' Joe a fair and reas'nable chance, but I hope he loses, fer we want him back here in Wayville."

After careful explanations and much persuasion Joe finally agreed to all the terms of the contract. Needless to say Wayville never knew such excitement or enthusiasm as the day the train pulled from the station bearing him out into the great unknown world. Would he find it as great, and Wayville as insignificant, as he reckoned? That was the thought in every mind.

To follow Joe Bedley in his adventures is impossible. Be it sufficient to say that he had his disappointments as well as his joys, and saw wherein life in the outside world surpassed that at Wayville, and also wherein life in the latter, be it ever so uneventful, was a hundredfold sweeter than he had ever counted it.

The twenty-fourth of February found him at a crisis. Five times to ten men had he put the question, "Say, stranger, have ye ever heard of Wayville?" and thrice had he received a wondering reply in the negative from all the ten. But on two of the trials he had to listen to the praises of his hated birthplace. On one occasion it was for a fine make of barrel staves she had produced in the days of her prime. On another, it was for nothing less than her noble response to the call to arms in the sixties. But was he to be beaten by these trumped-up recollections of her flourishing days? The thought embittered him the more against the town which lived only in the past. Thus, as the night of the twenty-fourth drew nigh, the crisis approached. With the count three to his credit and two to that of his opponent he essayed the sixth trial. If he won that night a majority was assured. If he lost, the count tied, with one trial left to decide his fate.

To nine men had he put the question, and all had professed ignorance to the fame of Wayville. His hopes beat high, but with fear he addressed the tenth, with, "Stranger, have ye ever heard of Wayville?"

"Wayville? Be ye from there? Why, I have n't heard of the place for twenty year, since"— But Joe, with a heart full of wrath had fled out into the darkness.

The night of the twenty-eighth of February found the village store at Wayville taxed to its utmost capacity. Joe had promised to telegraph the result of his final trial, and even

the fierce blizzard that raged did not deter the people of Wayville in their zeal for news.

But how fared it with Joe? On that cold, snowy night, fatigued, hungry, and penniless he vainly strove to fulfil his contract, true to a sense of honor possessed by few men of many times his mental calibre. For two hours he had ridden on the trucks of a freight train until he had been discovered half dead by the trainmen, and carried to the comfortable caboose. There he sat silently in thought. Often during the past two weeks his heart misgave him when he thought of spending the rest of life out in the cold, heartless world, and the four last days of privation had completely cured his zeal for adventure and softened his bitter spirit. Now, no thought was sweeter to him than that of his native town, her peaceful ways and the humble fare she offered. This very night was to decide his fate, for if he lost, he never would return to the ridicule of his townsmen. And as for winning unfairly, the thought never entered his simple, honest head. His reverie was broken by the jerky halt of the train, followed by the gruff voice of the conductor, who told him they went no further that night.

Out into the darkness and the blinding snow he staggered. Sheets of flying ice whipped him across the head and shoulders, and cut his face like a lash. Fixing his eye on a twinkling light, he steered for it as a ship for a haven. His numb hand at last clasped the latch of the door near the window through which his beacon shone. Entering, he stood for an instant bathed in the warmth and light of the room, and then reeled back against the door, staring as one in a trance. He seemed in the midst of a beautiful dream. Again he saw the village store, its hospitable stove, inviting shelves, and, best of all, friendly faces. But the picture suddenly blurred, and losing consciousness he sank to the floor.

In no dream, but in reality had Joe seen the village store. Unwittingly, the homesick, discouraged fellow had stumbled upon Wayville. The seventh trial fell due that night, but for obvious reasons Joe never put the question to test. Though Joe Bedley had lost, in losing he had won.

Willard Wall Wheeler

THE KEY

The gray and silent watcher of the sky,
  His vagrant soul far-wandering in space,
  With sight unerring marks the headlong race
Of burning suns that flame and fade on high;
Faint shadows sees of mighty hands that ply
  With unremitting labor, dimly trace
  The thread of Fate and to the eager face,
Upturned in question, give a vague reply.

To earth-stained plowman coming from the field,
  While golden sunset-glory fades to gray,
The Gate of Heaven is in truth revealed
  When loving faces greet him on the way;
To him, untaught, the Book of Life unsealed,
  Reads simple Love and Labor day by day.

George Mather Richards

THE LEAST OF THESE

Evening service had begun at St. Mark's. The hundreds of tiny lamps that outlined the great arch of the nave shed a soft, warm light upon the white-vested choir boys as they sang out the last bars of the Dimittis. The lectern and the golden pipes of the organ glittered ruddily, half hidden by rich decorations of laurel. The swelling notes of the chant rang lingeringly through the long church from wall to wall, then they died out, the people repeated the creed, then knelt for the prayers.

Marian Crocker knelt in her family pew near the front of the church. Ever since she could remember this had been the Crocker pew, and now that her mother was gone she still clung to it. Ever since she could remember, too, she had taken part in the morning and evening service. But to-night the prayers went by and she hardly noticed them. She even forgot to join in the amens, for she was thinking and upon a subject which absorbed all her interest. Her eyes were fastened upon the rector who knelt in the chancel and read the service in a deep, full voice—a voice that had come to mean more to her of late than she would have cared to admit even to herself. But she had at last found that she must answer the question, "Is it the work I love, or is it the man?" and to-night she was trying to settle it.

Henry Stanford, D. D., was a man of power, and he was more than that. At Oxford he had been an athlete, but his long, narrow head and high forehead showed intellectual ability, and his clear eyes and sensitive mouth showed a

nature of broad sympathy and genuine manliness. To Marian Crocker it seemed little wonder that he should have reached, so soon after his graduation, this position, the charge over a large Denver church to which he had but lately been appointed. Something about him attracted her irresistibly and she listened eagerly for his words, though she hardly caught their meaning. During the sermon she heard abstractedly his full measured words and felt that they were strong and powerful and that the sermon was a good one. Suddenly a quotation caught her attention: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me." An old thought to her, but a thought that had a strange and new meaning. She had helped the rector with the poor of the parish, had she done it unto her Master or unto—Henry Stanford, rector of St. Mark's? She saw it clearly now, and a slight sense of shame came over her as she conceded the truth to herself.

After the service Miss Crocker's hansom was awaiting her at the door. How lonely it seemed to be driving home without her mother; the complement of her life was gone. They had lived quite alone in their large house on Murray Hill, bound up in each other and going out but little. Mrs. Crocker had hardly allowed her daughter to be from her sight, but had brought her up as a solace of her feebler years; thus the girl had grown with but the slightest knowledge of the world, and of the men and women about her. What wonder then that when her mother died, this child longed for the comforting presence of a friend? She found that in the rector's calm, deep eyes, in his words,—in himself, and he, too, a young fellow just from his English home, found at her home a welcome, and a friend who interested herself with a rare sympathy in his work. He never allowed himself to suspect anything other than that—although he liked to

watch this interesting woman and to work with her. Yet she never changed his attitude in the least toward his own Eunice,—Miss Crocker seemed so different from her, and neither ever disputed the place of the other in his mind.

As she stepped from her carriage, a man shuffled up and held out his hand to her, and she heard him say, "Miss Crocker," but with a shudder and a muffled "Go away," she ran up the steps.

"Please help me, Miss Crocker, I know you can," he called after her.

She paused—the ghastly face that she saw by the white light of the street lamps made her feel faint. The upper lip and teeth seemed to be gone and the whole face was a wreck. To think of a man passing through life like that! He had a noble forehead, and still she hesitated,—never had such a person entered her house. She knew what the rector would do but that was different; finally, however, her feeling of duty prompted her, and yielding to its command, she said with some reluctance, "Yes, come in, I know of a surgeon in New York who could help you and if I can do something for you I will." She did help him. He needed money, and that she was able to give him. She sent him to New York and later furnished him with funds to enable him to attend an evening school which he wrote her he had entered after his successful operation. It was a pleasure for her to talk with Mr. Stanford, whenever he called, about her protégé, James Abbott, for she felt he was always glad to know that she was doing work for his church.

Weeks passed. The rector continued his remarkable work and Miss Crocker supported him in it. Often she invited him to tea, forgetting never to show marked interest in all that he undertook. On one such evening late in June she had made up her mind to ask him a question; she would

prove whether her belief of his affection was well founded or not. The rector seemed even more calm and thoughtful than ever,—surely some great burden was on his mind,—could it be that . . . ? Both sat for some time in silence. At last Miss Crocker summoned her courage. She must find out now or never.

"Mr. Stanford, I have been thinking a great deal lately about St. Mark's and about its rector. Yes, I've come to a conclusion."

"Yes, indeed, Miss Crocker," he answered, "ever since I have been here in Denver, you have shown that you are a child of the church. I comfort myself with the inspiration you give me by your work. Of what new plan are you going to tell me now?"

"I have almost come to the conclusion that it is not the church I love."

"Ah, Miss Crocker, you have certainly attained an ideal. You love the people who are needy, to whom the church is a protector, and they will one day rise up and call their Dorcas blessed."

"That's very true, but it's one and not all—don't you understand?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss Crocker. How could you help being interested in James Abbott? Have n't you given him a new start in the world, your money and, in fact, everything he has? It cut me to hear Mrs. Bushnell reading, at her tea last evening, a clipping from a New York paper, concerning James's trial at court. The sudden accumulation of a little money, which he said you sent him, is supposed to be the cause."

"What! my name in a court? Well, this is all charity amounts to anyhow," she retorted, with an indignant shake of her head.

"I 'm sorry it has happened this way. Do you wish me to look up your charge when I get to New York?"

"What, are you going to New York, Mr. Stanford?"

"Yes, I wanted to tell you about my summer vacation the last time I was here, but we got to talking about church matters, and I quite forgot it. My father is to travel in Scotland, taking mother with him, and so I 'm going to be with them. The vacation is, of course, a minor consideration."

The rest of the evening was filled with plans of the trip, and Miss Crocker's question, in spite of herself, remained unanswered. They did not meet many times in the next few days, but on the afternoon of the rector's departure, Miss Crocker received this note:

"DEAR MISS CROCKER,—

"I hoped to see you to say 'Good-by,' but am detained this afternoon. I feel very happy in leaving the work in Mr. Appleton's hands, for I know you will support him as loyally as you have me. If you have any regard for me, you will do your Master's work for His sake.

"Sincerely,
"CECIL STANFORD."

Almost a month after, she found in her mail the announcement of "Miss Eunice Cumings to Mr. Cecil Stanford." She had heard rumors of it before, but she did not believe them. It was true now.

One afternoon about a year later, the matron of St. Luke's, deep in thought, was standing behind a kneeling sister. How could it be that this young woman before her could have such strange ideas? She did not seem to catch the spirit of the sisterhood. To be sure she had given her

money to the church in Denver before coming to New York, but what of that? She gave it to the rector, not the church. And now she cared nothing for the needy about her; it was her prayers and meditation which took her time. It seemed impossible to teach her that her duty was not to herself but to her fellow beings. She stooped, touched her gently on the shoulder, and said, "There is a tiny girl downstairs who wishes to see you. She wants you to go with her to Hamilton street. You may go at once—the little child will lead you."

This was the first time she had gone far from the church, and the very thought of going into that center of vice stung her.

"He's very sick, mum," said the child, as she directed their way through pass and alley. "He says he knew you when you were living in Denver. You probably remember him, mum."

Remember him? No, she had tried to forget all.

As they stumbled up the rickety staircase, the foul air made the sister cover her face. Had she ever seen such misery, such wretchedness? No, the rector had used her money for this then,—and now? When they reached the top of the stairs, the girl said, "They live in there, mum."

The sister knocked gently, and then opened the door. The room was very clean but bare; in one corner she noticed a table and a chair, and opposite the only window a bed. Beside it knelt a young woman, holding a clawlike hand. She rose to meet the sister. "He's asleep now," she whispered. "Sit down and I'll tell you about him." There was a shadow across the face of the sick man so that she did not recognize it.

"My husband had lots o' money but he spent it all, and since then he's given his life for the people 'round here.

It's a pretty bad place, you may think—it is, it's mighty bad. But he said he owed his life to a woman who loved the church and God's creaters, and from her he'd learned the lesson of helpin' people. Well, we came down here to live, and he's taught 'em around here to live better, how to keep clean and that sort o' thing, until a while ago he was took sick. He's been bad, mum, but I guess he's gettin' better now."

"Marthy," called a voice from the corner, "has Miss Crocker come yet?" That voice! Had she not heard it say: "Miss Crocker, I beg you, . . . you can?" She stepped gently but noiselessly to the bedside, and bending tenderly over the sick man said,—"Yes, James, I'm here, but how did you come to such a wretched place as this?"

"I went straight to the dogs when I got out of the hospital," he answered. "Your money was too much for me. But when I got down here,—and it didn't take long,—I learned something new at a mission. I thought of you and your noble work (Miss Crocker shuddered), and then I tried to help the other men. They don't want long prayers and pretty stories neither; they want a life that loves them and can sympathize with them."

"Yes, yes, James, but how?" interrupted the sister.

"You gave your money to a church, and I suppose now you're a sister you'll give your life to help those who need you more than a rector does. I can't begin to tell you what I owe you. You've done everything for me. I appreciate it."

He closed his eyes and sank back upon the pillow—he was very weak from the fever. The sister was thinking hard and fast; they had not seen the selfish spirit in which she had acted. Finally she said in a calm voice: "I've tried to find out what my duty is—perhaps I've gone about it in the

wrong way—but now I understand it better, and I shall remember it. You have taught me."

She rose, and turning to Mrs. Abbott said: "I am very glad to have found you. James seems so weak I 'll not stay any longer, but I must come to-morrow so that you may teach me more," and opening the door quietly she picked her way cautiously down the stairs and went out into the light.

John Adams Lowe

A MODERN MOOD

Trembling spirit never fear thee,
Thou shalt feel his presence near thee,
Speak, and he will surely hear thee,
Stretch his hand into the darkness, save thee, weak.

Him on sun-lit mountains, hoping,
All the headlong way down-sloping,
Him in Hades sought I groping
Highway, byway, seeking, seeking, still to seek.

While the light grew dim and dimmer
Never caught I one brief glimmer
Of his streaming garments' shimmer,
Ne'er the dying fall of far-retreating feet.

Must I with mean hope delight me?
Must I wait that he may smite me?
Know him not until he blight me?
Blighted, smitten, fawn and call the smiter sweet?

Nay, but if at last I found him
Glorious, with seraphs round him,
Mightily should I astound him
Fronting him with face of flint, no visage meek,—

Courage bitterly to chide him,
Tell him human hearts divide him
That he doth so darkly hide him
In his ancient childish game of hide and seek.

Ask him what avails the burning
Of our starved, unanswered yearning,
All the labyrinthine turning
Through the tortuous endless mazes seeking him.

Tell him we no more can borrow
Dazzling hopes to cheat our sorrow,
Trust no more his long To-morrow
To reward our faith and purge our eyesight dim.

Beg him utterly to leave me,
With his love no longer grieve me,
From Eternity reprieve me,
Cast no darker shadows on our mortal night.

Seek again to see him never,
Turn me to my bleak endeavor,
Struggling up and up forever
O'er the God-deserted pathways to the light!

Stuart Pratt Sherman

Suggestions

A FOOL'S LOVE

One rainy day a beautiful princess stood at a window, watching the little drops that bobbed up out of the puddles. She had tried everything in the world to amuse herself, but not being amused she did a foolish thing. Just to keep from being cross, she wrote a love-letter to the jester.

"At any rate," she thought, "it will make him rack what brains he has to find a fitting joke."

But it was no joke to the jester. He loved the princess madly, and all the more because he knew his passion hopeless. (This because he was a sentimental fool.) But how could he help loving when he saw her so often? I blame him not, for there were many who had the welfare of the kingdom to think of, who, having seen her, pined and planned for a glance or smile, and spent their precious time in writing far worse rhymes than he.

So he came in, hesitated, looked around, then stole softly to her, letter in hand, and, kneeling, kissed her velvet sandal.

"He takes the part well," thought she.

But he, aloud, "Flower more fair than glory of the dawn, some god has had compassion on my daily torment of silence in thy presence."

The princess, to herself, "His voice is low and rich. I pity him his sorry form."

And he, looking up, "And now my tongue is loosed by thy consent."

"His eyes are deep and fine," thought she. "I pity him."

He, seeing pity in her eyes, felt tears well up in his. "I knew thee of a noble mind—but this! Oh—"

He stopped—listened. The sound of a swinging gallop came down the long road. The princess blushed.

"You play your part too well," said she.

"Then there is no more need of my amusement?" he asked, and the tears had vanished as though his eyes had burned them.

"Not now, but—if this will be of comfort to you! I held it dear to me."

The jester kissed the jewel hungrily, then, turning, fled.

R. C. E.

MOONLIGHT AND SNOW

The Earth 's a silver bowl all brimming o'er
With crystal-clear and liquid radiance—
The Earth 's a maiden yearning out white arms
To unattainable, cold-gleaming stars—
The Earth 's a mother, folding in her young
From keenly-piercing arrows of white frost.
Oh, Earth, thou art all things to him who looks
With seeing eye and heart-deep sympathy
Through all thy varying moods and changing hues.

G. M. R.

THOSE WHO WAIT

Down sank the golden ball of the summer sun into the deep-blue ocean, filling the western heavens with glory and splendor, and painting the houses along shore with gorgeous colorings, rimming the sand arms at the point with gold. Far up along the end of a fisherman's wharf several women and men were gathered; their brightly colored shirts and headgear, as well as their noisy babel of voices, showed they were Portuguese. From time to time others joined them to wait the arrival of the ship. When the schooner was about half way up the harbor, a little woman, a mere skeleton in form, with an old straw hat over her soft brown hair and shading her careworn face, and wearing a dress of many years' service, neatly patched and mended, came toward the group on the end of the wharf. No one noticed her, and she stood back quite alone, saying to herself or the tiny child she held in her arms, "I hope he's had a good fare. He's a good laddie and if he's got any money he'll bring it to us, for he loves us, even as we love him." She bent and kissed the wee face turned up to hers. "I have n't had a stitch of clothes for two years, but you, dear, shall have some when he comes. How he'll thank Mrs. Small for giving us a little bread and milk those days I was sick. But there, he's here now and so we'll be all right."

What a noise! The women screamed wildly in their joy to the men on the deck, who shouted gaily back. She tried to catch a glimpse of him,—she could not see him. Just then the schooner turned suddenly and there on the shrouds, before hidden by the mainsail, was a flag at half mast. All the tumult hushed for a moment, then it began as each saw her own safe and sound, but the little woman stood motion-

less, staring blindly as if she were looking into the eternity of the ocean, until the captain came and, taking her hand tenderly in his great rough palm, led her away from the noisy and forgetful crowd to his own house.

J. A. L.

WOODS IN WINTER

Soft falls the snow on all the trees and hills.
Each little branch a pure white mantle wears.
In fairy woods the noise of silence thrills,
And drives from out the heart all petty cares.

R. C. E.

BEAUTY

Quoth the sage: "My son, knowest thou what beauty is?" The youth pondered, wonderingly, and answered simply, "My mother is beautiful."

Again the sage: "And how knowest thou that thy mother is beautiful?"

"I never asked, I knew it."

And the sage pondered.

T. H.

THE GALLERY CATCHER

Flames arose in lambent tongues from the roof of a tenement house on the east side. In spite of the immense streams of water which the engines poured upon the conflagration, the tongues grew thirstier and thirstier. The cheap shell, which had been erected by a tight-fisted syndicate, was

doomed. Already the walls of the building were beginning to look like a grate, where the flames from the glowing furnace inside shown through the laths.

At the top window of the south end of the building, where the fire had not yet penetrated, for there was a south wind, a man stood with outstretched arms, calling for help. A dozen men volunteered to rescue him, and ladders were placed against the side of the building. A figure clad in fireman's helmet, rubber boats and great cloak, darted up to the story below the one where the unfortunate stood. He swung out a safety ladder which he carried, almost attached it to the sill above, when—with a roar the thirsty tongues burst from the window and swallowed up their victim.

The villain was dead and the curtain fell, closing the last act of Harum and Icarum's great melodrama.

H. B. T.

Sanctum

THE FRONTISPIECE.

Mr. Perry has kindly allowed us to use his portrait this month for our frontispiece. Williams men feel an especial interest in Mr. Perry, both on account of himself and what he has done personally and on account of his intimate relations through his family and through his own earlier years with the college. After occupying the chair of English first here and then in Princeton, he was called in '99 from that university to the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*. His discriminating taste and sound literary judgment are evidenced in every issue of that admirable magazine.

Mr. Perry has edited, among other works, selections from Burke, Scott, etc., and the well-known series of *Little Masterpieces*; of his original productions perhaps the best known to us is *The Powers at Play*. It is a pleasure to name among our literary alumni a gentleman of so general a reputation for large scholarship, broad culture, and discriminating and conservative judgment.

THE MARCH ELECTIONS.

In a very few days now the new board—the board that is to shoulder the drudgeries, the criticisms, and the compensations of LIT. work for the coming year will have been elected. It is not for us here to proffer them advice and suggestion; that will come more properly next month. But

it is perhaps timely that before the six men are picked from among the qualified candidates we should express our sincere appreciation of the hard work all have done. Such work often fails to obtain the praise it deserves. Especially when articles which may have consumed many hours in the writing are "trimmed" by the board, virtue is its own reward and there is no other.

Of this, however, we are sure: The work you have done, whether it wins you an election or not, has been far from wasted. You have lighted upon new ideas, you have acquired a certain—we will not say how great—mastery of style,—you have at least learned to appreciate the difficulties of literary production, and your respect for what is really good has been greatly reinforced. If you do not yet feel that LIT. apprenticeship is a paying thing in and of itself, you are no man for the board. But we are convinced that any man who has tried accurately and adequately to express himself in readable form must feel that he already has a full compensation.

Once more, however, we commend you for your work, and as to the future, we pray that it may be your fortune both to "get what many men desire," and to "get as much as you deserve."

Chat

Is there any better entertainment for a person of philosophical inclinations than to observe dispassionately a number of people engaged in being agreeable? What droll attitudes they have assumed, how emptily they smile, how zealously they pass conversation about nothing! Observe, if you will, that young lady over there as she waggles her fan back and forth with conscious unconsciousness. How archly fetching she fancies herself as she springs a wide smile on the man beside her! Tell me, could anything be more artificial and unhuman? Yet I vouch for it that in reality and underneath the gloss of society manners this grinning mechanism is a beautiful girl, and if by some chance you ever catch a glimpse of her true self I know you will agree with me.

Is it not strange that of all the things we seem most to fear when we are met with friends by no means the least is that of being openly ourselves, of frankly and candidly saying what we most earnestly wish to say, and of discussing what we long to discuss? We must needs have recourse to disguising phrases and to shame-faced subterfuges; we bandy words and make twopenny commonplaces of conversation, and if, by chance, one of us seems really on the point of saying something, we look a bit apprehensively at him that he should venture thus to overtread the picket-fence of propriety, and we seek by some weakling jocosity to head him off ere it be too late. Such an one—I mean a man who

fears not to express *himself* in what he says—soon wins an evil repute, for people find themselves ill at ease with him, they fear lest they too may be drawn into saying something they mean,—into opening, as it were, as mall peep-hole into their souls.

For it is a trait common to the bulk of men jealously to shut in their inner selves. They are locked up behind conventional smiles and empty faces, they defend themselves with small talk and repartee, and if, peradventure, anyone seems disposed to bear the verbal fire and to pick the lock, they flee before him in consternation and behind the bars he finds naught of treasure.

But to carry this line of thought a step farther. Consider, if you will, so unexceptional an instance as that of two acquaintances who would talk with each other of a subject that lies close to the heart,—of some of the great problems that ever confront an earnest man, or of one of the unsounded mysteries of life. They are together—let us say, you and I, —we are met on purpose for this mutual intimacy; yet even now we cannot straightway broach the matter. We must lead up to it by some meaningless preamble, such as: "The weather, how fine it is, or how vile, and shall we expect a change soon? 'T is strange how variable the weather is. One can never depend upon it. One day, one vagary, another day another. 'T would be so much easier if we could put some reliance in the weather . . . Yet how few things there are in which we can put reliance! Sometimes it seems as if everything were shifting . . . After all, is it not true that . . ." Heavens! we are getting serious. It will not do to begin so soon. We look at each other half-ashamed, we had all but said something. We were on the point of stepping out from our isolation and of speaking face to face with each other. Quick, quick, turn the con-

versation! You almost perpetrated something worth while, and that, too, while another was looking.

So we run back behind our frog-faced smiles, hesitant, timorous, and take shelter in a few interchanges on the news. And once more and still once more we flee from a suggestion of the deeper things and engage ourselves in trivialities. Yet each feels the aching in his heart, each craves to reveal himself without disguise to the other and to share with him something of his own inner sense of things.

It is as when one would dive from a high and sun-heated wharf into the cool water that shimmers and laps below. It takes courage of a peculiar kind. One peers fearfully over the edge and measures the distance with his eye. It seems far. His heart thumps audibly as he contemplates the leap he must take and the giddy flight through the air. Yet the water invites irresistibly. He steps back a little way and stoops for a run and a jump. He starts forward, his muscles expectant, his mouth compressed. But at the edge he stops with a short jerk, looks round half-foolishly to see if anyone noticed his cowardice, and draws away to sit a little longer in the blistering sun. Perhaps he may at last slink back to the bathing house without making the venture, but if he have much of the man in him, finally you shall see him grit his teeth, draw a full, hard breath, shut his eyes, and running forward, spring off into the cool, renewing sea. Now as he reaches his arms out through the grateful and buoyant water he wonders how he could have hesitated so long. It was easy enough when once the break was made!

Is it not so with us? We know that we shall find refreshment from the drudgery and the painfulness of our day-by-day living if we will but yield our heart to another and take him into that inner sanctuary we guard so jealously; and if, at last, we do reveal ourselves and meet in common converse

over the deep and abiding and real things, how foolish our evasion and continual running-away then seems.

The Life of the Spirit is not a thing of every-day attainment, and no more so is the Fellowship of the Heart. Some of us may shuffle through our terrestrial rôles and never know either; to others fleeting participation may be granted in both, and to such the memory of these rare experiences will ever be a thing apart, a thing to be cherished. It will make it an easier task another time to slam the door on pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy, and to be ourselves in the presence of someone else.

H. J. S.

The Sign of the Shears

The college magazines for February contain a remarkable number of scholarly and critical essays. The subjects are varied and many and most have evidently been chosen with a view to pleasing the casual reader as well as the literary specialist, if such a term may be used. Hardly a magazine but does not contain at least one first-class essay, while the *University of Virginia Magazine* contains two of unusual merit, one being an exhaustive study on a difficult musical subject. Perhaps the best essay of the month is the "Voice of the Earth Spirit" in the *Yale Lit.* It is an entertaining and critical study of the characters drawn from several of Thomas Hardy's novels, discussing the animal and sensuous side of Tess and Bathsheba Everdene. The idea is by no means new or strikingly original but the subject is skilfully and sympathetically handled. Three other essays of a profound nature deserving especial mention are "Stephen Brooks and His Work" from the *Harvard Monthly*, "Balzac the Mystic" from the *Inlander*, and a "Study of John Stuart Mill" from the *Smith College Monthly*.

Of the stories for the month the Scribe cannot speak so highly. Most of them are scarcely entertaining and are far below the average. The much abused college story is everywhere present and is to be noted only for its remarkable sameness. The plots are the same well-worn ones our grandfathers grew tired of. From a cursory reading the Scribe might be led to suppose that the college man who had not

made a 90-yard run at a critical point for "dear old Bungtown college," or had not saved the game by a home-run on the ninth, while the band played "Cheer for old Squeedunk," was in a decided minority and of no earthly use. As usual the popular hero smokes the inevitable pipe (please, oh, writer of college stories, cut that out; for sometimes here in Williams we do use cigars) and is reformed from being a naughty, naughty boy by meeting a young female with soulful eyes. The Scribe wishes that space would allow him to express his sentiments more, for his ire is aroused. Stories really worthy of merit, however, are "Over the Border" from the *Harvard Monthly*, "Dumb Show" and "Mr. Harry Baker's Conscience" from the *Columbia Lit*, "Between Stations" from the *Syracuse Herald*, and the one which beats even the smart set for its passionatenes, "Civil Law" in the *Trinity Tablet*.

The verse for the month is uniformly good, the *Georgetown Journal* as usual being exceptionally good in this respect. We clip the following, wishing for space to reprint several others:

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Hark, the night falls. Dost thou hear the sighing
Of the sunset wind in darkness dying?
  Dost thou hear the timid water falling
Where shadows on the rocks are lying?
        Tell me, dost thou hear it?

Tell me, dost thou fear the spectral quiver
Of the starlight on the sullen river?
  Dost thou fear the dark that broods upon it
As the hopeful day were gone forever?
        Tell me, dost thou fear it?

Fear not. These are hours when dim discerning
Feels the phantom of an old-time yearning
  Wandering far amid the dusk and silence—
Wandering far, and sometimes nigh returning
        But returning never.

Through the twilight deepening, backward bringing
All the passion to remembrance clinging,
  Old affections fall upon us softly,
Like the memory of a far-of singing
        That is gone forever.

—*Nassau Lit.*

MY VALENTINE.

Little maid in the lilac gown,
  High-heeled slippers and dainty lace,
Merry, laughing eyes of brown,
  Bewitching dimple and fair young face,
If I were a youth of the long ago
  I'd glide with you through the solemn grace
        And the stately step
        Of the minuet.

Would you answer my question by yes or no?
  Would your answering glance be a smile or frown,
If I were a youth of the long ago,
  Fair little maid in the lilac gown?

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Little maid in the lilac gown,
  A bunch of violets on your breast,
From your golden frame you 're smiling down
  As if you would speak. Hair quaintly dressed—
You were my grandmother years ago—
  Never a woe on your heart impressed
    In the misty haze
    Of the olden days.

Tell me, tell me, grandmother mine!
  If I were a youth of ancient renown,
Would you be my own sweet valentine,
  Dear little maid in the lilac gown?

—*The Mount Holyoke.*

IN THE MAZE OF THE WALTZES.

There 's a dream
  Of the gleam
From blue southern skies,
  And the glow
  Burning low
In lustrous bright eyes.

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There's the mandolin's laughter,
The violin's sigh,
In the maze of the waltzes
We dance—you and I.

To the joy
There's no cloy
When music enthralls
As it swells,
Weaving spells,
Then trillingly falls.

No sad recollection,
No thought of good-by
In the maze of the waltzes
We dance—you and I.

Ah! Alas!
Time must pass
Little maid, and no more
Shall you glide
By my side
As you did days of yore;

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Cutting Corner. NORTH ADAMS.

But ever and ever,
  Dear, thou shalt be nigh
In the maze of the waltzes
  We danced—you and I,

—*Georgetown College Journal.*

THE BIOLOGIC FACE.

One eye screwed up, cheek out of joint,
  The eyebrow cocked in curious style,
The lips drawn up in a strange,
  Three-cornered, grim, tip-tilted smile,—

Is this a girl—a Vassar girl?
  Ah, rash beholder, do not mock,
Would s't thou a calmer visage bear
  Hunting the wily protoceoc?

Let no rude voice uplifted be
  To sling the slam, to point the joke;
No other word shall smite the girl
  Who's struggling with a microscope!

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

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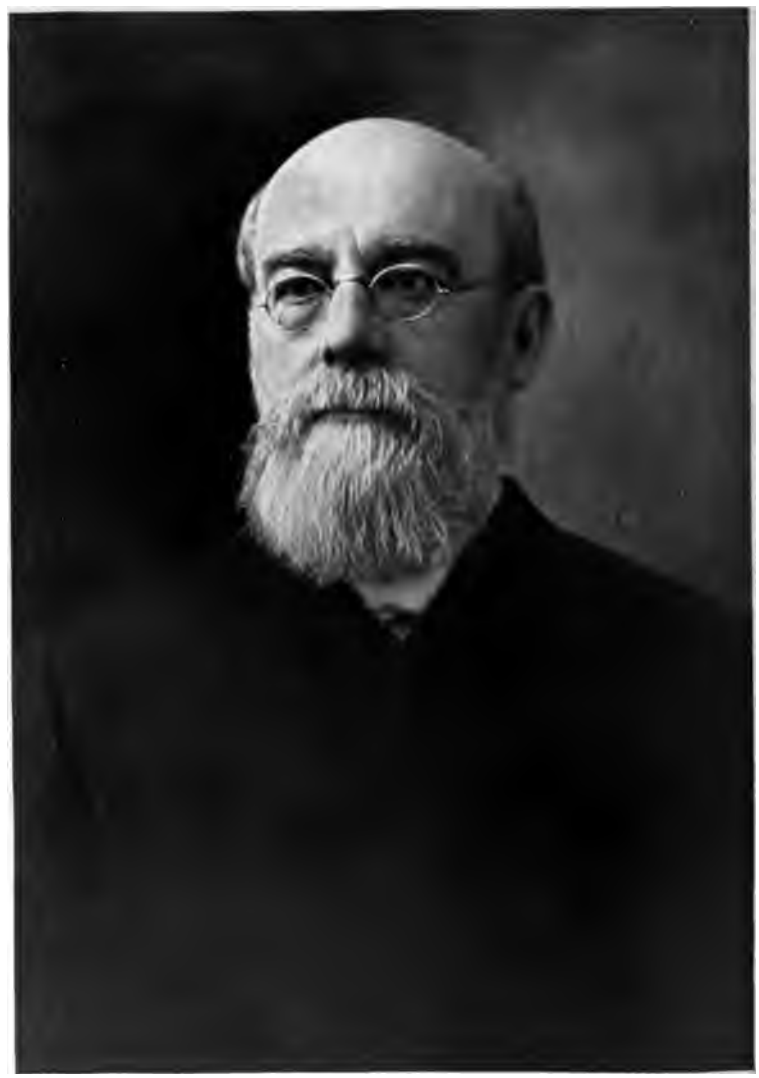
(*Cork Tipped.*)



WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D., LL. D., '59.

Williams Literary Monthly

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WHEN NIGHT BELLS RING

A LEGEND FOR A STORMY NIGHT

"My love, if thou hast love for me,
  Let this night pass before we wed.
I dreamed that Balder, fair to see,
  Bent low beside my curtained bed.
His eyes, aflame like twin stars bright,
  Searched mine, the while he whispered low:
'The fairest bride I claim to-night,—
  A boon for that which I bestow.'
Dear heart, men sing that I am fair,
  And gods are jealous what they give;
So grant my wish. Thou art my care!
  My great desire,—with thee to live."

The lover folded close his bride,
  And gently kissed her gold-brown hair,
That, hanging free, all glorified
  Held fast enthralled the firelight's flare.

He said, "Clear jewel, in whose deeps
  My soul is lost, go now and pray
For thee and me. This doubt that creeps
  I 'll banish by my love for aye."

A patch of moon on marble floor!
  A figure kneeling in the light!
Then wafted through the open door
  A sound of singing breaks the night.

"Flower of the moon, thou peerless bride,—
Fairer than blossoms that peep and hide,—
Far have I sought thee this starry night.
Come! thou art mine, my vase of delight!
Heed not the voices that cry 'Abide,'
Swift on a wingèd cloud we 'll ride
High o'er the mountains sheer and white.
Ha! thou art mine! I have claimed my right."

Wild ring of bells, with anguished peal
  That tosses on the turbid air!
Swift racing clouds, like sprites, reveal
  Mad figures in the moonlight's glare.
Far, far above the frozen hills
  A cry, long drawn from tortured flight,
In lovers' hearts dread fear instills;
  For it is Balder's wedding night.

Ralph Child Erskine

The college campus seemed too beautiful, in Dr. Griffin's estimation, on that Commencement day in August, to allow it ever to be moved. He had been much interested in the noble work of the college, and now that he had been called to be its president he was determined to give his life for it. Here, then, was the field of his best labors. To the west rose the original building, West College, a stately pile of brick, and from it, passing under the low branches of a row of shade trees, led a wide walk, across the little valley and up the opposite slope to the East College gate. There in the midst of a large garden rose a building almost a counterpart of the one on the western hill, which two formed a great contrast to the small wooden houses along the road, in the valley. The latter contained rooms for seniors and juniors, and a recitation room, while West College served as a dormitory, laboratory, recitation hall, and chapel,—which room occupied the second and third stories at the southern end of the building. The students who lived there were very fond of amusement, and the large chapel room seemed to be a place for the exhibition of their youthful wit: a fact very disagreeable to the proud and dignified Doctor. Already President Moore had left the college to take up the duties of the first president of the "Collegiate Institute" (a spark struggling for life where it fell from the high altar of Berkshire's Queen), and had taken with him part of the student body. The future was dark, the two professors discouraged, the number of the students small; but the men were loyal to the college.

Dr. Griffin, therefore, determined that if the college were to live it would be necessary to build a chapel in a separate building, and to establish a professorship in Rhetoric and Moral Philosophy. Just at this time, through the remarkable power of the president's preaching, a great revival was started and spread like a tidal wave, not only over the entire college, but over the town and western part of the state. Dr. Griffin, thinking this to be the fit time for the accomplishment of his work, began. Putting down his own name for a thousand dollars, he went out and collected the twenty-five thousand necessary to carry his plans through, and so placed the college on a firm footing. The College "Gift Book" has this entry for the year 1826: "The Rev. Dr. Griffin, as chairman of the committee to solicit subscriptions in aid of this college, reported that through his agency, subscriptions to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars have been obtained. Whereupon—it was voted=That of this sum fifteen thousand dollars should be appropriated to the endowment of a professorship, and the remainder (if so much be necessary) to the building of a *Chapel* which is hereby determined shall be erected."

The position selected for the building was the knoll of the campus, just north of the East College, and work began at once. Here a ledge of limestone rose some eight or ten feet above the street, shelving off to the north, and forming to the east what we call Consumption Hill,—which name, by the way, sprang from a remark of Dr. Griffin to the effect that many a student has been cured of the tendencies to consumption by breasting up that hill to reach college prayers. Here student and faithful townsman, giving of his valuable time and experience, came together and put in their best work for the building which serves us as Griffin Hall, and "they builded better than they knew," for generations have

gone into the world to give it what of inspiration they have received here. The limestone for the windows and doorsills, for foundation and steps, carefully sawed and as carefully put in position, came from Lanesbro, as the stone there was superior in quality to that of Williamstown. If one looks carefully he cannot but notice the exactness with which the stones and bricks, originally red, are placed: not a stone disturbed and the building's seventy years' wear shown only by the upper step and sill of the east door worn down some six inches by the quick heavy tread of throngs of students hurrying in and out of chapel, twice a day, for over thirty years.

Dr. Griffin was a man of keen appreciation for the symmetrical and beautiful, and this very trait shows itself in the building, which he as master director made. The very fact that none of the dimensions is in even feet proves that no skilled architect planned it, but that it was constructed by the rule of the doctor's eye for the fitness of things. And so it is that there is a beautiful harmony of proportion in the building as seen from any point of the campus; the two entrances, each an equal distance from the middle line of the building, the arrangement of the windows on the front, and even more so on the west side, the size and gentle slope of the roof and the height of the tower and finial are all in perfect proportion.

The process of building was slow, but when it was finally finished, with a great deal of ceremony Dr. Griffin conducted an elaborate service of dedication on Sept. 2, 1828. His entire sermon, treating carefully the previous history of the college, is still to be seen in the library, of which we quote the closing words:

"If any building ought to be inscribed all over with *Holiness unto the Lord* it is this building. It has been erected

by the Holy Ghost. The funds were raised by that glorious revival never to be forgotten . . . and if I knew any way to send down a message to future generations I would charge all posterity to hold it thus devoted."

After this service the building was thrown open to the public, and for a few days it was visited by many people. At the right of the hall as one entered the east door, was the famous senior room, while just above it was the lecture or "audience" room, and if any one had the courage to climb the long flights of stairs he found on the top floor to the right, the college library, containing some twenty thousand volumes, and to the left, a museum. The library remained in these rooms until 1847, when Lawrence Hall was built. To many a man the lecture room, now Professor Wild's Latin room, is sacred, for it was here that Dr. Griffin, and afterward Dr. Hopkins, talked with men about the higher things of life, and many a revival has taken place in this very room, famous in the history of the college.

If you opened the door to the left of the hall on the first floor you looked into the chapel, for which purpose the building was erected. Here were four rows of low-backed pews, arranged so that the seniors and juniors occupied the centre, while the freshmen and sophomores sat in the wall pews. At the front of the room, built out from the west wall, a large platform provided a place for the faculty, serving at the same time as a pulpit or a rostrum as occasion demanded. The simplicity of arrangement, the lack of adornment, the subdued coloring, all show the true New England taste, but as "conflict of ornament with use destroys beauty," we find a pleasing grace and harmony about the entire room. The most attractive feature, however, is the colonial window, over the platform in the centre of the west wall; beautiful in itself, and in perfect harmony with all around it, both on the out-

side and inside of the building. Some years before Morgan or Hopkins adorned the campus an artist was discovered admiring and copying it by himself alone. When asked his opinion, he replied that the window was the finest architectural feature on all the college ground. In 1859 the present chapel was erected by the alumni, and a few years later the chapel in Griffin Hall was changed into a museum, of which the graceful staircase leading up to the cabinet in the galleries is still to be seen, although for some twenty years the collection has been in Clark Hall.

But, however much we may be interested in the building, it would mean little to us if we were ignorant of the exercises which took place there. Ever since the foundation of the college, morning prayers have been observed. If it seems hard for a man to get up and be in chapel at 8:15, let him know that when Dr. Griffin's flock gathered upon these hillsides, the bell in West College tower "rolled around at a furious rate, emitting its hoarse notes of command," at sunrise, to warn the men that in fifteen minutes they were to be in their chapel seats, and listen to a long reading of the Scriptures, and a prayer equally long. As an aged alumnus has said: "He (Dr. Griffin) reads until his wind gives out,—then taking a good deep breath he prays until he reaches its limit." No organ voluntaries, no grand and stirring hymns, and indeed there was no elaborate show of vestments, but we are given to understand only such as was necessary and proper at that early hour. At half-past five in the evening the same tolling bell summoned the men to a similar service on every day except Sunday when the college as a body attended village church, but even there they did not escape the watchful eye of the monitors.

Wednesday afternoon has become a holiday for us; it was a holiday from recitations in those days, but every man in the

student body was obliged to spend the entire afternoon attending exercises in declamation at the chapel. In these, men of all the classes took part and declaimed on subjects highly edifying to the youthful mind, such as "The Extensive Flight and Upward Aim of the American Eagle," "The Evidences of Revealed Religion," etc. In a "Freshman's Diary," of about 1845 we found this item concerning one of the Wednesdays:

"Had only two recitations, the entire afternoon is devoted to a beautiful (?) exercise in speaking. My turn to declaim. Spoke that interesting extract beginning, 'Venerable men, you have come down,' etc. Got excited in delivery. All students in college were there. . . . I felt I held them in my power, and could sway them as I would. There is music in eloquence. The President and Professor of Rhetoric and Language sat on the stage and criticized me."

The Commencement exercises were held in the chapel, late in August, as the old catalogues inform us, and composed a very elaborate order of exercises, of which Dr. Perry gives us an interesting account in his delightful book, "Williamstown and Williams College." At one Commencement there were twenty orations and four selections of music beside the long Latin presentation of degrees.

Such is the story of Griffin Hall,—a name given the building by this generation in memory of Williams's third president, its builder. It was a remarkable building for its day, for it represented to the people a gift of their own hands' fashioning, to a cause which they held sacred. And although we enjoy our more modern and elaborate buildings to-day, let us never forget that to many a Williams man it is a shrine whose walls are hung thick with tender memories,—memories demanding of us respect and veneration.

John Adams Lowe

THE SPIRIT OF NIGHT

The myriad stars and the white moon quake
In the restless mirror of the lake,
    The shore-hills rise
    Like ink on the skies,
The ripples kiss the rock where they break ;

A night gust mourns where the pines stand thinned
On the hill like sentinels disciplined—
    Each shock of grain
    Like a weather-vane
Leans with its shadow along the wind.

Now weirdly wings the spirit of night
Past the flickering flame of the village light,
    Like the dusk-winged owl,
    Over marshes to prowl,
And flit through the limbs with a crooked flight.

The night-hawk knows that he 's coming soon—
But he 'll cast no shadow across the moon ;
    His flight through the tree
    Any wind might be—
He laughs in that lingering bark of the coon !

Those murky wings fan Reason away
And Fancy and Song in the mind array,
    There 's a world unreal
    He never may feel
Who knows but the glare and the din of day.

Max Forrester Eastman

"THE MAN WHO HELD BULACAN"

Major Carstairs sat contentedly on a campstool beneath ıe awning and idly watched the frothy wave running along ɡside the tiny steamer. After the heat and the dusty ride 'om Portland this beautiful lake seemed the perfection of ıiet and coolness. Even the steady throb, throb of the lit-e steamer, as it plowed its way through the rippling waters : this beautiful Maine lake, seemed restful. A cool breeze ıme from the green-clad shores, and the Major removed his ıt to enjoy it. The summer sun seemed to come to a focus ı the depths below him and its reflected rays ran in sheets ›ross the under side of the awning. To Carstairs the ›acefulness of it all seemed the most desirable feature in fe. His vivid recollections of the city, with its rattle and ash, its smell of the tar pavements, its numbers of panting, ›nneted horses, its iron railings hot to the touch, and its ste of dust, almost died away. And he placidly smoked ıe after another of his customary fat cigars in a most ɪalted state of contentment.

And how extremely glad he was to get away from the ›wspapers! The first taste of his fame when he had just turned from the Philippines had seemed very pleasant to m. When a man has served his country for twenty-five ›ars without particular recognition, it is sweet when it does ›me. And he had gone gladly to innumerable luncheons ıd dinners and responded modestly to the toasts in his ›nor. Then the newspapers got to asking his political ɘws aside from his position as an army officer and printed

atrocious cuts of him with "Major John H. Carstairs, the Man who Held Bulacan," in heavy black type beneath. Others contained remarkable office-made stories of his life and accounts of how he had held Bulacan for two days with only ten men, against swarms of Filipinos, in order to give the regiment a chance to concentrate from different villages.

The first article the Major had cut out, but they began to pall upon him. "Good Gad!" he was wont to exclaim, "can't a man do his duty without all this fuss?" And so he had slipped away from it all. But then the Major and the public held different ideas of duty.

His leave of absence was almost up, but he thought with delight of the few remaining weeks left to him. He would be in new surroundings, where this "Man who Held Bulacan" would be entirely unknown he hoped. The time would be pleasantly passed in fishing in the daytime and smoking in the evenings. Not in any camps, he reflected joyfully. When a man is either on the march, or living in two-by-four Filipino villages for a year at a stretch, he does n't come home to rough it. So he puffed away at his fat cigar and thought with satisfaction of the well-equipped hotel to which he was going.

The shadows were falling as the little steamer stopped at the dock, and the Major gathered his bags and fishing rods together and handed them over to a couple of bell-boys. He followed them up the walk to the brilliantly-lighted hotel and passed through a crowd of staring, strange faces. He felt their eyes upon him and knew they were discussing the size of his income, where he was from, who made his clothes, and other interesting topics; but he did not care, for he was sure that all the faces were new to him, and the "Man who Held Bulacan" story ought not to trouble him there.

But he was destined to be disappointed. That evening after dinner, as he sat on the broad veranda smoking one of his customary fat cigars and listening to the music, a gentleman sat down near him. In response to the request for a light, Carstairs recognized an old acquaintance, a Mr. Thorning of New York city. Years before Mr. Thorning had passed a week or two at the army post in Arizona where the Major had been stationed at the time.

After a few mutual queries and observations, in which each remarked that the temples of the other were a trifle grayer, Mr. Thorning exclaimed:

"But, come, Major, you must meet my wife and daughter. They are here with me."

He took the Major by the arm and marched him down the long veranda. Soon he found himself bowing dutifully to Mrs. Thorning, and a pair of dark eyes beside her looking at him from what seemed to him to be yards and yards of white dress. He was unable to carry his observation further for Thorning's voice was sounding,—

"You 've heard of the 'Man who Held Bulacan,' my dear; who tried to sacrifice himself by holding a village church out in the Philippines," etc.

Carstairs muttered things darkly under his breath, and between his modesty and his rage at discovery his face grew purple. He fidgeted restlessly about in a chair that Thorning had drawn near for him, while Mrs. Thorning effusively greeted him.

However, he promptly grew interested in the dark-eyed figure on the other side of him. The Major's acquaintance with pure, young American girls was limited, and this one was an entirely new kind of being to him. She talked little, listening to his conversation with her mother and father. Any word of Carstairs was followed almost with awe. She

began after a while, and congratulated him on his reputation and told him how often she had read of him and seen his pictures in the papers and wanted to meet a real war hero like him. Here she broke off, as a young fellow claimed her for a dance.

Carstairs alternately blessed the newspapers and thought bitter things about these "upstart collegians," as he called them, for the rest of the evening. In his room later he scanned his features critically in the mirror. He was not bad to look upon, with his square, erect figure, grayish mustache and hair, and weather-beaten face. But he dejectedly called himself an old fool and went to bed.

The next morning he met Miss Thorning on the stairs, and in response to her smiling query eagerly agreed to walk over to the links. So the Major did not go fishing that day, nor the next, nor the next. Something always seemed to prevent him from going. Miss Thorning and he were together constantly, except when she played golf. He did not play, and, in fact, did not know what the object of the game was. When she played the Major sat mournfully on the piazza of the club-house, smoking innumerable customary fat cigars, and followed her with the club's field-glasses as she made her way around the links accompanied by some of the "upstart collegians." Then he walked back with her.

One afternoon about sunset Carstairs and Miss Thorning were seated in a canoe drifting along close to the wooded shore. The Major had been endeavoring to imitate the long, silent strokes of the "upstart collegians," and was now sitting idle. The canoe glided gently along over huge rocks and tree-trunks visible in the clear water far below them. The dying sun was making a painter's palette of the sky, and both were silent. Miss Thorning was listlessly trailing

her fingers in the water, apparently intent on the beauty of the scene. The Major lit one of his customary fat cigars and mused.

His mind talked to him something in this fashion: "Carstairs, you're a fool, an idiot, a dunce! You're in love with that girl over there! You know it; don't try to deny it. Does she love you? No, certainly not. She thinks you're an old fossil from the army. Well, who are you, anyway? Only an old regular army officer nearly old enough to be her father. You've knocked about enough on Alkali plains and in Cuban trenches and fever camps, and been chasing dark-skinned gentlemen in the Philippines who have playfully jammed some women and children down some well, to have romance and all such foolishness taken out of you. You're too old. Old, eh? Well, let me get a few of these upstart collegians in my battalion and I'll show them. I'd take them over mountains on marches which would do them up."

And then he began contrasting this quiet afternoon with other afternoons which this young girl could never dream of. They seemed so very long ago to him now, yet so startlingly vivid and distinct. Visions of tall, silent forests filled with trailing creepers, of swift, yellow, swollen rivers, swampy roads flanked by bleak black ice-fieldson which the rain descended in torrents, funny thatch-roofed villages, brown, fat, naked little children, who stared wonderingly at the blue column, then wide fields covered with high, waving grass, and lofty, impenetrable, hazy-outlined mountains in the distance, rose before him. The gaunt, bearded faces of the men, as they knelt in the grass, the quick rush of hundreds of wild figures, the flash of falling bolos, the sparkle of bayonets, the quick, jerking movements of blue-skirted arms which brought their krags up to their chins, the counter rush forward, the running, swearing avalanche of men,

stopping at intervals in their mad plunge long enough to take a shot at the flying enemy—gad! that was living! What would n't he give to——

"Oh, Major! I've been talking at you for a couple of minutes," and at the sound of the voice Carstairs looked around at his peaceful environment with a bewildered air. "What were you thinking about? Your cigar fell into the water and floated away but you did n't notice."

"Well," he answered, slowly, "I was thinking about the regiment and the action of the life out there and all that. I guess it's made me a trifle homesick for the heat and the excitement of it all—just for a moment," was added as he glanced at Miss Thorning as she leaned back under her parasol.

"Yes," she said meditatively, "I know how you feel. Just like the man in the 'Light That Failed' who had the 'go fever.' Do you know I think he's always been one of my favorite characters simply on account of his restlessness?"

The Major picked up the paddle and began making his way towards the hotel. He worked energetically for some time and then paused. The impulse was in him to speak, and he felt that now was the time.

"I'm not a bit like that young man who had the 'go fever.' He controlled it for the sake of a girl and was n't forced to go. I'll get over the 'go fever' and wish to stay by a girl, but I'll have to go. That's the difference. Do you really have any idea what it means to a man like me to be with a young, pure girl—to have been her companion for these few days? My leave is up soon, and I'll go back to the regiment, but I'll remember these days as the brightest in my life. It does n't seem right to me," he went on earnestly, "that an old fellow like me should have monopo-

lized so much of your time. There are lots of these young fellows here who wish to be with you. Besides, I'm not a man whom a mother would choose as a companion for a young girl. I'm an old army officer who has lived his life—seeing most of the world and the people in it whether brown, red, or black in skin. These fellows are young, just beginning life, with everything before them to do—"

"That's just it," she interrupted, "they've got everything before them to do, while you—well, most men, women, and children know of one at least of your acts. All my life I've been reading of heroes. When I was a little girl I used to pull down all the books in the library about dragons and knights and heroes. I used to cry and cry over some of the unfortunate ones. I thought the age of self-sacrificing men was past. It's not. I know now. You never would tell me about your actions, but I do know you proposed to sacrifice your life to give a regiment more time, and that a miracle, almost, saved you. I don't like to hear you talk of yourself as an 'old army officer.' To me being with you seems almost like meeting a Sydney or a Bayard in real everyday life."

She stopped breathlessly, and the Major came to a realization of facts and paddled silently home. Miss Thorning seemed almost embarrassed at her outburst of enthusiasm and avoided meeting his gaze. They landed and walked up to the hotel, neither speaking, but each busy thinking. Carstairs's mind was in a state of chaos and he was afraid to give his mind freedom. He helped her up the steps with absurd care for a young person of twenty, and went in to the foot of the broad stairway. Two or three of the "upstart collegians" smiled knowingly as they passed, but the Major cared not a whit. He shook hands with her warmly, although it was entirely unnecessary as he would see her

shortly after dinner. She parted her lips. Carstairs waited. Then she ascended a few steps and leaned over the balustrade. "Good-by, Sir Bayard Carstairs." She disappeared.

The Major on his way out murmured cordially to the astonished "upstart collegians" to whom he usually grunted, and seated himself in a lone corner of the piazza. Forgetful of dinner he proceeded to smoke immensely fat cigars in rapid succession. The sun sank below the hills, and the little islands down in the lake seemed like black blotches in the twilight. A mournful loon was heard far in the distance, the piazza was deserted for the dining-room, but he still rocked on. Castles in the air—talk with her father that very evening, Mrs. Major welcomed by the regiment, office-duty in the United States somewhere, a little house, the dark eyes always opposite to him at the table, etc.—crowded his mind.

The piazza became filled again after dinner and he was just about to start out after a familiar figure which came from the door, when Mr. Thorning drew up a chair beside him. He brought his chair close and after a few hesitating false starts, said in a low voice:

"We 've been very close friends, Major, have n't we?"

The astonished Major murmured an assent, and said, "Well?"

"It's a hard thing to say, and I hope you won't take amiss what I desire to say to you."

"Oh, certainly not," was the polite answer, as if to say "What on earth does it all mean?"

"You see, Carstairs, I think my little girl thinks entirely too much of you." The Major gave a great start. "You're so totally different from anybody whom she's ever met before. Besides, your reputation and fame as a war hero are helping her on. You know she has always been very

romantically inclined with those chivalric ideas about knights and all that sort of thing. Now she's pinning on you all the worship of those chivalric ideas. To her you're not an individual, but a type of bravery. You're the embodiment of all her ideas, and she'd fall in love with any man with your reputation. Now you're not a marrying man, I know, so I thought it best to see you quietly and find out what can be done. I don't know that I make myself clear."

"You do," said Carstairs slowly, as he puffed vigorously. The end of his cigar glowed and showed his gray mustache and a pair of rigid lips. "You say she cares for me from these foolish, romantic notions. Or not me, strictly speaking, but my reputation and this damned 'Man Who Held Bulacan' business. You assume that I don't care. Suppose I did?"

"Gad, Carstairs, I hope not. Of course I understand you don't. Even if you did, it wouldn't make much difference. Here we have a girl caring for an ideal embodied in a man. She'd find you a lot like other men except in regard to your courage, which is given to only a few men. You'd both be utterly miserable after a few years of married life."

"And nothing but lifelong unhappiness comes from such a marriage. Yes, I understand," Carstairs said soberly. Then with a ghastly attempt at indifference to lie with a smiling face, "I dare say it is a very good thing I don't care. I'll see what can be done. It's all a fault of her youth and books and idealism. You are right. She ought not to care for an old customer like me. She's destined for some lucky young chap with the future before, and the brains and character and personality to cut off a large chunk of it for himself—and her. Let me think about it and I'll see you in an hour with some way to stop it all."

Thorning arose and with a sigh of relief at being through with an unpleasant duty, said "It's all for my little girl's happiness. There's no harm done to our friendship?"

"None," said the Major emphatically, as Thorning moved away.

The memory of that next hour remained with Carstairs as long as he lived. Years afterward he seemed to live it over again. He sat motionless, gazing out into the darkness. From the lake below floated up the plash of oars mingled with "barber-shop" chords by the "upstart collegians," with peals of feminine laughter at the end. Down at the end of the piazza the faint notes of the orchestra interrupted by the buzz of conversation. But the Major did not notice, and stared on unmindful. All his castles were tumbling about his ears, and he felt like a man being buried alive in their ruins. "It's all for my little girl's happiness." Thorning was right. It was only her romance that made her think of him. It would wear off in time probably. She never would be happy with him, as Thorning said. Some day she'd come to the realization that here she was tied to an old man, twenty-five years her senior, while she was still a young woman. Besides he was n't the immaculate hero she imagined. She did n't know of certain passages in his life. What would she say if she knew of them? Yes, he ought not to bother her more. It was for her happiness. He would leave the next morning. But would that end it? Would that cure her of this hero worship? Would n't she go on making an idol of him all her life? She'd be unhappy that way all her life. He knew her. Something else must be done. Idols—idols fell. The gods, perhaps, fell off Olympus. He would fall. The shock of disillusionment in finding out that he was not better, but worse, than other men, would cure her. Her regard would be turned to loath-

ing. Yes, that was the way. He was resolved. But, then, to think of being an object of aversion and horror and vivid disappointment to the one person whose opinion counted! Ahead of him his lonely life, "hiking" elusive Filipinos! Going unloved to a foreign grave, perhaps! It was for her happiness. Over and over again his thoughts traverse the same grounds, coming to the same conclusion. Finally he rose and whispered to Thorning as he passed him going inside, "Be with your daughter at the boat-house at eleven o'clock." Then he passed inside with a determined step.

In response to a suggestion from her father, Miss Thorning threw a scarf around her shoulders, excused herself to her partner for the next dance, and sauntered idly down the path to the boat-house. They chatted lightly as they went, and admired the heavens showered with stars above them. Miss Thorning was wondering secretly what could have become of the Major. As they neared the boat-house the sound of voices was here, and Mr. Thorning drew his daughter cautiously to one side. They reached the house and peered curiously around the corner.

By the dingy light of a couple of lanterns a group of bell-boys and fishing-guides could be seen. They were gathered in a circle, sitting on the rowboats which had been drawn up for the night. Their attention was fixed upon something in the centre, and they were oblivious of everything else. At times they nudged each other, and then broke into uproarious guffaws of laughter. The object in which they were interested was a man. He sat in a bombastic attitude with outstretched arm and was declaiming to the motley audience. The man's coat was off and his white shirt was streaked with dirt where he had fallen and rolled on the ground. One foot was smashed completely through a straw hat which one of the bell-boys was twirling around his ankle

with great glee. His collar and tie had been wrenched off, and his hair ruffled, while behind each ear was carefully tucked in grotesque fashion a fat cigar. A silver whiskey flask lay on the ground. One of the guides lifted a lantern and the light shone on the man's face. The man was the Major.

Mr. Thorning, with a shocked face, helped his daughter back to the hotel. She staggered and hung on his arm in a bewildered way. Her face was alternately red and white, and she gasped curiously. She went straight to her room, and, refusing to hear her father's comforting words, shut the door. She threw herself on the bed and moaned repeatedly: "And I admired him so!" and then, with rising anger and hot shame, while her cheeks burned, "I called him, that drunken brute, that sport and mock of bell-boys, my Bayard and a Sydney!" She dug her nails into her hands and rose and walked to the window. "My Bayard, indeed!" The shame and loathing increased with the minutes. The Man Who Held Bulacan the butt of village guides! The destruction of an ideal is a serious thing, and cannot be described. But Miss Thorning was cured.

* * * * *

The Major left next morning on the early boat before any of the guests were stirring. Straight across the continent, the mail steamer from San Francisco, the long voyage, and back to Manila once more! Promptly he rejoined his regiment, which was rather scattered, and reported for duty. He was received with open arms by his colonel and brother officers, who remarked to each other on his taciturnity and the increasing number of lines about his mouth. He lost popularity as a companion, but was a model officer.

Then the Major took his station at battalion headquarters in a miserable little village out of sight of civilization, in an

obscure island with a long name. He was kept very busy seeing that peace was kept, that the laws were obeyed, that the treacherous natives did not surprise his command, that the routine orders from regimental headquarters were scrupulously carried out, that his reports were prompt, that the quartermaster kept the men contented, that the Chinese traders did not use false weights; teaching, in his own way, the dark-skinned gentlemen the use of soap, and that Uncle Sam was not to be trifled with, and attending to many other such duties. The Man Who Held Bulacan ceased to hold a prominent place in the newspapers, as all war heroes do. The public never knew and never will know that holding the church in Bulacan was not his finest deed.

Royal E. T. Riggs

THE CHOOSERS OF THE SLAIN

Child

What is the fire, O father dear,
  That leaps in the North to-night?

Father

The flame of Odin's messengers
  Doth flash from their armor bright.

Child

And who are they that the king sends forth
  From his sunshine home in the skies?

Father

They are maidens fair with sword and shield
  And the battle joy in their eyes.

Child

Where are they going, father dear,
  Alone through the cold, dark night?

Father

To the field of fight, my child, they ride
  On their storm-swift horses white.

For they seek the battle's fierce red heart
  Where the tumult's roar swells high,
And men pant and groan in the straining strif
  And smite, and curse, and die.

The hero stays his blood-red sword
  At the flash of a sword of flame;
And a dazzling face of wonderful light,
He sees above through the dust of the fight,
  And a clear voice calls his name.

But the foemen round hear not the voice,
  See not the fire-sword's blaze;
Their sleepless spears swift seek his heart
  While he drinks the Valkyr's gaze.
And his soul fast follows the white steed's track
  To the sun-bright halls in the sky,
Where Odin feasts with the red-beard Thor,
And one-hand Tyr, strong god of war,
  And the heroes revel aye.

Homer Edwards Woodbridge

ON THE HEIGHT

The wild god of the cañon
  Has left his cave to-night,
And he summons a companion
  To join him on the height.
So the storm-winds raise a wild, wild tune
  And sweep the mountain line;
Against the face of the pale, pale moon,
  Rocks the dark mountain pine.

It rocks and moans in the wind-drifts
  As a witch rocks in her pain;
And the water raves at the lea clifts
  As a maniac at his chain.
And the wild god sings with a strong, wild art,
  And tunes the pine and flood;
"Ho! staring man-child with strong, wild heart,
  Come, we are one in blood."

B. W. Brotherston

THE POWER OF THE AIR

The sunlight leaped again from the smiling sea with glittering laughter. Overhead, the sky was a still, deep ocean of turquoise blue, across which lazy, unkempt little fleece-clouds floated dreamily, while sea gulls, reflecting their whiteness, swooped and hovered above the water with delight in the sparkling air, not unmixed with anticipations of rewards to come from the great, black hull of the *Andalusia*.

Merry voices rang on the sunward side of the upper deck, where boys and girls romped back and forth in the fulness of young spirits. At intervals, under the lee of the cabin, groups of convalescents from the *mal de mer* dreamed or chatted together in little snatches of purposeless conversation, soon lapsing into wordless inhaling of the life-giving salt breeze, sun purified. Apart from the sun and laughter, on the northern side of the promenade a man sat motionless, closely fortified in a gray steamer rug. His keen, gray eyes wandered restlessly over the vast, blue expanse, and at times, with a sharp contraction of the well-marked, level brows, he would close them nervously, as though to shut out some desperate vision.

Suddenly there came a startling interruption to his dark day-dreams. Bounding and rebounding around corners of the cabin and deck-works, a little rubber ball gave a last gleeful leap before him and vanished over the rail. Just in time to catch a glimpse of its final, malicious bound, a little blue-eyed maid flew in pursuit around the cabin-corner, stopped suddenly, gazing into the sea below with innocent, hurt eyes, then burst into childish tears for a dear plaything lost. The witness of this miniature tragedy, whom the ship's

register vouched for as John Malcolm, forgot for an instant the still, small voice that had been speaking so ceaselessly, and a wave of sympathy for the child-grief welled up within his heart.

"Little girl," he said, "come here a minute and I'll tell you something." She raised her tear-wet, wondering eyes to him. "Never mind the ball, we'll get a new one for you right away;" he smiled, and held out his strong, white hand toward her. Hesitatingly, with childish trust and unconscious searching of his face, she put her small hand in his and said:

"I like you. You look as if you had lost something, too, and were sorry—oh, so sorry!"

John Malcolm choked down something in his throat, and, drawing the small maid toward him, kissed her gently on the tear-stained cheek. With a childish access of sudden confidence and sympathy she prattled on about her small griefs and joys a while. All at once she cried, forgetting all else in the birth of a happy thought:

"Oh, come on, come and see my sister—I'm sure she'd like to know you. She's just lovely, and we'll have such good times together!"

Malcolm sat for a moment, battling with some unseen enemy. Once more the little maid cast her pebble in the balance:

"Oh, come on quick! Please do! I know she'll like you. Please ——"

And Malcolm went, the stern line of his mouth losing some of its firmness.

Across the dark blue gulf of the sea a bridge of beaten silver led straight to the low-hanging moon, and the calm-eyed stars shone steadily in the purple vault above.

Two sat silent in a sheltered corner of the deck gazing out at the softly radiant night, and in spirit conversing with one another. This converse was of mutual sympathy, yet beneath it ran a very different undercurrent of inward thought.

Edith Warrener scarcely had known what it means to lack that thing on which one's heart is set. From childhood every smallest wish had been gratified that the wealth of her devoted parents could safely grant; and as a woman, in natural consequence of her station, she had met intimately among men only favorites of fortune like herself. John Malcolm was the first in whose eyes and mouth she had seen the ineffaceable stamp that tells of the trial by fire, and she glorified those lines and shadows so much the more as she failed to understand them. Now and then she would glance in reverent admiration at his strong profile, clear-cut in the white radiance, and turn quickly with downcast eyes when her thoughts seemed to draw his answering gaze.

Once more in John Malcolm's soul the battle-tides were surging to and fro. God knew and he knew that he had no right to draw that sweet girl's soul to himself, yet against the battle-cry of love triumphant, the urging of the still, small voice was growing ever fainter. At the journey's end stood Justice with drawn sword, stern denial in her face; but before that dark figure hung the bright mist-veil of three long, happy days. Having yielded but lately to the voice of the Tempter in another path, he yielded the more readily at this new parting of the ways, and chose the one flower-decked and broad though vanishing in deeper darkness than the sterner road.

John Malcolm and Edith Warrener sat long together with such intervals of speechless converse; such inner dreams and conflicts. At last they parted for the night with few words and a lingering caress in the eyes.

John Malcolm sat in the smoking-room the next morning, now dreaming of escape from the Fear that awaited him, now of Edith's presence, so suddenly grown a thing necessary to his happiness, and under the influence of which, memory and conscience slumbered in opiate lethargy. As he lazily watched the blue smoke-rings tremble up and vanish in a current of air, the thought came with a sinking at the heart, that they perhaps typified but too well the fate of his fair castles in Spain.

The cheery voice of his neighbor at the captain's table woke him from his reveries:

"Hello, Malcolm, you look as if you were thinking over a late, unsuccessful coup on 'the Street.' Put on your raincoat and boots and come out on deck. It's blowing great guns and drizzling, but there's going to be quite a show. That scientist, B. S., A. M., Ph. D., and I don't know what else, who shipped with us, is going to test his wireless telegraphy apparatus in spite of the weather. It seems he has a colleague on the English coast, and they're going to try this morning to make connections, if you can call it that. It'll be something out of the routine anyway."

Malcolm rose, stretched himself, and followed Jordan out on deck, glad of the interruption to a line of thought that threatened to become uncomfortable. They stood waiting for the appearance of the scientist and watching the great, gray waves roll toward the vessel, dash into spray against the bow, race along the side and break into foam at the stern. Malcolm asked indifferently:

"What's the fellow's name?"

"Professor Warrener, I believe," said Jordan, and as he told what he knew of the recent invention, wondered at his companion's sudden show of interest and appreciation.

Soon the professor appeared, his arms full of apparatus

wired and constructed in apparently meaningless fashion. Two deck hands followed with more, and the whole was set up in a sheltered corner. After some twenty-minutes' labor the professor seemed satisfied and sat down in the midst of a curious circle of onlookers, to await his hoped-for signals. For another twenty minutes there were no results. The crowd lost interest and dispersed, one by one, Malcolm and Jordan only remaining, the former having met the professor on the previous evening.

At last there was a succession of clicks from the instruments. The professor began listening intently to the messages received, and translating for the benefit of his auditors, neither of whom knew the Morse code. It had been announced that his colleague would endeavor to send the latest news to the ocean-secluded inhabitants of the little world on the steamer, and the professor gave out each item as it was completed. Malcolm and Jordan were now so deeply interested and fascinated that neither thought of anything but the wonders of this new contrivance, this thought bearer, drawing messages from the invisible air.

All at once Professor Warrener started and paled, then, without a glance at his auditors, left his instruments and made for the cabin door. Malcolm called, asking if he were suddenly taken ill, as both surmised; but got no answer from the retreating figure. After a hurried consultation with Jordan, he remained to watch the instruments, while the latter followed the professor to see if he could be of assistance.

Malcolm was so absorbed in listening to the irregular clicks of the apparatus and weaving imaginary messages from their sequence that he did not notice the professor's return with the blue coated purser and the captain. The latter laid a firm hand on his shoulder, saying:

"Come with me, sir; you are under arrest."

Malcolm cried, with a terrible, sudden fear in his soul:

"What—what does this mean?"

The professor gazed steadily at him with cold, impassive blue eyes and said:

"This message just came from England:

"William Brainard, alias John Malcolm on the *Andalusia*. Is to be held under strict arrest and delivered to the authorities in Queenstown."

The prisoner groaned, covered his face with his hands, and was led, bowed and silent, to his room.

George Mather Richards

A NEW STAR

One day I found a wee star, come to earth.
I kept it, and with frequent looking in its golden purity,
I found new lights and limpid depths,—
Desire and passion, well contained,—
A gentle following with a confidence in purity;
Quick flash of wish divined before 't was shaped for utterance,
And all proportioned to the central glow of love.
It seemed to grow until the earth was small compared with it;
And all I saw was softened and enriched.
But soon the shepherdess of little stars, who kindly folds them from the burning glare of sun,
Came weeping, saying, "Give me back my wee star!
Thou art far too young to cherish it and know it's worth."
So I have given back my star; and in the dark I see it,— beautiful.
And I will grow, raised high by that clear beam till I possess it all mine own.

Ralph Child Erskine

Suggestions

THE STOKERS

The torpedo boat *Priscilla* was about to make her trial trip. She lay near the stake boat, rolling quietly on the waves, glistening in her new paint, and pouring forth great volumes of black smoke from her little funnel. Down in her fire room the stokers were stripped to the waist, with shovels in hand. On them depended a great deal of money for the ship-builders. For every quarter of a knot over thirty-three knots the government paid the company a neat little sum; and these brawny workers knew that on them was hanging the reputation of this company. Suddenly a gong sounded in the engine room and the little boat seemed to jump forward out of the water. Down in the fire room it grew hotter and hotter. One hundred and twenty degrees the thermometer on the wall registered.

The men were working like demons now and the sweat was pouring in streams from their bodies. The coal dust got into their eyes and lungs and turned their skins black. The roar of the engines above drowned their voices and the thunder of the waves against the bows seemed to split their ears. Now they are making thirty-four knots, then thirty-two, and back again to thirty-four. The moments seem hours and the mere clank and bang of the engines melts into a steady roar that seems to rush over them and then die away. The men are working mechanically; the great doors of the furnace open regularly and cast their

glaring white heat into the faces of the stokers and the long shovels feed them again and again. An officer from above walks from one to another shouting the time to each. The average is thirty-two knots, then gradually up to thirty-three and a half and back again.

The end of the trip is near now and they are using their last strength on the shovels. The room seems on fire with the heat and the men hardly know what they are doing. It seems as if those great hot doors have been opening and gaping forever, as if the roar and clatter of the engine had always been sounding in their ears. Everything grows dizzy and red before them. All the sounds blend into one vibrating roar that makes sharp pains shoot through their heads. They know not why they continue to lift their shovels and throw the coal into those blinding, scorching furnaces. The officer shouts something to them that sounds like thirty-five and they redouble their best energies. Suddenly a gong clanks in the engine room and the thundering and banging ceases. The vessel no longer shakes under their feet and the officer is telling them to go on deck. But their strength is all gone now and they have to be carried above. Outside in the cool air the vessel is gliding slowly beyond the stake boat, water dripping from every part of her, and her smoke-stacks still puffing with their exertion. The whistles on the tugs blow a welcome and everybody seems excited over something.

Back aft the superintendent of the company is saying to the stokers who lie resting in the cool sea breeze, "Thirty-four and a half knots boys! That's a record, and well done."

H. H.

DINNA MIN'

Dinna fash y'r heed, lassie,
Jeanie, Jeanie, dinna min',—
Gin I stan' or gin I fa',
True love winna tine.

An' gin I die a sowdger's death
Across the Scottish border line
I'll come again the low way, Jean.
O Jeanie, dinna min'.

B. W. B.

HIS CURSE

The train from Boston was two hours late when I boarded it at Greenfield on my way to North Adams. I entered the smoking car and found a seat through the thick clouds of smoke which enveloped everything like a heavy fog. As we crawled along through the blinding rain which beat against the car windows as only it can in New England in December, the stifling exhalations of one of Fitchburg's worst engines poured in through the ventilators and mingled with the tobacco smoke. Conversation lagged, a general air of sleepiness pervaded the car to which I was gradually giving way, when I was rudely awakened by a loud voice from some one behind me. I did not look round but listened.

"No, sir! No damn health board round my house! I had enough o' them last spring when my Gracie was took sick with the typhoid. After she got well they came and burned everything in the house. Claimed it had to be fumigated but I call it no more nor less than an outrage. This time, though, they shant tech nothin'. My woman wrote me Thursday

thet Sally was sick with scarlet fever and I jumped on the next train for Boston. I telegraphed my woman not to have a doctor till I got there, and she did n't. You bet I did n't take long in fixin' things so 's the health board would n't get on. I jest collared a young feller thet 's studyin' to be a doctor and got him to see my gal. He dassen't say nothin' 'cause he knows I can have him locked up for practisin' without a license. See?

"The gal? Well, she 's better 'n when I got there. Thursday night I sot up all night with her. She did n't have her senses thet night. But Friday after the doctor seen her she kinder quieted down a bit and war n't so restless. I sot up again all Friday night, and yesterday seein' thet she was better I went out for a while. Took a couple o' drinks round the corner in Rafferty's place and then came back. In the afternoon the gal seemed brighter and she told me thet I need n't set thar aside o' her any longer. Thet she would n't need me and I could go out and see my old friends. Somehow or other I fell in with a whole gang of the fellers I used to know when I worked in Boston thar thet winter and so in course it was only natural for us to have a blowout. I woke up this afternoon in time to get this train. I did n't have a chance to see the gal again but I cal'late she 'll be all right now."

"But you ought to know better than to get drunk with your daughter sick abed at home. Do n't you know that?" It was his companion who spoke, and I waited eagerly for the answer.

"Drunk? Why thet aint nothin'. I 've drunk for more 'n thirty years and it aint got no holt on me. I could quit any time if I wanted to—but I aint never wanted to."

"'Sposin' your daughter died?" asked the other. "Would n't that make you quit?"

"Oh, say! What do you think? In course it would. Anythin' serious like thet would cure me. Sure I 'd quit fer good fer thet."

The train rolled into the station at North Adams. The lights shone dimly through the thick mist. I stepped out of the car which was reeking with that indescribable odor of the Hoosac tunnel. On the platform a messenger boy bumped into me. Instinctively I waited and watched him as he walked up the aisle calling a name which I could not hear. He stopped by the seat of the drunkard and handed him the yellow envelope. The man tore it open and looked at the scrap of paper for a full minute without moving. I stepped into the car to hear the old man mechanically read:

"Sally died this mornin'—come back."

He sat in his seat as if petrified. Then slowly and clumsily he fumbled in his hip pocket and pulled out a flask of whiskey.

H. T.

Sanctum

We take pleasure in announcing the election to the LIT. board of the following men:

From the class of 1903:

Bruce Wallace Brotherston, of Williamstown.
Henry Hopkins, Jr., of Kansas City, Mo.
Willard Wall Wheeler, of Springfield, Ill.

From the class of 1904:

Max Forrester Eastman, of Elmira, N. Y.
Ralph Child Erskine, of Racine, Wis.
George Mather Richards, of Washington, D. C.

Stuart Pratt Sherman has been elected chairman for the coming year, Henry Hopkins, Jr., secretary, and Lester Lawrence Callan of Pavilion, N. Y., business manager.

. . . . .

And now, having made this announcement, which is also its swan-song, the 1902 board shuffles off its mantles and bids them fall gently, inspiringly, upon the shoulders of its successors. Heaven be kind to them! May their editorial contribution-boxes overflow with scintillating Mss., and may the pen of the secretary become aweary with the writing of acceptance blanks. Can a fairer fate be wished for than this?

. . . . .

One word only remains to be spoken. We wish to offer our sincerest thanks to all those who have in any way helped to make this past year a successful one for the LIT. And

their name is legion. For nothing is so great an incentive to a man who has some inclination to write as the sympathy and encouragement of his fellows. The knowledge that the college is interested in his work and anxious to have him succeed is truly the greatest impulse to him to do his best.

For those who follow us we ask as loyal support from you as we ourselves have had. We have the greatest confidence in their ability and in their readiness to do work which shall be both a credit to the LIT. and an honor to Williams.

Chat

One Gushing Youth, one Cynic, and one Retailer of Small Talk,—such was the motley trio that gathered a few days ago to diagnose the world-malady and discuss plans for improving the universe. Had they not been diverted from their purpose, who knows what might not have been accomplished for the common weal?

It was an excellent spring night, mild, moist, and dark; much wind was blowing but of a quality so soft that one would wish one's friends to enjoy it—one would say that it had blown through a week of June evenings,—no malevolent breath stirred; it was a friendly and intimate night. The ear of faith could hear all through the woodlands the tinkling trickle of little rills, the plashing and purling of newly-liberated streams, and, with the "will to believe," could detect even the slow seeping of moisture through the brown sod in the meadows.

"I believe this is the real spring," glowed the Gushing Youth as he drew a deep breath at the wide-open window, "when the bluebirds came courting, the engagement ring was slipped upon the finger of Spring; when the hepaticas are out, we may look for the public announcement—pardon my fancifulness—Spring seldom breaks faith with the hepaticas."

"Quite right," assented the Cynic. "I have noticed of late a scent of spring bonnets in the air. When the milliners collected their bills, the engagement ring was given, on Easter Sunday public announcement was made, yet—pardon my fancifulness—Spring is a flirt!"

"Trust her not, she's fooling thee!" quoted the Retailer of Small Talk, in the nick of time.

"All over the land," continued the Cynic, "I seem to see the flash of innumerable color-combinations, in stripes

straight, stripes cross, checkerboard, wall-paper, and polka dot. I seem to hear the hum and buzz of countless 'Wheeler & Wilson's' coming up from the thresholds of them that make shirt waists."

The Youth stood with an aggrieved expression and looked out into the night.

"Why so pensive?" asked the glib Retailer.

"What, pray, poor malcontent, would make life seem worth holding on to?" pursued the kindly Cynic.

"Ah," replied the Gusher, smiling sadly, "youth should be all a long spring morning, and manhood should still be spring morning and most of all, so that in the heat and strain and dizzy confusion of action could still be felt the dawn wind across the damp brow and in the nervous, over-excited ears might sound the robin's matin hymn."

"Do you suppose he is going to write a poem?" whispered the Retailer to the cynic, "because, if he is, we 'd better decamp." And then aloud, "In the spring the young man's fancy—"

"Lightly turns to thoughts of verse," completed the Cynic. "But, dear Youth, do you think—"

"I think there should be an eternal 'Keep off the Grass' posted wherever the feet of the Immortals have trod," said the Youth soberly.

"But," continued the chastened Cynic, "do you really put much stock in the idea that a man answers in his moods to the moods of the earth and sky?"

"I think," replied the Youth, "that the little spirits within us cry out for food, and the slave of them goes out a hunting for the spirit that cries the loudest, whether it be for roast beef and plum pudding or for the faint fragrance of the first arbutus blossom. And yet in the springtime, if ever, the spirit of roast beef sleeps, and the spirit of spring within,

hearing the multitudinous voices of spring without, lifts up a great shout as one besieged in a fortress when his friends appear before the walls. What do you suppose is the occasion for verse like this?—if you will permit me to recite a little song that is as fresh to-day as if it had not been sung for thirty centuries:

> "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
> *For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone:*
> *The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing birds is come*, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
> The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.
> Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

And as the musical voice of spring lured fieldward the feet of Solomon, so it called the "morning-star" of English song:

> "Of all the flowers in the mede,
> Then love I most these flowers white and red,
> Such as men call daisies in our town.
> To them have I so great affection,
> As I said erst, when comen is the May,
> That in my bed there deweth me no day
> That I n'am up and walking in the mede
> To see this flower against the sunne sprede."

"Very good verse and well recited," said the Retailer, "but you put me in mind of a question that has troubled me for a long time. Why was it that Solomon in all his glory failed to command the undivided admiration of any woman?"

"The answer," quoth the Cynic, "is not far to seek. There were two or three little things that the wisest of men could not understand. In the light of our present-day studies in comparative human nature, Solomon's difficulty is manifest—he wrote spring poetry!"

"What!" cried the Retailer, "do you imagine that the poet was the butt of ridicule even in Solomon's day?"

"Yes," replied the Cynic, "it is pretty safe to say that carping at the spring poet is a pastime old as the everlasting hills. Our records of that remote epoch are, to be sure, somewhat fragmentary, yet I believe that an ambitious young candidate for a doctor's degree could amass a considerable body of evidence bearing on the social status of the spring poet before the flood. At a period a little subsequent to the deluge his task would become mere child's play. There was old Jubal, for instance, 'father of all such as handle the harp and organ.' At that early date, when music and poetry went hand in hand, it is a practical certainty that Jubal was something of a versifier and tossed off a spring poem now and then, just to add lustre to his other accomplishments. Now is there any doubt that Jabal, the cattle-raiser, looked with contempt upon Jubal his brother, the unpractical maker of songs? Assuredly no doubt that Adah, mother of the young bard, many a time sighed half-wearily to a neighborly gossip: 'Oh, I do n't know what I shall do with that Jubal boy of mine—all the spring nothing but his harp and *tra la la* from morning till night! Moonlight and girls dancing and early morning sunlight go to his head like old wine; really I believe the boy is daft—I do wish he could settle down to something substantial like his brother Jabal.'"

"And yet in the face of Jubal and Solomon," said the Retailer with an air of conviction, "not to speak of Sappho and Theocritus and Catullus and all the old singers who have tuned their merry note unto the wild bird's throat, some in high places have tried to persuade us that the feeling for nature is a modern sentiment, a very late flowering of the western civilization. Is n't it strange how people with theories can blind their eyes to facts?"

"Passing strange," said the Cynic.

S. P. S.

The Sign of the Shears

THE OLD ARCADE

A quaint old type of a bygone time,
  A lordly home in the golden days,
But now a mark for the idle rhyme,
  Lost in the web of the city ways,
It stands, unseen by the passing eyes,
  Hard pressed by the endless rush of trade,
But proudly its graceful columns rise,
  For haughty still is the Old Arcade.

Time was when its high arched walls were gay
  With laughing voices and flirt of fans,
When gallant gentlemen rode that way,
  And lovely ladies in gay sedans.
And many a summer afternoon
  The old, old game of hearts was played.
And lovers begged for a lover's boon
  On the vine-clad porch of the Old Arcade.

And oft when the diamond panes were bright
  With the glow of the candle-light within,
The great rooms echoed with laughter light,
  And the low, sweet drone of the violin;
While red lips tempted and soft eyes shone,
  And the walls, now flaunting a curt "To Let,"
Looked down through the hours, till night was gone,
  On the swaying grace of the minuet.

But those days passed this many a year,
  And now—alas, for its ancient pride!
For trade and traffic are rumbling near,
  And the great white door which opened wide
To birth, and breeding and fortune high,
  To stately squire and gracious dame,
Now beckons to every passer-by,
  And gleams with a tradesman's sordid name.

But they say by night, when the town's asleep,
  The quaint old shades drift back once more,
Softly their ancient revels keep
  And dance till dawn on the crumbling floor
To the faint, sweet wraith of an old-time tune;
  And then for a space till the candles fade,
And the last strains waiver and fall—too soon—
  Happy again is the Old Arcade.

Yale Courant

APOSTROPHE TO THE NORTHMEN

Vikings from the northern fjords!
Ye whose all-resistless hordes,
Upon the haughty Southern lords,
  Poured down in days of yore;
Ye who never bowed the knee,
But roved and ruled the boundless sea,
Subjecting to your stern decree
  Its every coward shore;
To Greenland and to Labrador
  Your raven banner bore:

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Ye shrank not from the falchion's clash,
The storm or the lightning's dreaded crash,
But bravest bore your dauntless sword
When war's wild whirlwind loudest roared,
  And had no fear of wave or spear,
  Of storm or battle's roar.
When but the tempest's helpless toy,
Ye felt, not terror, but raging joy;
When drowned in the flood of the gushing blood
And fighting at odds too great for gods,
Ye, fiercer than your fiercest gods,
  Still howled for more and more.

Never more will mortals see—
Never more will warriors be
So brave and strong, so wild, so free,
  Such thunderbolts of war.

Columbia Lit

COMPENSATIONS

'Tis past, dear heart, but now that all is o'er
And put away
I do not feel the wound is half so sore
As poets say.

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For love once gained is always won. The heart
That it has blest
Gives out in turn the richness of its own,
And so finds rest.

And though you now have gone upon the way
The sunset bars,
And I these weary years alone must stay
Beneath the stars,

Yet Nature's self has brought me joy, for she
Has shown me how
In ways that were before unknown to me
To have thee now.

The smallest thing in Nature has a part
And joy fulfils.
I find the golden treasure of your heart
In daffodils.

Smith College Monthly

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THE SEER

To dwell alone in countries of the sun;
To go all unaccompanied in the light;
To see the valleys from a windy height,
And long to rest therein, day being done.
To weary of the beauties, one by one,
That shine across the air too bleakly bright;
To be too close upon the stars by night,
And, lonely as the peak, abide thereon!

Immortal mind and mortal heart that yearns,
Grave wondrous soul to whom God speaks his word,
The skies are cold, and earth is warm with love!
Come for a space to where the hearth-fire burns.
And then if God's own voice should sound unheard!
Nay, thou shalt watch and wait and dream thereof.

Vassar Miscellany

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PROFESSOR FERNALD

Orlando Marcellus Fernald was born in Candia, New Hampshire, in 1840. He prepared for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, where he graduated in 1859. So excellent had been the quality of his work that after graduation he was retained at Exeter as instructor in Greek. After a year of teaching he entered Harvard University in the class of 1864 in its Sophomore year, and duly graduated with that class. The next year he was principal of the Exeter High school. In 1865 he became classical master in the high school at Springfield, Massachusetts, and taught there for seven years with great success. On the fifth of July, 1871, he married Miss Mary Lathrop at South Hadley Falls, and in the following year he was called to the Lawrence professorship of the Greek language and literature at Williams College. This chair he held from that time until his sudden death on the fifteenth of April, 1902.

Such, in brief compass, were the main events in the life of one of the most faithful servants that Williams College has ever known. Though himself a son of Harvard, for a period of thirty years Professor Fernald gave to Williams all his

energies. His work was not confined to his particular department, for he had great executive powers and was consequently summoned by the faculty and by the trustees of the college to serve on many committees. This labor of love he always performed with notable conscientiousness and efficiency. On its administrative side the college suffers greatly in his loss.

His long years of devotion to the Greek language and literature have won him a prominent place among the Greek scholars of the country. The most conspicuous memorial of his achievements in this direction is his *Selections from the Greek Historians*, which has been through six editions since its first publication in 1878. He was also an occasional contributor to magazines. The ruling principle of his scholarship was an almost religious accuracy. His conservative nature made him an enemy to extensive textual emendation by conjecture and to destructive criticism. He took great delight in the study of Homer and was thoroughly acquainted with the results of modern research in that field.

His long service as professor was fraught with the greatest usefulness to the college. In the class-room his discipline was rigid and his methods were thorough. Here, more than anywhere else his love of accuracy was manifested. Slovenly, superficial work incurred his hearty contempt and often drew down sarcasm upon the offender's head in words which have become historic in undergraduate lore. But faithfulness and accuracy soon won his praise, which, coming from such a man, meant much to him who received it.

His demeanor toward the students was reserved, almost retiring. Undergraduates had little intercourse with him outside the class-room. For this reason and because of his conservative views on athletics he never attained great popularity among the student body. But every one respected

him thoroughly for his integrity and justice, and those who knew him best loved him for his generosity and fidelity. He has left in the mind of those who came into contact with him during the thirty years of his instruction the impress of his character and the stimulus of his example. His personal influence was in a way the balance-wheel of the college; loyally devoted to her interests, he was eminently practical and at the same time guided by the highest ideals of her welfare. His character was marked by a certain σπουδαιότης, "high seriousness" as Matthew Arnold calls it, which was wholly in line with the classics which he taught and loved. In recognition of his scholarship and in reward of his faithful services Williams College honored him with the degrees of M. A. in 1873, and LL. D. in 1901. Yet he found

> "the amplest recompense
> For life's ungarlanded expense
> In work done squarely and unwasted days."

Austin Morris Harmon

TWILIGHT

The bending swain is weary at his toil,
The little ones are weary at their play,
The Day Queen stills her gladsome woodland song,
Then comes the Night King in solemnity.
Oh, they are lovers. Oft I've seen them meet
When he came up at evening from the East;
The Day Queen blushed; the King grew radiant,
And I have seen a mutual love-light glow
As passionate he clasped her to his breast
And all the earth grew still to meditate
And sorrow that the King and Queen must part
So sweet and solemn is the twilight hour.

Bruce Wallace Brotherston

Through the gathering gloom of a summer evening a young man walked wearily up the dusty road toward the Waring farmhouse. In each hand he carried a brimming pail and as he stepped along the milk in them flopped softly against their tin sides. Out from the white streak of sky behind, his figure stood strongly relieved in vague silhouette, large, stooping, dispirited. The whole attitude was one of extreme fatigue, though for the silence and automatic movement of him you might almost think him a piece of ambulatory mechanism. Once or twice, to be sure, he turned his head, perhaps to look off over the cultivated fields and to calculate the labor still to be put on them, or possibly, to draw a sort of unconscious, tired satisfaction from these encouraging results of so many weary hours. At any rate his pace never altered. Overhead the large maple trees reached their glooming branches in a mysterious, impenetrable canopy that rustled softly in the dusky silence. For the night was still, despite the squeaking of katydids and the distant peep of frogs. Along the sides of the road as it stretched on ahead like a brownish ribbon and vanished under the farther trees ran stone walls, low and massive, and sharply hemming in the dusty highway from the cool, green fields beyond.

David Waring was not consciously aware of anything in the world, but his whole body was alive to the anticipation of the near end of his day's work. A few minutes more and he should have set the milk into the coolers, thrown off his overalls, and washed himself in cold spring water—and then

he could drop into a chair on the quiet porch and take his ease.

Quite unexpectedly just ahead of him a young woman stepped out from the shadow of a tree and sprang lightly into the road. "Hello, David!" she said, waiting for him to come up to her, "you look as tired as a plough-horse. What's the matter?"

"Well, I am, Janet. It does n't hardly seem as if I could push one foot ahead of another. Here I've been working all day long, and only just done at eight or nine o'clock."

"Poor lad!" answered the girl. "Come an' sit down a few minutes while I talk to you. I did n't go round to the house because I knew your father and mother would be off at meeting."

David needed no urging. He placed the pails of milk by the roadside and together the two sat down on the stone wall.

"I'd let you put your arm around me if you did n't smell so cowy," said Janet, with a little laugh.

"That's not my fault," he answered. "Somebody's got to milk the poor old beasts, and I do n't know who would if I did n't. That does n't make me like it, though. Oh, Janet, when I feel as tired as I do to-night I get terribly sickened with all this humdrum life on the farm! It's just work, work, from morning till night, and when you get done you're too tired to read or talk or do anything except go to sleep just like a big ox. If it were n't for father's and mother's sakes I believe I'd quit the old place in a minute. If I could only go off somewhere,—anywhere, only to be out of sight of the farm!"

"Well, I like that, Mr. Waring," said the girl, with a funny look at him. "Is *that* the only thing that keeps you here? I guess perhaps it's time for me to go home now."

"Oh, Janet, do n't take it that way! You know what I mean. I 'm just sick an' tired of the whole business, and I wish to goodness I could throw it over. By the way, I suppose you know my brother 's coming home from Yale to-morrow? It 's almost three years since I 've seen him except for a week or two. I guess he 'll have changed some; his letters sound so, anyway."

"That 's just what I came down to ask you about. I heard it yesterday, and I 'd be awfully glad if you two would come up to supper day after to-morrow—that 's Sunday. I 'm anxious to see him because I know he 'll have lots to tell us about college and the city and things like that. Oh, David, I get tired, too, of always staying here in the country and teaching school forever when there are so many things to learn and so much to see off there in the world. That 's what Loren can tell us about. It 'll be next best to getting off somewhere one's self."

During the course of the conversation the streak of white in the west had turned to gray, and the night was rapidly closing down. The girl jumped to the ground: "Good-night," she said, as she started away, "I 'll see you both Sunday,— sure, now!"

David picked up his milk-pails, and completed the work of the day. A little later he had seated himself on the porch. He felt discontented and unhappy, though he could not have told exactly why. But one thing was evident; he was not anticipating Loren's home-coming with much pleasure. He felt, in fact, a certain reluctance—or, rather, timidity—about meeting this younger brother of his who knew so much, and talked so much, and seemed to enjoy himself so thoroughly. He anticipated keenly the difference that three years must have brought between them, and dreaded the time when they should be put side by side once more and compared.

For David, too—the older of the boys by a year—had expected to go to college, and until the time came had never doubted the expediency of it. But, as is so often the case, that merry-making force in human affairs that we call Circumstance—or is it Providence?—had it fixed up otherwise. Mr. Waring had suddenly lighted upon chronic poor health as a daily companion on the walk of life, and his time was so much engrossed therewith that David seemed called upon, nay, impelled, to become the mainstay of the farm; Loren was still too young; the financial affairs were far from encouraging; Mrs. Waring looked constantly to her older son for advice and assistance; in short, the golden gate of the future seemed to be drawing to, without any voluntary effort of his own. Yet he had often recalled since then the night—that breathless night in August four years ago—when he and his dearest ambition had had their last battle, and he had forced it to cover. "Loren shall have the best chance I can give him," he had said to himself, with his teeth gritted, "and God help me to stick it out here on the farm!" Thus it was, that, as usual, Dame Circumstance had won out by a good margin.

And now Loren had been three years at Yale and was coming home for the summer. Loren had learned a vast deal at college; among other scraps of intelligence he had discovered that his family were a little outlandish, and that Melton was altogether too slow a place for a rational being—like himself—to exist in except, at the best, for a few summer weeks. His latest letter, received only yesterday, was a characteristic one, and David had unintentionally resented its tone of breezy self-assurance: . . . . "I suppose I shall show up at fair Melton," it had read, "about 2:35 on Saturday—unless, that is, I happen to get a few days' invite to New York. Of course David will be down to meet me

and bring my trunk up. . . ." The words were innocent enough, but they had insinuated their way into his mind and rankled there like an evil thing. "Yes, *of course* I will be down," he said to himself, somewhat bitterly, "of course I will; that's to be expected. And bring up his trunk for him; yes, that's just what I like—the chance to fetch Loren's trunk, and I like his way of taking it all for granted, too."

The mental transition to the matter of Janet's invitation was a natural one. He began to wish that she had n't been in such a hurry about giving it. What could *she* want of Loren? *He* was n't anything to her. Why did she have all the time to be hankering after new friends? "New friends!" With a slight internal start David realized that only three years ago Loren had never been away from home. "New friends!" Why, Janet had known them both ever since the old days of skip-rope and hide-and-seek! What more natural than that she should want to see her old play-fellow again? Why should *he* complain? Had n't she said once, "I love you, David," and was n't that enough to make him trust her?

A little way down the road he heard the step of some one approaching. In a moment the shape of a man grew visible in the darkness. He turned, opened the gate, and stepped to the porch. In his hand he carried a suit case. This he set down heavily and approached the door. David sprang to his feet. "Why, Loren, is that you? We were n't expecting you to-night."

"Well, how are you, old boy"? cried the new-comer. "It 's bully nice to see you again. No, I did n't expect to get up to-night, but there was n't much doing at college and I did n't get my invite, so I thought I might as well come on home. Where are the folks?"

"Out at meeting just now, but they'll be back in a little while. Sit down. You must be tired."

Loren took a chair, and sunk into it with a sigh of fatigue. "You're right, I am. I tell you it's hard work to walk a mile and a half with a suit case. And all the time you were just sitting comfortably out here on the veranda listening to the katydids." He drew out his pipe and lighted it. "Well, how are all the folks? Same as usual?"

"I guess so. Father's failing a little, and mother worries a good deal, but keeps pretty well."

"That's good. They must be mighty glad to have one of us at home all the time to look after things. Lord! but I've often imagined you outdoors driving around in the open air and enjoying life when I've been plugging up for some beastly exam. But, apropos of the health bulletin, etc., is Janet Manning here still, or did she go off to college?"

"No, she's teaching school at the Corners. I saw her a minute to-night, and she invited us up to supper there on Sunday."

"Good! that's something like. Shall be much charmed to see the little schoolma'am again. She's a slick little girl —at least, she used to be. In my opinion she's wasting her time up here in the woods. Why, that girl's got ability, and I call it a shame for her to bury herself in the country just on her mother's account! Listen, isn't that a wagon coming?"

The two went down to the gate and stood there waiting for the buggy to draw up. When Mr. and Mrs. Waring were out David took the horse to the barn and unharnessed in the dark. Then he reëntered the house, and without saying anything more than "good-night," went up to his room.

II.

It was late in the afternoon of an August day. From the high gable windows of the barn the yellow sunlight shot through the dusty air in a long, straight shaft and rested on the lower part of the haymow, gilding every dry wisp with a temporary and fatuous splendor. Elsewhere in the barn it was already half dark. On one side the hay rose up in a tremendous heap almost to the roof, where it vanished dimly in the dusky shadows. Opposite were the cow stables, five of them in a row, each occupant munching her cud contentedly and now and then giving vent to a soft, self-satisfied low. From one of the stalls could be heard the rhythmical squirt of milk against the milking-pail, for David was engaged upon his evening work. On a rickety chair near the hay loft sat Janet, holding a timid little barn cat in her lap and stroking it nervously. She was speaking in a voice that betrayed considerable agitation.

"Well, I 'm just going to leave it with you to decide, for I 'm not ready to do it myself. But it does seem to me that it 's the chance of a lifetime. It 's just a question of whether I shall always stay on here teaching district school or see a little of the world and have an opportunity to go on studying. Your brother has certainly been kinder than I can tell in making it possible for me to go and I must say it would seem ungrateful in me if I do n't do it now."

She stopped, and a moment of strained silence ensued, broken only by the sound of the milking. David pressed his head against the flank of the cow and choked back something in his throat. Then he managed to speak.

"Of course, Janet," he said with an attempt at composure, "I can see how it must attract you,—this opportunity of going off to college,—and I do n't mean to put anything in your

way. Such questions a person has to decide for himself and I do n't see how I can give you any help."

"Yes, there you are again. You just won't say yes or no; but I am sure all the time that you do n't really want me to go. You 'd like to keep me here at home, just an ignorant, stupid, country girl. Why do n't you want me to make something of myself, David? I know I 've got ability and you know it as well as I do, but it is n't of any use to me here. Would n't you feel proud of me if I went off and did something worth while?"

David could not answer at once. He sat with his eyes shut, his knees pressed rigidly upon the pail, and against his head he felt the warm, throbbing pulse of the animal in front of him. Upon his mind a picture was forcing itself with cruel insistence. It was the Janet of a year hence, well dressed, sedate, intellectual, with all her new college interests to talk of; and side by side with this he saw himself—what would *he* be? Just the same as ever, only a little more awkward and out of date, and when he talked it would be of—yes, his cows, and the new pig, and the price of potatoes! It was Loren who would be suited to her then; it was they who would sit under the trees together and the farmer could go about his chores. The impossibility of her continuing to love him struck him with a new pang of conviction and he felt helpless before it.

"Why do n't you say something, David?" asked the girl, rapping her foot on the floor and unconsciously pulling the kitten's fur. "You 're not angry with me, are you?"

David saw that he must speak and he determined to dissimulate no longer. "No, Janet, but can't you see how it must look to me? How can you expect me to be happy over it? Do you suppose, dear, that you could feel toward me after a year at college just as you do now? Do n't you see

how it would separate us and you 'd have all your new friends and studies to take up your time and I 'd just be plodding along here in the woods like a clod o' turf? How could you ever keep on loving me? Do n't you see, Janet, that it sort o' breaks my heart to say yes?" It was dark in the stable and David drew his sleeve hastily across his eyes before he continued milking.

Swsh, swsh . . . . swsh, swsh . . . . the jets of milk shot into the pail with a rapid monotony that was unendurable. The bar of sunlight lay almost horizontally now across the upper emptiness of the barn, transforming the thick-hung cobwebs into golden draperies and accentuating the twilight gloom below. Janet threw the kitten out of her lap and jumping from her chair, walked nervously to the window and looked out absently upon the meadow below.

"Well, I supposed it would come to that," she said, with some indignation in her voice. "It 's nice to feel that you can't trust me out of your sight. It makes one's heart sort of bound with joy, you know. Personally, David, love of the kind you seem to feel does n't appeal to me. Do n't you think that if you really loved me as you say you do you 'd be as glad as I was that I could get a better education? But of course if you 're afraid to trust me, why, I suppose I can give it up!"

The strain of decision had been a hard one for Janet and she was now on the verge of giving way under it. Her shoulders shook and she put her face in her hands. David heard her sobbing softly. With a grim resolution he picked up the pail and the milking stool and came out from the stable.

"Janet," he said, as he set them down by the door and clenching his hands leaned against the wall, "Janet, if you think that this is going to be a valuable thing for you, I 'm

not going to say a word against it. You know that every wish I've got is for your good and that's God's truth. If you think it's best to go, I'm going to try to think so too, and I'll do everything I can to make you happy."

Janet had left the window and came toward him, a joyful smile breaking through her tears. "You are a dear, good boy, and I love you," she said, and allowed him to kiss her. He held her long in his big arms and his own eyes filled with burning tears.

He could not banish the thought that this might be the last time.

III.

The gray desolation of a March afternoon brooded out over the wide meadows, out over the dim woods beyond, and still on to the half-visible hills in the distance where it merged itself imperceptibly into a low, lead-colored sky. Everything dripped with the damp though the rain was not falling. In front of the Waring farmhouse the road, wallowing with fat mud, stretched off in a dirty streak under the glistening limbs of the maples. The door of the house opened and David came out. His mother followed him anxiously.

"David, I hope it isn't bad news," she asked, laying her hand lightly on his shoulder. "Can't you tell me about it?"

"Not now, mother. It's nothing very unexpected; I'll tell you later; but I'd rather wait a little while." He pushed open the gate and stepped out into the road, his heavy boots sinking in to half their height.

The mother watched him with strained attention as he set off towards the barn. There was a sort of savage aimlessness in his gait. His shoulders were bent forward, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and he looked neither to one side nor the other of the road. At the barnyard gate he

seemed to hesitate a second; then turned in, and the small, gray-haired woman on the step sighed and went back into the house.

David strode deliberately through the yard and out of the gate on the farther side—the one that opened upon the sloping meadow behind the barn. Not a living thing was in sight. A chill, white fog had slowly settled over the land, obliterating outline and color, toning everything down to a monotonous sameness of appearance,—a flat, unrelieved vacancy. Here and there single objects loomed into vision. The sheep-barn at the right made a dark trapezoidial blotch and ahead a tall elm tree penciled itself vaguely against the mist. On the other side the cornfield stretched away out of sight, the brown and rotten stumps of last year's harvest still jutting up with checkerboard regularity,—dead memories of waving green tassels and shimmering foliage. David walked on mechanically, unmindful of any destination or definite purpose; a dumb bitterness wrung his heart and in comparison with that all that was external and objective seemed unaccountable. Involuntarily he thrust his hand into his coat and drew out a letter. He had read it twice already.

March 26.

MY DEAR DAVID:—

I hardly know how I am to tell you what I know that I must tell you,—and if not now, certainly before many more weeks pass. Let me admit then first of all that you were right in your anticipation of what college life would do for me. It *has* changed my ways of looking at things more than I can tell you, and things that once seemed very beautiful to me are so no longer. This was inevitable and we need not regret it, for I know that the aggregate enjoyment of life has been increased, at least potentially. You may know that your brother Loren spent part of his Christmas vacation here, and he has just been here again for a flying visit. Need I tell you the result, David? I think you forsaw it long ago,

and I cannot, of course, feel sad that things have come about in this way, though I realize that for a time at least it may be hard for you to understand it. But there are so many interests we have in common, he and I, I know that you will see sometime that we were made for each other and that you will be happy with us in our great happiness.

I doubt whether this news will much surprise you, for I know, from the tenor of your latest letters, you have noticed a change and have been suspicious of the truth. . . . "

Ah, yes, he *had* noticed it and had had suspicions; but to have it come to this, and so suddenly! It was more than he could bear. His throat ached and his hands were wet with perspiration. He looked up into the sky and saw nothing there to help him,—nothing but a roofless expanse of drizzling gray fog. Not a bird chirped in the distance. The brook down below him ran on silently without an audible ripple. Everything was silent and motionless. If only a cow would low or a hen cackle back in the barnyard, life would be a little tolerable. It was as if all the world had become soulless and dead.

How he had loved her! . . . . How he had loved her! . . . . No other thought could find entrance into his mind. How he had loved her . . . and now—it was all over. She belonged to someone else and had left him almost without a thought of the pain it was going to bring him! "Hard to understand!" She was wrong. He had understood it from the first and far better than she. Had he not told her so on that afternoon when they sat together in the barn? But understanding it made it no more easy to bear. He wondered whether he *could* bear it. He seemed so cruelly alone with his sorrow. The silence seemed shouting at him.

Suddenly, without knowing why, he looked back to the barn. A little figure, wrapped in a plaid shawl, was coming

towards him. It was his mother. A sharp thrill of tenderness ran through him. "Poor little mother," he said softly, "you are longing to help me," and somewhat ashamed of the way in which he had left her so recently, he turned and walked back to meet her.

"Come with me to the barn," she said, and together they returned, silently, each timid of the other. Entering the building they sat down on the hay side by side. "Read that, mother," he said, and handed her the letter. She glanced it through, and then, taking his hand in hers, faltered gently, "My poor boy! I can guess what it must mean to you."

He put his head down in her lap and sobbed like a child while she stroked his hair and face and spoke shy words of sympathy.

"David," she said, "it was for your father and me that you gave up college. Perhaps you think we do n't appreciate it, because we never say much. I know what it has cost you and how nobly you have stuck to your duty, and you know that in God's sight whatever may come of it you 've done the kindest thing."

"Oh, but mother, that does n't make it any easier to lose Janet. She was so much to me and we were going to be so happy together."

"Hush, little boy, you must n't take it so hard. Perhaps some day you 'll see that it was for the best."

The afternoon light was fading and the rain was beginning to fall softly outside. In the dimming light the two continued sitting there together hardly speaking a word, for what comfort could words bring? And slowly a vague peacefulness began to fall upon his heart under the gentle touch of his mother, and rising he kissed her silently and went out to his work.

Harry James Smith

FOR THE HANGING OF THE CRANE

One mortal breath of the Eternal Peace
Where youth and song and laughter thrilled the hall
And two hearts yearned and trembled through it all,
Doth make in this sweet while one heart of these,
And this divinest moment can but cease.
I think that there are tears in those clear eyes,
And does not some vague thought of sadness rise
In you, beholding this still heart-increase?

Within the truest beauty lies entwined
Always some shadowed pathos for the heart,
And we with dim forecasting cannot find
What Heaven may be, if we may know no more
That sadness interwoven—It was Art
That left a broken rose upon the floor.

Max Forrester Eastman

Present-day fiction might be likened unto a great but ill-appointed feast. Its one-sided menu offering little substantial, nourishing food is replete with course upon course of entrees and desserts, some frothy and evanescent, some even distempering. The guests at this feast are of two classes: those who eat for the sensation, and those who eat for strength. The former, conscious simply of a blind desire, hail with delight the dainty, pleasing tit-bits, the palatable pastries — and gorge themselves accordingly. Those who devour the light morsels know not the next hour that they have eaten; those who satiate with distempering desserts recall the feast only unpleasantly. But the second class which takes food for strength's sake is not a gullible one; it knows its specific and necessary wants, and eats to be nourished and invigorated. But alas! these few scan the menu long, and often in vain, for the food that fortifies.

Among the woefully few books of this period that are worth while, which contain food for the mental ribs, as it were, those of James Lane Allen rank among the foremost. As a student of the problems that harass the human soul his work is naturally serious and introspective. He sets men to thinking, and whether they agree with him or not, broadens their views of life. His very style betokens a courageous, freedom-loving mind. Pedantic rules no more restrict the form of his thought than its substance. Dogmatic rhetoricians look askance at his sentences unpredicated, his phethora of dashes; and conservative thinkers frown disparagingly upon the free-

dom of his mind. But all this bespeaks James Lane Allen, the enemy of cant, of narrowness, of dogmatism. But withal he is never obtrusive in style or thought, for though often radical, their assertiveness is always gentle and tolerant. In form and felicity of style he resembles Hawthorne, but unlike Hawthorne's his has too much freedom to be accepted as model English. In a certain sense he almost creates a new class of American writers, for his comprehension and sympathy with nature is hardly equaled on this continent, surely not surpassed. The possibilities of genius like Allen's in touch with nature are unlimited; the benefits from messages interpreted incalculable. Through Adam Moss in "A Kentucky Cardinal," and his devotion to his plants and animals, Allen expands our horizon to a keener appreciation of the relation of man to nature.

Allen's serious, introspective view of life, however, becomes his besetting sin, for he too often tends toward sadness and even moroseness. Not content with the pleasant end he conceded to "A Kentucky Cardinal," he must write the "Aftermath," completing his story with death and sorrow. The dominant tone of "Flute and Violin" is a wail of sadness. The author is very probably a disciple of Thomas Hardy, for their melancholy views of life and their realism are closely akin. As admirers of Hardy have often conjectured as the possible reason for his morbidly-biased attitude toward the world, some great and bitter disappointment, perhaps, so admirers of Allen wonder at the contents of the cup from which he seems to have so deeply quaffed the sorrows of worldly woe. Allen's realism is undoubtedly true to life, but is it true to art when it becomes unnecessarily morbid and even immoral, as many think in "A Summer in Arcady?" We doubt its adherence to the canons of art. It may be interesting to note here that "A Summer in Arcady"

appeared as a serial in *The Cosmopolitan* entitled "Butterflies—A Tale of Nature." It is also worthy of note that "The Choir Invisible" appeared in an abbreviated form in *Lippincott's Magazine* under the simple title of "John Gray." In this day of absurd conceits in book titles to catch the ear we feel constrained to exclaim with regret "Et tu, Brute," at this barefaced attempt of the author to win popularity for his novel, for, in fact, not one in a score appreciate the application of the title.

While Allen's characters are strong and vigorously drawn, they do not stand sharply defined on his canvas, but loom up as in the haze of an impressionistic painting. He delights in symbols, and clothes his work with a mist of indistinctness and mysticism, a fault in a certain sense but a charm in another, for man loves mystery. But despite these possible criticisms his pen is wielded by a master hand. Since estimates of men are best made from their deeds, let us measure this author by his latest work, "The Reign of Law."

Though not lacking in intensity of emotion and dramatic interest, "The Reign of Law" is distinctly a novel of characters, not manners; a novel of thought, not action. Its whole chapters devoted to the deliberate introspection of the human soul silently champion a school of fiction diametrically opposite in plan and purpose to that present-day school where "something must happen" every few hundred words. Thus, with its earnest, soulful characters it comes as a welcome relief to the historical novel—a stilling force to that turbulent and transitory flood of American literature, with its hero's deeds measured in terms of blood, the depth of the heroine's soul sounded by her ohs and ahs. The plot to "The Reign of Law" is simple, and wholly subordinate to the character drawing. However, this fine work is by no means perfect in structure or treatment of material, for it

has its incongruities and impossibilities. But, regarding a well-accepted canon in criticism, we will not judge a great work by its absence of faults, but rather by its possession of qualities.

The purpose of the book seems threefold. Through the chief character the author makes a brilliant defence of evolution, a vigorous vindication of religious tolerance and an effort to determine man's place in nature. The latter effort, however, is more suggestive than assertive, as the author himself acknowledges the complexity of the problem. Hence "The Reign of Law" teems with serious thought, freedom, and, above all, with nature.

The sub-title of this work, "A Tale of the Kentucky Hempfields," sounds the key-note vibrating throughout the entire book. It is a prose epic in terms of hemp, "hemp, type, too, of our life, which also is earth-sown, earth-rooted; which must struggle upward, be cut down, rotted, and broken ere the separation take place between our dross and our worth—perishable shard and immortal fibre. Oh, the mystery, the mystery, of that growth from the casting of the soul as a seed into the dark earth until the time when, led through all natural changes and cleansed of weakness it is borne from the fields of its nativity for the long service." And thus was David, the chief character of the story, borne from the fields of his nativity for the long service.

"The Reign of Law" is the study of the awakening and growth of two souls, David's and Gabriella's. They are set against the sombre background of the Civil War, a background of intense blackness that seems to have absorbed the vital heat of the stricken South, leaving it enervate and poverty-stricken. Amid countless hardships, David (we know not his other name!) sets himself to the task of wresting from the hemp-fields a sufficient sum to provide a college

education. We first behold him a youth of remarkable depth of soul for one of his age and environment. His Bible is his sole companion, and in it he has a deep-rooted, unquestioning faith. The teaching of its truths he early decided was to be his life's work. With the slow growth of his college fund comes growth of soul through privation. Give to the meanest soul a noble purpose, imbue in that soul the will to strive and toil for its accomplishment, and but one result is inevitable, it will rise above its former sordid self and its surroundings. It is, indeed, as Allen says, "A great work requires a great preparation."

When David at last took up his Bible studies at the state university he little reckoned on a potent force which lay dormant within him, and which was to change his whole course in life. In him heredity had worked her strangest caprice; had passed over two generations of inconsequent, forceless men, and endowed him with the same spirit of freedom which had compelled his great-great-grandfather to leave his Eastern home because of his religious beliefs, and later to break with his own Kentucky church, and erect a house to God where man might worship as his conscience should dictate. Thus in David heredity was to war with environment—and a bitter struggle it was.

The period following the Civil War was one of the narrowest religious tolerances in Kentucky. Dogmatism and theology ran riot; religion was secondary. Each sect preached the salvation of its own flock, and the destruction of any and all others. Into this chaotic environment of dogmatism and intolerance at war with freedom David is hurled headlong with his simple, trusting faith. Through him, as did Bronté through "Jane Eyre," the author trenchantly inveighs against narrowness, intolerance, and bigotry. "Which sect is right?" David, bewildered, questions. "Are they not all right if

based on the God-head?" His professors in the Bible college say "no," and his pastor also thunders an emphatic negative. But the spirit of his great ancestor said "yes." He studied the doctrines of many sects, but only with increased misgivings. His faith wavered. The great exponents of the New Belief, Evolution, attract him, despairing. He devoured Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall. His faith tottered and fell, but not without a struggle which rent his very soul. When finally called before the session of the church and college to answer to the charge of heresy, the last question of the many put to him, was,

"Do you not even believe in God?" The only answer the broken-spirited David could give, was,

"Lord I believe, help thou my unbelief."

We can only hint at the sorrowful home-coming of David after his expulsion from church and college.

"Why have you come back here?" harshly questioned his broken-hearted but unsympathetic father, who after an instant's silence, exclaimed,—

"Oh, I always knew there was nothing in you!"

David again toils in the hemp fields, meets and falls in love with Gabriella, a school teacher, who is the last of a noble Southern house shattered by the great War of the Rebellion. "Thus by the working out of vast forces," says the author, "the lives of David and Gabriella had been jostled violently together. They were the children of two revolutions, separate yet having a common end; she produced by the social revolution of the New World, which overthrew mediæval slavery; he by the intellectual revolution of the Old World, which began to put forth scientific law, but in doing this brought on one of the greatest ages of religious doubt." Being feminine, religion, not theology, formed the spiritual life of this noble woman. Her firm faith stands in marked

contrast to David's uneasy agnosticism. Earnestly and tactfully she tries to lead him back to the fold—the old faith, but all in vain. The story closes with the determination of David and Gabriella to work as one to enable him to prepare at a Northern college to teach science. The question involuntarily rises, "Will Gabriella lead David back to the Orthodox faith, or will she herself adopt the New Belief?" The reader who has studied both souls can hardly believe either case possible. Parallels can never meet.

The Orthodox believer closes the book with a sigh; the Evolutionist with a smile of satisfaction at Allen's brilliant defense of the New Belief. Though many of the author's theories are opposed to ours we recall the book only with pleasant, wholesome recollections. In David we have a noble type of manhood, a valuable addition to the characters of fiction. He is the example of many men who have doubts and misgivings. But with greater force of his convictions he brings about the crisis of his doubts. This crisis the average man evades. David stands for truth and honor, for freedom and individualism in religion. He is no ordinary person who is but putty in the hands of the great moulding force "public opinion." He brooks no trifling with his conscience, no juggling with his convictions. But it is well for us that there are not many Davids in this world, else the cogs of our social machinery would be always askew. Such intensely vital individuals fit but poorly into our social universe.

But perhaps the most lasting influence of "The Reign of Law" is the subtle charm of its sympathy with nature. The reader realizes as never before the deep significance of all things in nature, the great and the little, the high and the low; the potency of her secret forces, and above all the subtly ennobling effect of her beauty on man. The emphasis of

these shaping influences, the portrayal of high, soulful characters, and the creative criticism inspired in our minds—all these qualities make "The Reign of Law" a book that counts, a book apart.

Willard Wall Wheeler

A SONG OF BLUE EYES

Blue eyes and true eyes,
  True heart that hears,
Came you but to madden me
  All through the years?

Thy eyes and my eyes,—
  O foolish fears!
Met to question, "Yes?" or "No?
  All through the years.

Blue eyes and true eyes,
  Eyes bright with tears,
Came to bless and beckon me
  All through the years!

Stuart Pra

THE SACRIFICE OF SADIE

With the swift strokes of a practised hand he brushed in the background. On the canvas was a girl's head sketched in charcoal, the delicate poise of which on the slender neck, and the straightness and regularity of the features as yet but roughly indicated, gave promise of great beauty in the finished work. Now he painted more carefully, but with a sure and unhesitating touch, near the outlines of the head. As he stepped back for a moment, with half-closed eyes, to grasp the general impression, the studio door opened and his sister came in, saying with a little note of apology in her voice, "Rob, you 've been working on that head steadily for three mortal hours. Do go out for a bit of air! Grace Whitney is in the drawing-room, and I know she wants to go down to Small's to see his flower-show. Come, now, be a good boy and take her. I can't possibly go this morning."

Robert Masters began wiping his brushes without looking at his sister.

"Oh, well, Gertrude, I suppose I 'd better quit now," he said in a tone of long-suffering condescension.

"Sadie," to the model, who had risen with a little stretch and yawn, "come at half past nine to-morrow, if you can. I must have you as often as possible, if you 're going back to New York next month. I do n't know what I 'll do when you 're gone. You certainly are the best model in Washington for this study of mine. Do n't fail me!"

Sadie's vanity was flattered.

"All right, Mr. Masters. I 'll come in the morning, sure."

Neither Robert nor his sister saw the look in Sadie's big,

brown eyes as she vanished behind the Japanese screen. She stamped her little foot softly and bit her lip.

"Oh, I can't go to New York! I can't! But I've got to! I can't pose for him any longer! Oh, he do n't care a bit, except for losing a good model, I know he do n't! I can't stand it!" and she buried her head in her arms on the little dressing-table and began to cry softly.

Grace Whitney gave a happy little laugh as she nestled in the soft cushions of the hansom by Robert Masters's side, and as they whirled swiftly and silently down-town over the smooth asphalt, she chatted on in joyous, girlish delight. Robert answered as occasion and politeness demanded, but an undertone of thought was running in his mind. How pretty this little schoolmate of Gertrude's had grown to be. What deep, violet eyes of innocence, what a tender, curving mouth, and what a delicate flush on the soft cheek near him! He gazed at her with the eyes of a connoisseur and his artist's mind began almost involuntarily to compose her portrait. She would make a stunning picture!

At Small's she went into raptures over the magnificent display, and he bought her a bunch of violets. She thanked him with an exquisite smile of her eyes and mouth that he saw often afterward when alone. He must certainly paint that portrait of her.

As they alighted from the hansom, her foot slipped on the icy pavement and she would have fallen, had not Robert caught her for an instant in his arms. Quickly and incoherently she thanked him, and fled up to her room, where she threw herself on the divan and buried her burning face in the cool, moist, fragrant flowers.

Robert, driving homeward, wondered why she had left him so abruptly, and if he had done anything to hurt her.

"You can't account for a girl's whims," he thought, "especially when she's young and foolish."

Robert had worked hard and faithfully almost every day of this week, for Sadie was going to New York on the coming Sunday. It seemed to him very queer, that in spite of the beauty and grace of his model, he could not catch her features nor expression. Even his colors had rebelled against him, and at last, in despair, giving himself up to the influence that possessed his soul, he had worked feverishly, almost automatically, as though he were but a tool in the grasp of some master artist's hand. For there could be no denying that this picture was a masterpiece. In grace of pose, in beauty of tint and harmony of background, in delicate drawing of features, he himself realized that never before had he approached such successful interpretation. And he wondered unceasingly whose was the personality of the vision thus materialized in pigment. Certainly it was not Sadie's, as at first he had intended it should be. Like Pygmalion of old, he began to dream and long for the reality. Ah, she was his ideal in very truth—he would follow the world through to find her, he thought, and then smiled scornfully at the foolishness of his dream.

The light was failing at last, and he threw himself back into a Morris chair before the picture with a long sigh. "Sadie," he called, "come and tell me what you think of it." Sadie left the model-stand slowly, came over to his chair, and stood behind him, looking over his shoulder. Suddenly she gave a convulsive shiver, hid her face in her hands and burst into silent tears. Robert sprang up, alarmed.

"Why, Sadie, what's the matter? What are you crying about? Tell me," and in embarrassment, entirely unable to imagine the cause of this sudden storm, he tried to comfort her, in his awkward man's way.

"Oh," she cried, with a little gasp, "it 's not like me! Who is she? I hate her!"

Robert started back in utter amazement. "Why, Sadie—" but she rushed to the refuge of the screen and would have no more of him.

After he had left the studio in desperation and dazed bewilderment, she stole out and down the steps in the gray dusk, hurrying away, a little figure, dejected even in her stylish costume. A carriage whirled up to the sidewalk near her, and suddenly stopped. From the dark interior a daintily gloved hand beckoned and a soft voice called hesitatingly—"Oh, pardon me!—just a moment—please come here!"

Sadie, startled from her bitter reverie, turned her gaze, half-terrified, half-curious, toward the speaker, drew herself up, and approached the window, silently expectant. After a few hurried, low-spoken words of explanation and inquiry, she stepped into the carriage, which vanished in the rapidly-gathering night.

The studio was brightly cheerful in the soft, white light of the morning that streamed through the northern windows as Robert Masters sat before his picture, now idly gazing and day-dreaming, now adding little touches with the brush while he waited for Sadie's coming. He hoped she was well enough to pose this morning. She must have had an attack of nerves last night. He was really somewhat worried and afraid that the picture could not be finished before the little studio tea and reception which Gertrude had planned for this afternoon.

"Awful bore," he growled, "but I must let her have it, I suppose."

Two or three days before, while he had been viciously hunting for golf-balls on the Chevy-Chase links, Gertrude had consented, after long importunity, to show Grace some

[illegible] stolen into the studio [illegible]

[illegible] since the new study [illegible] stood silently, hand-in- [illegible] in astonished [illegible] the hot blood leaping [illegible] the world must hear. By [illegible] and hugged each other [illegible] whispered over and [illegible]

[illegible] I hoped and [illegible]

[illegible] intuition.

[illegible] with half-shut eyes and [illegible] its fancies, a cloaked [illegible] behind the screen. [illegible] something moving [illegible]

[illegible] and he began indus- [illegible] was silence behind the [illegible] waiting and spas- [illegible]

[illegible] All ready and [illegible]

[illegible] a disorderly pile of [illegible] that did not [illegible] the model sat on [illegible]

[illegible] Could he be still in [illegible] the same deep, violet eyes, now [illegible] the same tender, rose-mouth, [illegible] came and went, the same [illegible] a crimson blush from throat to

forehead—his dream-lady—the face of the picture! Sadie? *Not* Sadie!—it was—

A wave of sudden light rushed through his bewildered brain. He sprang to his feet crying,—

"Grace! oh, it can't be! Grace—dear!" and the figure on the model-stand rose, turned, swayed, and sank into his arms once more, a lovely burden of tears, blushes, and sweet confusion, half joy, half terror. And this time he knew just how to comfort the terrified one.

* * * * *

The studio door stood open just a little way, and in a chair in the room without, a little, huddled form swayed back and forth. Soon it rose, gave one quick look at the pretty tableau within, threw a last, passionate kiss, and, with a stifled sob hurried blindly down the stairs and out into the bright, cold sunlight of the street.

George M. Richards

THE SILENT WARS

I walked within a valley bright and warm,
Where kindly mountains rose on either hand,
Then came a black thought, evil like a storm;
The mountains shrank from me, and I unmanned
Cried, "Whence is this accurséd heritage
Of evil thought that creeping steals my peace?
Now tell me, mountains grim and wise with age,
How reared ye crests to gain that glistening fleece?
Are those deep gorges scars on thy worn face,
Like furrowed wrinkles on an old man's brow,
From mighty wrestlings 'ere ye gained this grace?
Ah, teach me where lies strength! Ah, teach me now!

Ralph Child Erskine

The special was making up lost time. The two coaches and the Onita, the president's private car, took the sharp curves at a fearful speed as the engineer looked at his watch and smiled grimly. The great engine was flying over the tracks at fifty seconds to the mile. The train thundered through a little settlement. A flash of steel, a mighty roar, and it was gone, leaving the rustics astounded at its mad rush.

The early morning mist was still hovering over the river, and the engineer saw with anxiety the fog which was beginning to settle on the tracks as the train sped down the valley. But fog could not interfere with the special, and the train pounded on and on into the ever-thickening mist.

The president sat in a leather armchair gazing out of the window. Suddenly he rose abruptly and walked to the observation platform on the rear of the car. The smoke from the engine hung low over the rails and soon was lost in the fog. The president sighed nervously and turned back into the car. There were three obsequious porters ready to do the president's bidding, but he gave them nothing to do. Finally, calling his secretary to him by a nod of the head, he threw himself into a chair and dictated the following letter:

THE KILLNEY STEEL CORPORATION, ST. LOUIS, MO.:

Gentlemen: It gives me much pain to inform you that I shall be unable to attend to-morrow's meeting in St. Louis. I have been called to Toledo, where my son lies ill. Will try to return late to-morrow night. If possible, postpone election.

The president heard dimly the roar of the train as it swept over a bridge across the little river. He looked out of the window, but his eyes could not penetrate the mist that gathered on the glass. Perhaps the mist which gathered on his eyes obstructed his vision also, but he did not try to clear it away.

Doubtless the steel people would not be able to postpone the election. Rathbone, his keenest rival, would be elected, and he would lose the position he had been working for for years. But his son was ill. . . . and the train sped on away from St. Louis.

* * * * *

Hanging on to the rear bumper of the president's car crouched a sorry-looking object, who clutched wildly at the coupling chains as the train rushed round the curves in its mad plunge down the valley. The tramp had stolen many rides on rear bumpers of fast trains before, but he had never ridden at such a rate. During the intervals of comparative safety when the train straightened out for a mile or two free of curves the tramp had time to reflect.

Why had he left the West, where life had been one long succession of sunshine and indolence? Why was he coming back to the hated East—the land of labor and of law? Why had he given up his nomad existence to return to the home of his youth, where he was known—and hence shunned? He knew that he need not ask himself the reason.

He had received a letter from the woman he once had called wife. It was the first letter he had received from her for years. He had forgotten when he had heard from her before.

As he strove to collect his thoughts, his mind wandered back to those days when he had been young and ambitious. Then he had thought of the future. Now he lived in the

past. Then he had dared anything. Now he was afraid to think of his own cowardice. Little by little his schoolmates had outstripped him in the race of life, and it was not long before he had given it all up discouraged and beaten. He remembered one man in particular who had grown from the silent, insignificant schoolboy into a man of great executive ability. He had heard rumors to the effect that this man was about to gain control of a steel corporation, one of the largest in the world.

And what was he? A coward! A failure!

The train swayed back and forth as it thundered round a double curve—the terror of all tramps. Then followed a succession of thrilling moments when nothing but the tramp's years of experience helped him to stay on his rocking berth. In another minute the tracks straightened out again, and the man picked up the broken thread of his thoughts.

It was her letter which was bringing him back to the town he had left so long ago. She had written him that their son was dying and that she had no money to pay for a doctor. *Their* son who bore his name. He had been born before the man had run away and had been the father's proudest possession. The tiny infant with its chubby hands and laughing eyes had been the one home thought that the tramp had been unable to shut out of his heart in all the years.

And now that boy was dying; he had worked himself to death to support the mother. Oh, the cruelty of the thought! The tramp had no money; but as he clutched tightly to the coupling chains he vowed that he would save the boy's life.

He would give up his wanderings which had become a part of his life. He would live down the past and he would win back the respect of his former schoolmates in the little home town.

The train was forging ahead like mad. In another thirty seconds it would have rounded the last curve before the long "straight" of nine miles. The engineer pulled wide open the throttle and the whole train jumped ahead at the added impulse.

The engineer had time to reverse his lever, shout to the fireman to jump and—then the crash came.

* * * * *

They found the president's body pinned down under one of the heavy tables of his own car. His letter to the steel corporation in St. Louis was not sent and a widow in Toledo waited in vain for the coming of her husband.

After the first shock of the wreck had passed the tramp picked himself up and looked around. He noticed a little group of employees gathered about the ruins of the president's car and he drew near. As he approached he heard two porters talking in subdued voices.

"Yaas, indeedy! For the pore man to be killed now is shuahly a shame. An' him hurryin' to get to his only son that 's dyin'."

The other man nodded his head in silent acquiescence and finally said slowly:

"Ah, tell yo what it is, Providence aint no 'specter of pussons."

The tramp turned away and walked ahead to the freight train into which the special had crashed. In half an hour the demolished cars were cleared away and what was left of the freight train started slowly on its way East.

With his legs dangling out over the side of one of the box cars sat the tramp thoughtfully pulling on an old corncob pipe. As the train bumped along the sun began to burn its way through the fog and soon its welcome rays fell on the

tramp. As the fog rolled away and the glorious blue of the sky was revealed the tramp took the pipe out of his mouth, bowed his head and whispered a prayer to the God he had forgotten for so many years.

Hayden Talbot

CIRCE

Oh, langourous eyes whose lids droop heavily,
  Your hidden glory is revealed to few
  That do not with their nectar find their rue—
For one brief moment's bliss pay deadly fee—
In one draught drink both pain and ecstasy
  From those deep wells of dark, unfathomed blue
  Where willing victims ever come anew—
Thence ever pass to hopeless slavery.

Oh, golden-gleaming tangle of bright hair,
Thy silken strands are meshes to ensnare
Unwary wanderers that find them fair;
  A siren beckons in their golden light
  And luring on wayfarers from the night
  Forever binds them ere they dream of flight.

George M. Richards

Suggestions

"THE KINGDOM AND THE GLORY"

A great general once lay in his tent after a victory and rested his weary head with soothing thoughts of his power and glory. One half the world lay at his feet and at the beck of his hand a nation might fall or an empire grow to strength. His word was law and his wish a command.

Luring pictures of a universal monarchy came up before him and he began to doubt the existence of a power greater than he. In his mind there grew up an unbelief for this mystical unproven God whom so few feared. Thus worshiping himself the great general fell asleep and in his sleep he dreamed a strange dream. He seemed to be looking into the length and breadth of eternity and to see the ruling of the universe. Millions of years passed by like a moment, and myriads of suns cast off, their planets heated them, cooled and died away. Great homeless spaces belched up their mighty voids, became filled with countless meteors and melted off into abysses of blue. Never-ceasing comets came and went; suns sparkled for a moment and died out; planets grew cold and broke up. Thousands of worlds were thrown off, white hot, from molten masses to become cool and grow green with life, then to turn black and dry. On them millions of living races lived and died, were nourished for a moment and blotted from existence. Their life was but a fleeting second of time in which to draw a breath and wonder, to guess at its meaning and close their eyes in an endless sleep. The dreamer peered down through the infinite ages, into the abysses

of time; he scanned the countless worlds as they came and went, as for a flash they turned warm with life and then became gray and cold; but never a sign of himself could he see. All seemed under the sway of a great power which knew nothing but the perfection of its laws and the fulfilment of its plans.

The dreamer awoke, and stared through the tent into the starry black sky. A feeling of fear came over him at the awfulness of it, and for the first time in his life the great general trembled at the thought of his helplessness.

Henry Hopkins, Jr.

NOT OURSELVES ALONE

It was a feeling of discouragement which drove Robert Harrison down the steps of the summer hotel when he should have gone with the gay boarders to dinner. He was a wealthy man, but an unhappy one because he continually borrowed worry. He had come to Braytonhaven to free himself from the annoyance of dinner parties and club smokers, which grow very wearisome to one who has nothing else to do but attend them. All day those of the hotel had noticed his sullen manner, wondering what great burden could be upon his mind, and since the afternoon mail he seemed even more downcast. He passed lazily down the street to the shore, muttering to himself, "Why the deuce can't Henry keep an appointment when one wants him to. I'm always having the darndest luck—bet there ain't another man in town's got so much trouble as I have." It was a disappointment to Henry Slade, certainly, not to be able to spend a few days with Harrison fishing, but his business did not permit him.

As he strolled along the beach, the sun, attended by all

the glory of a departing day, sank triumphantly into the harbor. He stretched his long arms, radiant as beaten brass, in benediction over the placid water, then slowly gathered them to himself again. Back in the town the window-panes gleamed like gems in a setting of gold, while the hills and clouds had decked themselves in their purple robes to bid good-night to their departing monarch. The man's spirit alone was dark.

A few minutes' walk brought him to the hull of a wrecked sloop. Many times he had sat on its half-covered stern and dreamed of its story, but to-night he found old Captain Small sitting there, looking out seaward. Certainly the old man never could have had trouble, he was always cheerful.

"You 're lookin' in the dumps, Mr. Harrison," he chuckled as Robert approached him. "Hot weather troubling on ye?"

"No, Cap'n Small, my whole summer 's spoiled because Slade won't come down here fishing," snapped the other, in reply. "Can you give us the story of this picturesque old wreck?"

"I reckon I kin, seeing as it 's my own boat and my own flesh and blood. You see, three year ago there came along 'ere two fellers with anuther gal from New York, and stayed to our house. Well, my wife was dead and Georgianna kept me house. She was the sweetest bud that ever blowed, and one on them men took to her pretty thick. One day in July the boat, the gal, and the fellers were gone and my Georgianna with 'em."

"What do you mean, Cap'n, they came back here?"

"Yes, poor little dear. My heart was broke. They 're up by the church now together, and I 've forgiven her. You see she 'ad no mother, and I could n't make 'er home very happy and he did everything for 'er. I know she 's happy and I am cause she hain't got to be out in the blow. I 'll have to pull

up pretty soon I 'm thinkin'; the voyage 's been a hard sou'-easter most the time, but I 'm happy cause the port 's ahead."

Robert Harrison blushed at the thought of his would-be sorrow in comparison with this man's, and not knowing what better to say, he blurted out, "Thanks for the story, Cap'n. I must be going, now, good-night," and stumbled awkwardly back toward the town. As he rounded a point of the beach he caught sight of the cross on the little village church steeple—alone it glowed in the afterglow—golden now, turning to pink, to burn a minute, and then fade. The day was done.

J. A. L.

MAROONED

Many years ago the setting sun saw a strange sight on an island along the shores of Mexico. At a distance you might have thought it only a piece of driftwood; nearer, and it seemed like some dark animal; close by, and you would have seen that it bore a startling likeness to a man. It was a man; wild appearing, loathsome, distorted in face and frame, but neverthless a mortal who had lived. Near him lay an empty flask; a little farther off an empty napkin. About him was no food nor drink; no shelter nor means of escape; and around the shore surged the burning, soundless sea. Upon this lifeless desert the man lay dead. His hands were clenched, and clutched within them only sand. Slowly the sun sank from sight, rimming with crimson the horizon, and turning into a sheen of brass the gleaming of the sand. The wind softly arose. Curling spitefully over the sand-dunes it breathed in bitter repetition, "Marooned, marooned."

W. S. P.

Sanctum

The frank *plaudite* of old Latin comedians is forbidden the retiring Board by the dictates of our latter-day modesty, but we who have witnessed their performance cannot refrain from speaking a "brief, pleasant epilogue." The occasion demands it. Often enough the meed of praise is withheld, even when patently deserved, but the virtues peculiar to a LIT. board are of a quality so fine, so ethereal, so elusive, as scarcely to be tangible to the gross apprehension of the public. The faithfulness of Achates, the patience of Job, the industry of the devil,—these are some of the requisites tolerably apparent, and these the 1902 Board possessed in the full measure allotted to men. Had their merits ended here, their claim to our plaudits would not have surpassed that of other boards, but they did more than faithfully to perform the letter of their office,—they produced that mysterious, unanalyzed atmosphere in which literature flourishes, and we think it is safe to say that there is a livelier interest in the MONTHLY to-day than there has ever been before. Much credit, we may add, is due to the manager, who has not only kept the wolf from the door, creating that freedom from bread-and-butter cares which Juvenal says is indispensable for literary production, but has also considerably increased the circulation of the magazine. They were men; take them for all in all, we shall not look upon their like again.

And now, to adopt the phraseology of our predecessors, the mantle has fallen upon us. It is not a perfect fit; it hangs a

thought loosely as yet, but we live in hope that we have not quite reached our growth. We trust it is indicative of the interest in our LIT. career that we were deluged, at our first meeting, with "Suggestions." We trust, too, that the lack of more substantial contributions was intended as a token of confidence in our ability to meet all emergencies, and yet the dearth—but it would not be nice to tell you how much barer our cupboard was than Mother Hubbard's. Spring weather accounts for many things; we like to think it accounts for this. Finally, we are not disposed to go a-begging for the interest or the literary support of the college; we have faith to believe that if the magazine merits interest and support it will receive them, but if the general reader leaves his copy in chapel and swears that he prefers the *Black Cat*, we have no bone to pick with him. To those interested, the Board extends a cordial invitation to discuss with them ideas, in manuscript or out, songs sung or unsung, the policy of the magazine, or the general condition of literature in America.

TO PHILANDER DERBY HODGMAN

Thy sad farewell sublimes our love for thee,
Up-gathered first of those that welcomed day.
For we are humanized that thou did'st pray
For little children's sake and those at sea
And for a dawn of endless purity.
A new life sped thee on the upward way,
And over all the hills and valleys lay,
Symbolical of God's eternity.

Dear classmate! though beyond all sight or sound
Thy comrades left thee sleeping underground;
They see thee from thy tribulation rise,
And stand before the throne with robes all white,
With no more thirst, heat, or tearful night,
For God has wiped all tears from out thine eyes.

George Thurston Little

Chat

These are the days when four walls make a prison—when the winter's vision of a cheery, crackling hearth-fire grows dim, and the rousing chorus of jolly comradeship around the table in that cozy little room downstairs, seems harsh and out of place. For in the gray of the early light, when a tender flush steals up from the eastern hills, and the fresh, earth-scented air goes to the head like wine, the sweetest music in the world pours forth in the dawn-anthem of Nature's choir. New airs and harmonies unknown sing themselves in our own hearts also, as we swing lightly over the dewy grass with buoyant, vigorous stride and now and then leap up and shout aloud for sheer joy in the abounding life within us.

Then, when the long, sweet-scented day is done, a tender melancholy creeps upon our spirits, as we lie full-length on the soft turf, watching the crescent moon grow brighter as the glow fades in the west and the shimmering stars come out one by one in the darkening vault above. Some fair dream-shape sits silently beside us, or mayhap (Heaven help us in such case) she is a sweet reality. Then may the kind Fates grant us Fortunatus' purse, for sorely shall we need it. Yet is there not a subtle, generous joy that fills our spirits as we sit in the moonlight, only the brief width of a little table from the fair one of our heart, and proudly beckon the discreet waiter to bring some more ice-cream? It needs but a single grateful glance from two bright eyes to make us feel that were a whole world of ice-cream ours, 't were far too little to bestow.

The Sign of the Shears

The majority of stories this month are of the extravagant "lovey-dovey" order, which tempt the reader to say, "You do n't know what you 're talking about." *The Morningside* is in general of this character, but "A Miracle Up-to-date," which is a clever story of children, and the verse redeem it.

The Southern Workman contains an address to Hampton Institute on the Life and Work of General Armstrong, by Franklin Carter, Ph. D., LL. D., ex-president of Williams. This gives in scholarly words the history of the struggles of a strong and beautiful character for the uplifting of a weak race, harmful in its ignorance. The discourse is full of sound help to those perplexed by the race problem. Dr. Carter shows how General Armstroug hit upon the only rational way of truly emancipating the helpless peoples dependent upon us,—namely, by teaching them the love of work. And he says with truth, "Yonder grave with its Hawaiian tufa and its Williams' granite shall become, nay, has become, one of the Meccas of humanity."

The Ottawa Campus is lacking in verse, but in it are some good essays on the work connected with college publications, the best of which is "The College Editor." From this we quote, "These two qualifications seem most necessary for the success of the editor of a college publication—a broad-minded interest in every clean and healthful thing, and the ability to express that interest in a clear and forceful manner."

Wesleyan Literary Monthly. It is refreshing to find in "The Judgment of the Snows" a story of true love. The essay, "Music, the Language of the Emotions," is the best of the month. It shows original thought and a clear expression of it. "A Plea for Tradition" is also a good essay.

Columbia Literary Monthly. The essay, "Life of Elizabethan England," shows careful study into the subject. "A Sonnet" is pretty, but not suited to the sonnet form.

Wellesley Magazine. "A Mountain Spring" is a horrible picture too well drawn; the good in such things is doubtful. "A Little Knight" is well done.

The Harvard Monthly shows Harvard in a most violent attack of "German Fever." "To the Teuton People" is strong and vigorous in expression as it is in thought. A polished poem is "The Death of Clarecuil, Governor," and the essay, "Modern Lyric Poetry of Germany," is worthy of mention.

The *Magazine of University of Virginia.* This contains the best story of the month in "Unc' Yeke's 'Fession Meetin'." The dialect is well handled, the plot shows real ability, and the description is good, especially of Unc' Yeke in the first part.

From much verse that has merit we reprint the following:

MEMORY

The lingering thrill of fingers long withdrawn,
  The pulse of aching memory in the hand;
Must they survive when happiness is gone?
  Must some marks harden in the shifting sand?

Some haunting song that She was wont to sing,
  Too sweet for other lips, too sad too hear
On other lips, the words that softly ring
  Remembered music in a longing ear.

These are the sorrows that can never die,
  The griefs that will not dim, that evermore
Make hearts, though hopeless, beat so fitfully
  At every sudden swinging of the door.

—*Morningside*

SHE IS THE GRACE OF ALL THAT ARE

(BEN JOHNSON)

She is the grace of all that are,
  The fragrancy of morn,
The wild, blithe ring, afar, afar,
    Of Dian's horn.

She is the hidden carol in
  The fringes of the wood,
The sudden blue when clouds wax thin,
    The joy of good.

May God who wrought our fleeting race
  Forbid her fatal star,
Remembering she is the grace
    Of all that are.

—*The Wellesley Magazine*

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SPRING SONG

The days of the haze are come,
  When the green grass tinges the brown,
When the new slim stalks shoot up,
  And the soft white clouds melt down,
When the roots of the gnarled old trees
  Are kissed by the frail young fern,
When the day laughs low in my face
  And I must laugh low in turn;

When the light, sweet winds come back
  And travel through the day
To carry the smell of the spring to me
  And the smell of the snow away,
When the joy of the haze takes hold on me
  And my lips must quiver and burn,
When the day laughs low in my face
  And I laugh low in turn.

—*Harvard Monthly*

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LAC DU SAINT SACRAMENT

When comes the dreamy gloamingtide
And elves with fairy wings bedight
Are chasing swift the rays of light
That linger by the waterside:
    I love to tarry at the lake,
    Within the chalice of the hills,
    Where in the depths and down the rills
    A spirit seems its home to make.

A sprite that stirs to moods intense
Within the heart; again in waves
Of boisterous glee it wildly raves,
Or gently soothes the wearied sense.
    Yet sweeter moods of reverie
    Are by a kindlier spirit stirred
    When to my side she steals unheard,
    To watch the sunset glow, with me.

—*Wesleyan Lit. Monthly*

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A STATUE

There is a marble fragment from an old
Arcadian temple, beautiful in grace
Of attitude, a dancing girl. The face
And arms are lost; but still are manifold
The charms of rhythmic feet, of supple limb,
Lithe waist, and floating veil. Not more divine
Of form Herodias in Palestine
To Herod seemed when she enchanted him.

No princely court the Grecian maid entranced;
Her gestures were not meant for emperors.
While Satyrs played, her merry sandals danced
Upon the grass through sylvan corridors.
Now as she dances with trim foot advanced,
In swaying pose, one Satyr still adores.

—*Harvard Advocate*

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JUNE, MCMI.

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DECEMBER, MCMI.

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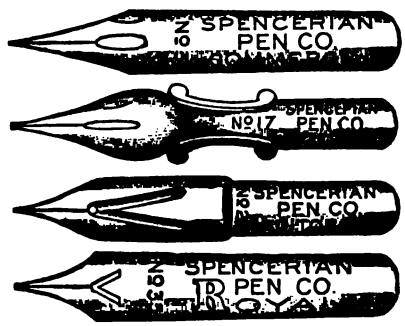

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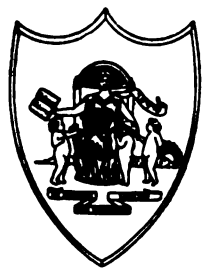

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